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CONRAD'S POETICAL WORKS.



AYLMERE,

OR



THE BONDMAN OF KENT;

AND

Other Poems.

BY

ROBERT T. CONRAD.



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DEDICATORY.

TO JOHN CONRAD, ESQ.

How much that Young Time gave hath Old Time ta'en ;
Snatching his blessings back with churlish haste,
And leaving life a wreck-encumbered waste !
And yet I murmur not—for you remain !
You and my mother, and the hoarded wealth
Of home, and love, and high and hearted thought,
Which Youth in Memory's wizard woof enwrought ;—
These are “laid up” where Time's ungentle stealth
Can reach them not. And 'tis a joy to bring
This humble garland, woven in the wild,
Back to the hearth and roof-tree of the child :
The wearied heart bears home its offering.
If it relume the approving smile of yore,—
Guerdon and glory then,—father, I crave no more.



10-1551

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PREFATORY.

THERE has been no attempt, in the following work, to adhere strictly to the facts of history; though the author has endeavoured generally to portray the condition of the people and the causes and character of the insurrection. It is imagined, in the play, that the leader of the Commons was originally a villein of the name of Cade; afterwards a fugitive known as Aylmere; then, after an absence abroad, returning to England, he excites an insurrection for the double purpose of avenging his own wrongs and of abolishing the institution, villeinage, which made him a bondman. After his triumph, he resumes his original name. The tragedy, as originally written and now presented to the reader, comprises much that was not designed for, and is not adapted to, the stage. As performed, it has been so curtailed and modified that the author presumes that he need not apprehend the hazardous experi-

ment of its representation in its present shape. To the judgment and taste of Mr. Forrest he is indebted for the suggestions which prepared "Aylmere" for the stage; and to the eminent genius of that unrivalled tragedian and liberal patron of dramatic literature, its flattering success at home and abroad may be justly ascribed.

For a brief historical review of the insurrection which forms the subject of the drama, the reader is referred to the Note at the close of the volume.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SAY.

LORD CLIFFORD.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

AYLMERE, OR JACK CADE.

WAT WORTHY, }
WILL MOWBRAY, } *Yeomen.*

LACY—*A Friar of the Order of the Mendicants.*

JACK STRAW, }
DICK PEMBROKE, } *Villeins or Bondmen on the Barony of Say.*
ROGER SUTTON, }

COURTNAY—*Steward to Lord Say.*

CHILD—*The Son of Aylmere.*

*Lord, 1st and 2d Kentishmen, Prisoner, Soldiers, Peasants,
The Bond, &c.*

WIDOW CADE—*A Neif or Bondwoman to Say—Mother of Aylmere.*

MARIAMNE—*Wife of Aylmere.*

KATE WORTHY—*Betrothed to Mowbray.*
Female Attendants.

Scene: Kent and London. Time: A. D. 1450.



A Y L M E R E .

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

The hovels of the bond discovered. JACK STRAW, DICK PEMBROKE, ROGER SUTTON (bondmen), dressed coarsely, with implements of labour, as if going to their work.

STRAW.

OF corn three stinted measures ! And that doled
With scourge and curse ! Rough fare, even for a bondman.

PEMBROKE.

Yet must he feed, from this, his wife and children ;
What if they starve ? Courtnay cares not for that.

SUTTON.

His music is the lash ! He makes him merry
With our miseries. Our lords are hot and harsh,
Yet are they milder than their mongrel minions.

STRAW.

I'd cheerly toil, were Courtnay yoked this day
Unto my plough.

PEMBROKE.

He seizes on the havings,
The little way-found comforts of the bond,
Nor vouchsafes e'en a "Wi' your leave, good man."

SUTTON.

Man, matron, maid—alas, that it is so!
All are their victims.

PEMBROKE.

Would we were not men,
But brutes—they are used kindlier!

STRAW.

Men are we not.
Brutes only would bear this. Bond have there been
Who brooked it not.

PEMBROKE.

Who were they?

STRAW.

Old Cade, one;
Who struck down the Lord Say;—not this base coistrel,
Courtnay, but e'en Lord Say, because he spurned him.

PEMBROKE.

He died for it.

STRAW.

But what of that? 'Tis better

To die than thus to live. His stripling son—
Young Cade—remember you Jack Cade?

PEMBROKE.

Not I.

Our Sutton must.

SUTTON.

He who, some ten years gone,
Fled from the barony?

STRAW.

The same. Well, he
A bondman and a boy, stood by, when Say
Wronged the pale widow Cade, by a base jest
Upon the husband he had scourged to death.
What think you did the boy?

PEMBROKE.

Rebuked his lordship?

STRAW.

He struck him down, and 'scaped the barony.
He hath ne'er since been heard of. So he won
Both liberty and vengeance.

SUTTON.

A brave boy!

'Twas Friar Lacy taught him this : and he
Says that all men are in God's image made,
And all are equal.

PEMBROKE.

He hath preached through Kent,
Till bond and yeoman weary with their lot.
The down-trodden yet may, some day, turn and sting
The foot that tramples them.

STRAW.

I'm ready for it.
The yeoman all are with us. Master Mowbray,
A bold, hot spirit, and Wat Worthy too,
The old and doughty blacksmith, yeomen good,
Wealthy and well-approved, encourage Lacy
In his bold preaching of the poor man's right.

SUTTON.

Mowbray is trothed to Master Worthy's daughter;
And Courtnay, it is said, doth woo the girl.

STRAW.

An' Mowbray want a stout heart and rough hand,
Jack Straw will thank him for a loving chance
Of braining the pet whelp.

PEMBROKE.

Work you to-day?

STRAW.

My wife is sick to death: I must watch by her.
Yet little hope or comfort is there for her,
In my poor hovel. Ha! the steward comes—
The crawling Courtnay.

(*Enter COURTNAV.*)

COURTNAY.

Sunrise, and ye loiter !
Slaves, drudges, to your toil ! or I'll so scourge you !

SUTTON.

We go, your worship.

[*Exit* SUTTON.]

COURTNAY.

Get thee gone. And thou—
Why dost thou stand ?

PEMBROKE.

My children have no food ;
Give me to feed them, ere I go afield.

COURTNAY.

Dost murmur, rogue ! This hath your beggar priest,
The shaveling who talks treason, taught you. Off !

PEMBROKE.

Give me an hour to labour for a crust.
They pine, to perishing, for food !

COURTNAY.

A trick—
A stale device !

PEMBROKE.

No, by this light, it is not.

COURTNAY.

What care I for your brats? Away to work!

PEMBROKE.

Nay, gentle master Stewart—

COURTNAY.

Knave, dost argue?

I'll have thee instant i' the stocks.

PEMBROKE.

I go, sir.

Alas, my children!

[Exit PEMBROKE slowly.]

COURTNAY.

And thou, what dost thou here? Art silent, patch?
Wilt not to work?

STRAW.

No.

COURTNAY.

Saucy carle, dar'st beard me?

STRAW.

My wife is sick—sick unto death: I will not,
To pleasure any he that lives, leave her
To die alone.

COURTNAY.

Thou lying knave! Dost think—

STRAW.

I lie *not*, Sir. O'ercome with toil, she fainted
I' the field: four days and nights I have watched o'er her;
And cannot toil—and would not, if I could.

COURTNAY (*raising his staff*).

Villain!

STRAW (*drawing his knife from his girdle*).

Strike, an' thou durst!

COURTNAY.

I'll have thee flayed
And hung for this.

[*Exit COURTNEY.*

STRAW.

I care not, I!
Why should I wish to live? Would I and mine
Were on the hillside lain, where bond and free
Are equal!

[*Exit STRAW.*

SCENE SECOND.

The house of WORTHY. WORTHY, MOWBRAY, and KATE.

WORTHY.

Take, with her, my blessing. A good child, Kate,
Thou shouldst make a good wife.

MOWBRAY.

A blessed wife.

Mine own sweet Kate!

KATE.

Nay, Will, thou know'st not that.
Remember, I must ever have my way!
For 'tis i' the contract.

WORTHY.

Hush, thou merry madcap!
A wild bird is she, this same bride of thine,
Fluttering and singing ever. But go, girl;
Our holy father, Friar Lacy, comes.
He must not see this trifling.

KATE.

Will, remember!
'Tis i' the contract that I shall be shrewish.
If there be murmuring, thou shalt be so spur-galled!
I'll beat thee, Will, i' faith!

[Exit KATE.]

MOWBRAY.

Bye, sweetheart, bye!

WORTHY.

My heart is like mine anvil, hard and solid,
And has, by a harsh world, been hammered on,
For many a year; but, on the honest word
Of a poor blacksmith, this old heart aches sorely
To lose her.

(Enter FRIAR LACY.)

LACY.

My benediction, sons.

WORTHY.

Thanks, father, for
This timely visit. Courtnay, our lord's steward,
Hath wooed my daughter.

MOWBRAY.

Hang him, mangy knave!

WORTHY.

And for that Mowbray is to wed my girl,
He swears he will denounce us unto Say.
In foamy rage to-day he met our Will,
And—out upon the minion!

LACY.

Did he beat thee?

MOWBRAY.

He knew me better. I had brained the hound,
The lily-livered lecher!

WORTHY.

Right, my boy!

LACY.

Nay, son, be not too heady; have a care.

MOWBRAY.

Am I a bondman? Was I not born free?

Now, God-a-mercy ! Am not I a yeoman ?
No slave of Say's, nor bound to heed his lacquey.

LACY.

Thou art not free.

MOWBRAY.

Not free !

LACY.

Nor I, nor any !

The curse is on us all. What though you be
A yeoman born ? Go to, you are not free.
You may nor toil nor rest, nor love nor hate,
Nor joy nor grieve, without your baron's leave.
Free quotha ! Ay, free as the falcon is
That flies on high, but may be caged again,
Whene'er its master wills to draw its jesses.

WORTHY.

Now, by my troth, he's right. We too are slaves,
Albeit they do not rank us with the bond,
The down-browed serfs o' the soil : yet are we slaves,
And homage do with meek and supple knee,
Unto our baron ; follow him to the wars ;
Cut throats, and make, for his divertisement,
Widows and orphans at a groat a-day !

LACY.

And why do English yeomen bow to this ?
Men of stout hearts and hands ? I've told you oft
That man to man is but a brother. All,

Master and slave, spring from the self-same fount;
And why should one drop in the ocean flood
Be better than its brother? No, my masters!
It is a blasphemy to say Heaven formed
The race, a few as men, the rest as reptiles.

WORTHY.

Again, by the mass, is Father Lacy right!
I'll stand by it!

LACY.

'Tis not alone the bond:
Ye who are yeomen, and who should be free,
Are taxed and tortured, wronged and mocked like slaves.

WORTHY.

England will never raise her head until
Lord Treasurer Say hath fall'n.

LACY.

And the poor bond
Become as men made in their Maker's image.
Be sure 'twill come! I've prophesied it long:
And yet 'twill come! But, Master Mowbray, this
Your bridal day deserves a softer theme;
And Kate will chide thee for the gloom that gathers
Upon thy brow. Farewell! I must to the cot
Of the poor widow Cade, whose sorrows ask
My charity.

MOWBRAY.

Thou'lt be with us anon?
We'll wait thy blessing.

LACY.

Thou shalt have it, son ;
And this one truth, which, cherished in thy thought,
Will win all blessings to thee. Wouldst be loved ?
My son, remember, love hath but one life ;
And smitten by the frosts of chill neglect,
Ne'er blooms again : its winter knows no spring.

MOWBRAY.

Not if the wanderer return again
Contrite and loving ?

LACY.

Not ev'n then. His love
Beams out like morning's light upon the form
That stiffened in the night-snow. It can ne'er
Warm it to life again. My son, be warned !

MOWBRAY.

I fear not : who could throw away a treasure
So rich as that I win in Kate ?

LACY.

Farewell !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THIRD.

The cot of WIDOW CADE. WIDOW CADE *solus.*

WIDOW CADE.

A heavy lot and hopeless ! Friendless, poor,

Stricken with years and sorrow, and bowed down
Beneath the fierce frown of offended power !
Would widowhood and life would sink together
Into my husband's grave !

(Enter FRIAR LACY.)

Good morrow, father !

LACY.

'Tis strange ! No aid yet from the castle, dame ?

WIDOW.

The castle ? No, sir, no ; they aid me not.
I am worn out with years and toil and sorrow ;
And 'tis our steward's wont the useless bond
To turn adrift. 'Tis profit they should die.
We only know our masters by our miseries.

LACY.

'Tis true—'tis true ! Their horses are used better—
Their hawks, their hounds, are nearer kin to them
Than their bond brethren. They ! they know not pity.
The poor have no friends but the poor ; the rich—
Heaven's stewards upon earth—rob us of that
They hold in trust for us, and leave us starveling.
They shine above us, like a winter moon,
Lustrous, but freezing. But, good dame, to leave
This idle railing, got you that this morn
I sent you ?

WIDOW.

Thanks ! It stood 'twixt me and famine ;
My boy, when he returns, will bless you for 't.

LACY.

Still hoping, dame, thy boy's return ? How brave
Is a mother's love ! Why ten long years have past,
And not a token from him.

WIDOW.

Oh, good father,
Do not divorce me from that hope ! 'Tis fed
Upon my heart.

LACY.

A dream !

WIDOW.

An' if it be,
I would not give it for earth's brightest substance.
But 'tis no dream. I'm sure my dear John lives ;
For when he fled, with his last kiss, poor boy !
He promised to be thoughtful of his weal,
Ev'n for my sake.

LACY.

He went with a high heart !
For I had taught him to look up to God
As his sole rightful lord. He sought a land
Where the poor peasant's heart may dare to throb
Without a master's leave : and " There," he said,
" There where the human soul has slipped its jesses,
Stooping no more at the rich tyrant's call,
But soaring where it lists, I'll win my way,
For I can do it."

WIDOW.

And so he could, and has !

My noble boy ! “ Though years may pass away,”
He said when last he clasped me, “ ne’er despair ;
I’ll come again, and come in honour, mother.”

And so he will ! (*A knocking at the door.*)

A knocking at my door !

’Tis seldom poverty hath visitants,

Save want and terror. Enter, enter, sir.

(*Enter AYLMEERE (JACK CADE), MARIAMNE, and CHILD.*)(*To LACY.*) Come they from the castle ?

LACY.

They are strangers, dame.

AYLMERE (*aside*).

She knows me not ! My Mariamne, mark,
She knows me not ! A wanderer, dame,
Houseless and heavy-hearted, craves a place
For these, his wife and child, beside your hearth.

WIDOW.

Alack ! I am but bond, fair sir ; and want
And widowhood must be my only inmates.

AYLMERE.

Nay, I have golden intercessors, dame,
Thou shalt not want.

WIDOW.

The home of a poor neif
Doth not beseem your worship. At the castle
You will find fitting entertainment, sir.

AYLMERE.

No, we are stricken fleers from the hunt,
Who seek a covert from the wild halloo,
Where the world's heartless rout may reach us not:
We would not flaunt our sorrows in the eyes
Of mocking greatness. Let us bide with thee;
And we will be as children to thee, dame,
And thou shalt be our mother.

LACY (*interposing to* WIDOW CADE).

Let me speak,
Good dame, a welcome for thee.

WIDOW (*To* LACY).

If you will it.

LACY.

Fair sir, if home so lowly be desired,—
And 'tis not lowly, for 'tis virtue's home—
You will be welcome in it.

WIDOW.

Lady, if welcome and a willing service
Can make my poor cot rich, it is a palace.

And thou, my boy (*kissing him*), shalt wake again the shout
And laugh that for long years—sad years they've been—
My cottage has not known. Hast travelled far?

(*To MARIAMNE.*)

MARIAMNE.

Even from Italy.

WIDOW.

His refuge!

(*WIDOW CADE, MARIAMNE, and CHILD, retire and converse.*)

AYLMERE (*to LACY*):

Hath our dame no child?

LACY.

No: she is alone.

AYLMERE.

Hath she been ever childless?

LACY.

She had a son—poor John!—a noble boy,
Pure as the bud unblasted; gentle, brave;
And with a heart stirred only by such thoughts
As angels prompt. But he is gone!

AYLMERE.

Gone! Whither?

LACY.

So self-discarding, he lived but for others ;
So brave, so early wise ! “ Here’s one,” I said,
“ That may be made the land’s deliverer.”
I took him to my cell, and in his soul
Poured all mine own. By day and night, for years,
I sought to foster in his breast a love
For all men, bond or noble, all that heaven
Hath quickened with its breath, and made to rank
Above earth’s gilt nobility, with angels.
But, thou’rt a stranger : haply I speak that
Which thou deem’st treason.

AYLMERE.

Nay, say on, good father.
I come from Italy, free Italy, whose altars,
Unwarmed a thousand years, are now lit up
With the rekindled fires of freeborn Rome.
Thy pupil, proved he apt ?

LACY.

In sooth, he did.
In the hushed cloister’s solitude, I taught him
That bond and baron had one Sire, and all
Were brethren, equal all, all noble, save
Those whom their vice debased ; and that the law
Of our blest faith is violate by the force
That makes the feeble bond. He caught the light
As the earth meets the dawn,
Glowing with noble ardour. I recounted
The story of those gods on earth who joyed

In dying for the people, till, in his eyes,
Such death looked lovelier than a bridal smile.
That flinty, high philosophy I taught him,
Which makes cold, hunger, suffering, in the cause
Of a crushed people, luxuries sweeter far
Than ease and honour on their silken couch,
Tended by wan-eyed homage.

AYLMERE.

Well; you made

His spirit free?

LACY.

Ay, free and fearless too.

Nor life, nor death, had for his soul a terror.

AYLMERE.

I fear me thou'rt a boaster. But thy wonder—
Did he, in all this budding promise, die?

WIDOW.

That tone! Have I not heard that voice before?
It must have been in dreams. Forgive me, lady.

(They resume their conversation.)

LACY.

His father, though a bondman, was a rough
And heady carle when wronged. He, on a day,
Was struck down by his lord, the Baron Say.
He was a man, albeit a slave, and rising,
He shouted: "Blow for blow, by Heaven!" and struck him.

For which offence, as a born serf, he was
Condemned and scourged to death.

AYLMERE.

A most foul murder !
His dog would, stricken thus, have turned upon him.
But tell your story out.

LACY.

His father's fate,
Rooted, like nightshade, in the stripling's heart,
And angered o'er his brow with sterner thoughts,
Than early life should know.

AYLMERE.

You're wrong, you're wrong !
Wormlike and worthy spurning had he been,
Had not the memory of that wrong been food,
And drink, and sleep, and life to him, until
It was avenged !

WIDOW.

What spell is this ? Why leaps
My heart at every cadence of his voice ?

(WIDOW CADE *comes forward.*)

LACY.

It made an exile of him. Thus it fell :
The proud Say, when a hunting, happened to enter
The cot of her whom he had made a widow ;
And spoke as tyrant power to weakness speaks,

In scorn and wrong. Young Cade, for he was bond,
The bondman, too, of Say, should have been governed.
But youth, you know, is hot—

AYLMERE.

Ay, so he should !
He should have knelt before him ; kissed the hand
Black with his father's blood ; and smiled, content,
On that wan widowed mother's wrongs ! The murderer !

LACY.

He flung the foul scorn back.

AYLMERE (*quickly*).

He did. He did.

LACY.

The proud lord would have spurned him ; but young Cade—

AYLMERE.

I struck him to my feet ! (*Laughs.*) I've not forgot it !
How kissed his scarlet doublet the mean earth,
Beneath a bondman's blow, and he a lord !
That memory hath made my exile green !

(WIDOW CADE falls back into a seat, supported by MARIAMNE.

AYLMERE comes forward and kneels.)

Look up, my mother ! Cade hath kept his covenant.
Could you read all my exile's history,
You would not blush for it. And now I've come
To shield and comfort thee.

WIDOW.

I knew thou wouldst !
That I should know thee not, my gentle boy !

AYLMERE (*presenting MARIAMNE.*)

A blessing for thy daughter !

WIDOW (*to MARIAMNE.*)

Bless thee ! Bless thee !

AYLMERE.

The star that shone upon my fate, when all
But that was clouded. (*To LACY.*) Bear with me, my father,
My mind's father !

LACY.

Now has o'erwearied Heaven
Granted its servant's prayer, and I am happy !
Thou hast outstripped thy promise. When thou fled'st,
A midnight fugitive, from the bondman's death,
I little hoped to meet thee thus. But, in.
Worn with long travel, you need food and rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

*Before WORTHY's cottage. A wedding festival. WORTHY, MOWBRAY, KATE,
and cottagers.*

WORTHY.

Now, may my anvil never ring again

To the merry sledge, an' I be not this day,
Happy as ere a man in Kent.

MOWBRAY.

And I.

Think'st thou not, sweetheart, while I gaze on thee
Till my eyes fill, and I would play the child
And weep for very rapture, thus to know,
Thou art mine own at last—think'st not I'm happier
Than the best peer in England?

KATE.

Thine, Will, thine!

I am not thine! I'll yet say *nay*, when Father
Lacy asks the question.

MOWBRAY.

Rebel! He comes.

(*Enter LACY.*)

WORTHY.

Welcome, father! Is not my Kate a brave one?
And yet that haggard Courtney dared to think o' her!
No, Kate shall wed none but a jolly yeoman.

LACY.

They'd dance, good master; better we retire.
Age hath left little dancing in thy limbs,
Old yeoman!

WORTHY.

Right. My heart doth all my dancing,
For this good day.

(*Enter COURTNEY.*)

MOWBRAY.

The minion Courtnay!

KATE.

Heed him not, dear Will!
Chafe not, mine own dear Will!

MOWBRAY.

The leering slave!

KATE.

Thou'lt not deny me now. I know thou wilt not.

COURTNAY (*aside*).

They shun me. There is Father Lacy too,
And old Wat Worthy. (*To MOWBRAY.*) Nay, good Master
Mowbray,
Look not so proudly fond. She's not thine yet.
Why should I falter thus? I'll speak.—Fair mistress—

KATE.

I know thee not.

MOWBRAY.

Brave Kate! My heart for that!

COURTNAY.

Anon thou'lt know me. As for thee, brave master—

MOWBRAY.

Mongrel, what mean'st thou?

COURTNAY.

Nay, my master, chafe not :
I've done thee service—spoken to the lord,
And he will ban the bridal. Master Mowbray,
Art thou not grateful?

MOWBRAY.

So grateful, if 'tis true,
I'll wed my knife to thy dog's heart. Come, Kate.

COURTNAY.

Now comes my turn ! Room, varlets, for Lord Say !
(*Enter SAY, CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM, and attendants.*)

SAY.

How now ? Art thou, carle, he would wed this maid ?
Sirrah, when gave I leave thou shouldst so wed ?

KATE (*Clinging to MOWBRAY.*)

Answer him softly, Will ! For my sake, Will !

MOWBRAY.

I am a yeoman free, and free to wed
E'en when and where it pleasures me.

SAY.

Ho ! ho !

Free, art thou, knave ! We'll see anon—we'll see !
And thou, (*to WORTHY*) whom age should have taught duty,
what

Hath set thee on to wed thy daughter where
I will she should not wed ?

KATE.

(Leaving MOWBRAY and clinging to WORTHY.)

Oh, be not rash !

Anger him not, my father !

WORTHY.

Fear not, child.

She's the free branch of a free stock ; and I
May graft her where I list, and ask no leave
Of liege or lord. So say our law and charter.

SAY *(to LACY.)*

Accursed shaveling ! Thou it is hast taught
This upstart spirit !

LACY *(meekly.)*

I have taught the truth.

SAY.

Vile monk, darest thou avow it to my face ?

LACY.

I dare speak truth to them, to thee, and any—
It is my mission.

SAY.

Priest ! But for thy cowl,
Thy mission should be to the nearest tree,

With cord instead of cassock. As for thee, (*to MOWBRAY.*)
And thee, (*to WORTHY*) who prate of right; 'tis well you
know,

My will is charter and my rule is law.

The sun that sees you wed, shall, ere its setting,

Beam through your dungeon gates. Now get you gone.

(*MOWBRAY and WORTHY whisper angrily together. KATE interposes.*)

KATE.

Nay, Will, be calm! I will be thine. Ne'er fear!

Father, speak not, but go: urge him no further.

COURTNAY (*to MOWBRAY.*)

What says thy bride? Who is the mongrel now?

MOWBRAY (*in a low voice.*)

Thou! Slave and wretch, here is the only bride,

Thy heart shall clasp! (*His knife*) Remember! I'll forget
not!

(*Exeunt MOWBRAY, WORTHY, KATE, and their party.*)

COURTNAY (*eagerly.*)

My lord, this yeoman—

SAY.

Peace! I weary of this.

Get to your homes: I'll hear no more to-day.

COURTNAY.

He says—

SAY.

Off, slave ! Dost thou prate too !

COURTNAY (*going.*)

Beshrew me,

A dangerous varlet !

(*Exit* COURTNAV, MANENT, SAY, CLIFFORD, &c.)

SAY.

These are the mire-gendered knaves you praise !
Clifford, I swear 'tis strange, that thou, a noble,
Shouldst love these kern.

CLIFFORD.

Nay, I but love their daughters.
But to be grave—you smile—I can be grave—
They're men as good in soul and sinew, ay,
Even in birth, as is the best of us.

SAY.

In birth ! Why now thou'rt wild.

CLIFFORD.

I said in birth.

This crazy priest, his crazy couplet's right :

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman ?”

A potent question ! Answer it, if you may.

SAY.

Why Heaven ne'er made the universe a level.
Some trees are loftier than the rest ; some mountains

O'erpeak their fellows ; and some planets shine,
With brighter ray, above the skyey rout,
Than others. Even at our feet, the rose
Out-scents the lily ; and the humblest flower
Is noble still o'er meaner plants. And thus,
Some men are nobler than the mass, and should,
By nature's order, shine above their brethren.

CLIFFORD.

'Tis true, the *noble* should : but who is noble ?
The scentless weed that grows i' the soil where grew
The pride o' the garden ? And the dull, foul meteor
Which streams where beamed a planet ? Say not so.
Heaven and not heraldry makes noble men.

BUCKINGHAM.

Art dead to all the burning thoughts that speak
A glorious past transmitted through long ages ?

CLIFFORD.

All this is well, or would be if 'twere true.
Men cannot put their virtues in their wills.
'Tis well to prate of lilies, lions, eagles,
Flourishing in fields *d'or* or *d'argent* : but
Your only heraldry, its true birth traced,
Is the plough, loom, or hammer ! dusk-browed labour,
At the red forge, or wall-eyed prudence o'er
The figured ledger. Without them, pray tell me
What were your nobles worth ? Not much, I trow !

BUCKINGHAM.

Thou speak'st as fame were nothing—fame, the thirst

Of gods and godlike men, to make a life
Which nature makes not; and to steal from Heaven
Its imaged immortality! Lord Clifford,
Wouldst rank this with the joys of ploughmen?

CLIFFORD.

Yes.

I would not dive for bubbles. Pish! for fame!

SAY.

Yet, Clifford, hast thou fought, ay, hacked and hewed,
By the long day, in sweat and blood, for fame.

CLIFFORD.

Nor have, nor will. I'll fight for love or hate,
Or for divertisement; but not for fame.
What! die for glory! Leap a precipice
To catch a shadow! What is it, this fame?
Why, 'tis a brave estate to have and hold—
When? From and after death! Die t'enjoy fame!
'Tis as to close our eyes before the mirror
To know our sleeping aspects. No, by'r Lady!
I'll never be a miser of fair words,
And hoard up honour for posterity.
Die for glory!

SAY.

Nay, an' thou die not, in a midnight brawl,
Fought for some black-eyed wench, thoult' perish, coz,
Of thine own spleen. But let us leave word-tilting.
Did'st mark the sullen mood of yonder yeomen?

BUCKINGHAM.

There's menace in their bearing ; how is this ?
What do they murmur at ?

SAY.

At everything.

They prate of rights and wrongs ; and talk in whispers
Of the people's power.

CLIFFORD.

Ha ! they've found it out !
Believe me, Say, it is a frowning danger,
When a crushed people, sturdy as our English,
Know they have power to right themselves.

SAY.

What would you
That I should do ?

CLIFFORD.

Nay, I care not,—not I ;
A game of buffets, if you please ; but were I
Lord Say and Suffolk, Counsellors of the King,
I'd do the people right,—redress their wrongs—
And trust their gratitude.

SAY.

Trust to the people !
The people ! Whelps that lick the hand which pets
And chains them.

CLIFFORD.

I care not for 'em ;—but by my halidom,
I think they wrong not those that wrong not them.
Why should they ?

SAY.

They but ask fair words—fair words.
Hail them as gods, and you as worms may crush them,
Knead them with spurning heel into the dunghill :
But when they bow before some fungous idol,
Or rush, like worried herds o'er some dread cliff,
Into a certain ruin,—seek to save them—
Speak, strive, strike, struggle, die for them—and they—
While your spent heart gasps out its latest drops,
For them—*for them*,—will trample on it !—No !
The mob ne'er had a friend they did not murder.

CLIFFORD.

Now, as thou'rt out of breath with railing, tell me,
Whose cot is that down by yon clump of trees ?
Such casket ill beseems the gem that shines
Within.

SAY.

The Widow Cade's. Why how now ! grown
So musty in your taste—threescore and ten !

CLIFFORD.

Nay, not the widow, Say. The flower I'd cull
Is fresh and fair and coy—dewy with youth,
And bright with beauty. At the cot I saw her,

And would have known more of her, but your summons
Called me away. I'll mark the house, and seek
An hour to woo my rustic.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE FIFTH.

WIDOW CADE'S *cottage.* AYLMEERE and LACY.

AYLMERE.

For thy blest charities to my poor mother,
My life is thine—all that I have and am.

LACY.

Thy worth will do me justice.

AYLMERE.

Justice! Nay,
'Tis the dull schoolman's boast—an iron virtue
That hucksters forth its payments, piece for piece,
Kindness for kindness, balanced churlishly,
And nothing given for love. Be gratitude
My justice!
The justice of the soul, that measures out
Its rich requital, not in grudging doles,
But by the heartful, o'er and o'er again,
Till naught is left to give. I'll not forget.

LACY.

Enough for me that thou, the bondman spurned,
Despised, oppressed, art where and what I'd have thee.

AYLMERE.

Alas! not *all* that thou wouldst have me, father!

Ten years of freedom have not made me free.
I've throttled Fortune till she yielded up
Her brightest favours ; I have wooed Ambition,
Wooed with a fiery soul and dripping sword,
And *would not* be denied ; I turned from her,
And raked amid the ashes of the past,
For the high thoughts that burn but cannot die,
Until my spirit walked with those who now
Are hailed, as brethren, by archangels :—yet,
Have I come home a slave,—a thing for chains
And scourges—ay, a dog,
Crouching, and spurned, and spat upon !

LACY.

Not so ;
England hath yet brave hearts that will protect thee.
But Say will know thee not. Unwinking craft
Would pore in vain upon thee, altered thus.
What name hast brought from exile ? Thine own, Cade,
Would give thee up—so runs our feudal code—
As bondman unto Say.

AYLMERE.

When I left Kent,
A pallid fugitive, I took the name
Of Aylmere. After years heard that name shouted
A war-cry unto thousands !
But when I left the trade of blood, and sought
The gentle fruits of science, I was graced
With the mind's title of nobility,
And known as Doctor Aylmere.

LACY.

Doctor Aylmere !

It passeth wonder ! But thy title here
Must be plain Master Aylmere ; thou must doff
The sages sables, and in russet masque,
To 'scape the vigilant hate of Say. But thine,
My son, has been a life of marvel.

AYLMERE.

Yes,

Wild and vexed, father, as the mountain stream
That leaps from peril on to peril, till
It reach the valley.—Italy became
My country, when *my* country cast me forth.
I joined the arms of those who struck for freedom,
And won,—for fortune's soldier seldom fails,—
More than my hopes had spanned. Of this hereafter.
But thou my father, had
Betrothed my soul in boyhood, unto Science,
And, in the 'larumed field, I thought of her,
Doting on her divinity ; until,
Weary of war, I sought again the cloister.

LACY.

You married.

AYLMERE.

In my stormiest hour, yon lady
Left wealth and woovers nobler far, to share
My wayward lot. With her and my brave boy—
Yon parlous prattler,—and the minds of old,

Whose effluence, breaking through their shattered tombs,
Has lit the world again,—I passed my days.

LACY.

You were a dweller in a happy clime.

AYLMERE.

'Tis free ; and want, fear, shame, are aliens there.
In that blest land the tiller is a prince.
No ruffian lord breaks Spring's fair promises ;
And Summer's toils—for Freedom watches o'er them—
Are safe and happy ; Summer lapses by,
In its own music ;
And pregnant Autumn, with a matron blush,
Comes stately in, and with her, hand in hand,
Labour, and lusty Plenty. Then old Winter,
With his stout glee, his junkets, and a laugh
That shakes from his hoar beard the icicles,
Makes the year young again. There are no poor
Where freedom is ;
For nature's wealth is affluence for all,
When high-born robbers seize it not.

LACY.

Yet was this Italy a land enslaved.

AYLMERE.

Once too, 'twas nobly free. That memory
Has, from the ashes of a glorious past,
Flashed its rekindled blaze into the gloom
Where owl-like error and oppression clung,
And scared the pestilent spirits forth,

To flap their foul wings in the face of day,
And be a laughed-at terror.—She has now
Sons that ne'er knew a fear, nor felt a shackle.
Would England were as free !

LACY.

Of course, you were
Most happy there ?

AYLMERE.

Alas ! 'twas not *my* country !

LACY.

You thought then of us, wretched as we are ?

AYLMERE.

Of my pale mother ; and of thee, my father ;
And of the glen, in whose o'erarching shade,
Thou first unchained the eagle thoughts within me ;
And of my brethren's wrongs, the herded bond,
The tortured, toil-worn wretches of that land,
Which is the only father left me ;—all
Floated before mine eyes, dimming the day,
And the still night peopling with whispering shadows.

LACY.

Now Heaven be praised, thy heart was true.

AYLMERE.

One night,
Racked by these memories, methought a voice

Summoned me from my couch. I rose—went forth.
The sky seemed a dark gulf, where fiery spirits
Sported ; for o'er the concave the quick lightning
Quivered, but spoke not. In the breathless gloom,
I sought the Coliseum, for I felt
The spirits of a manlier age were forth ;
And there against the mossy wall I leaned,
And thought upon my country. Why was I
Idle, and she in chains ? The storm now answered.
It broke as heaven's high masonry were crumbling.
The beetled walls nodded and frowned i' the glare ;
And the wide vault, in one unpausing peal,
Throbbled with the angry pulse of Deity !

LACY.

Shrunk you not, 'mid these terrors ?

AYLMERE.

I felt I could amid the hurly laugh,
And laughing, do such deeds as fireside fools
Turn pale to think on.
The heavens did speak like brothers to my soul,
And not a peal that leapt along the vault
But had an echo in my heart.—Nor spoke
The clouds alone ; for o'er the tempest's din,
I heard the genius of my country shriek
Amid the ruins, calling on her son—
On me ! I answered her in shouts, and knelt—
Ev'n there in darkness, mid the falling ruins,
Beneath the echoing thunder-trump—and swore,
(The while my father's pale form, welted with

The death-prints of the scourge, stood by and smiled,) I swore to make the bondman free !

LACY.

And here,
I link my soul to thine, and dedicate
The remnant of the days that Heaven hath spared,
To make the bondman free !

AYLMERE.

I sailed for England.

LACY.

Unhappy England ! You beheld her lords
Rolling in reckless revel, while her people
Laboured beneath the lash, and mixed their blood
With the grudging crust that fed them. They may sow,
And Heaven give increase ; but 'tis not for them !
The earth is curst to them, until it opes
To take their life-worn bodies in !

AYLMERE.

Alas !

Alas ! for England !
Her merry yeomen, and her sturdy serfs,
That made red Agincourt immortal, now
Are trod like worms into the earth. Each castle
Is the home of insolent rapine ; and the bond
Are made the prey of every wolfy lord
Who wills their blood to lap. The peasant now

Weds in grim silence ; kisses his first-born,
With prayers that it may die ; and tills the glebe,
Embittering it with tears. Almighty God !
Is this my England ?

LACY.

In our towns, I trust,
You saw a happier people.

AYLMERE.

No, sir, no !

Cities are freedom's nurseries ; but stout London,
With threescore thousand burghers, bows her down
Before the hordes brought in by Say and Suffolk,
In our Queen Margaret's train. I landed there,
And wept for downfallen London. Well I might !
Gladness had faded from her darkened eye ;
And festal plenty fled to kinder regions.
Her happy voice was hushed, or only heard
To shock the desolate silence with a shriek !
The wretch who walked her streets, trod as he feared
A bolder step would rouse a sleeping earthquake.
Murder was out at midday ; and oppression,
Like an unsated bloodhound, followed up
Her faint and feeble people.

LACY.

Lawless thus
Our French Queen's soldiery ? Do not the commons
Of London rise against them ?

AYLMERE.

Walking past

A group of these swilled butchers, I beheld
A tottering mother, to whose sterile breast
A famished infant faintly clung. She bent
Before these ruffian soldiers, and besought,
With anguished eloquence, a trifling alms.
Her babe,—she said,—and kissed its clayey cheek,
And clasped it closer to her milkless breast,—
Was starving ! They replied with brutal jests,
And when she bent her faded form, and held
Her dying infant forth, with wild entreaty,
They—yet God saw it all, and smote them not !—
They thrust their coward weapons in its form,
And held it struggling on the lifted spear,
Before her eyes, in murderous mockery !
She sunk, and—

LACY.

What didst thou ?

AYLMERE.

Ha ! what did I ?

Why on the fiends, with lifted arms, I rushed,
And—and—but, curses on me ! one escaped !
Too much of this, the past and lost ! The future
Be our care now ; and for the iron wrongs
That pierce the gasping heart of our poor England,
Father, be sure they can and shall be righted.

Still in mine ears doth ring that mother's shriek.
If I avenge her not—but we will in,
And counsel on the means.

LACY.

I wait upon thee.

AYLMERE.

We'll do 't, and quickly. Freedom ne'er came too soon
For wrongs like ours.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

WIDOW CADE'S cottage. AYLMEERE and MARIAMNE enter from different sides,
dressed as rustics.

AYLMERE.

Tired of thy truantry? What dost think now
Of our green merry England?

MARIAMNE.

The loveliest grove I found,—trellised with flowers,
And 'neath its trembling shade, the brightest stream,
Laughing and lapsing by, as did the hours,
When first thou cam'st a wooing, ere we grew
Sad of love's gentle troubles.

AYLMERE.

Thou must love,
For that 'tis mine, my England.

MARIAMNE.

There I wandered,
And thought I was again in Italy.
Mind'st thou the day, when, by the Tiber's side,
In the cool shade of a mossed ruin, we
Sat, and thou told'st me of thy native land?

And how I won thee from thy heavy theme?
And how—go to! to thee these are but trifles.

AYLMERE.

Not trifles, Mariamne. No!
Life's better joys spring up thus by the wayside;
And the world calls them trifles. 'Tis not so.
Heaven is not prodigal, nor pours its joys
In unregarded torrents upon man;
They fall, as fall the riches of the clouds
Upon the parched earth, gently, drop by drop.
Nothing is trifling that love consecrates.

MARIAMNE.

But thou wert happier in those happy days,
And gentler too, my Aylmere.

AYLMERE.

Gentler, wife!

Gentler! But it may be: and if 'tis so,
Forgive my spleenful mood; 'tis o' the times;
For stormy thoughts have from my bosom swept
Each gentleness, like rose leaves, off, and left
Nought but the bare and angry thorns; but not,
My cherished one, for thee.

MARIAMNE.

I meant not that.

Forgive me. But, my husband, I must grieve,
In truth, I must, to see thy peace thus shaded.
For often, when thou ponderest, do I mark

Awakened anger's pale insignia hung
Upon thy knitted brow.

AYLMERE.

Well, well, what then?
Wrong has been stern, and why should right grow milky?

MARIAMNE.

Alas! alas! my lord!

AYLMERE.

Oppression's cloud
Hath shadowed thus my brow, and sharp-heeled wrong
So scotched my spirit, that I can no more
Forbear its writhing.

MARIAMNE.

Mine own!

AYLMERE.

Thine, girl! thine!
No! I am Say's—his bond! Oh, for the time
When I may doff this skulking masquerade,
And be mine own and thine!

MARIAMNE.

Nay, good my husband,
Fly with me from this place and these wild projects!
We'll follow freedom wheresoe'er she bide,
And make her refuge ours!

AYLMERE.

This is my home,
And shall ere long be freedom's. But, my trembler,
Ne'er heed, all will be well.

MARIAMNE.

In the wild war,
Thou and thy friends are kindling, thou wilt rush
Into the hottest eddy of the fight,
And sport with peril.

AYLMERE.

Tush! I would not, doubter.
But if I did, methinks 'twould harm me not.
Peril and I have met before; so long
We've known and loved each other, by this hand,
I think he would not harm so old a comrade.
A truce with this same folly. How dost like
Thy russet mantua? It becomes thee well.

MARIAMNE.

Trifle not with my fears. I am alone,
Nor kith, nor country have I, hope nor stay,
Save thee, my husband. Ponder not so wildly
On these stern doings!

AYLMERE.

Nay, a thousand wrongs
Have rung their stern alarum o'er my soul;
And it is up, never to sleep again,
Until those wrongs be righted. Listen, wife.

MARIAMNE.

I do, my lord, I do.

AYLMERE.

I cannot be

The meek and gentle thing that thou wouldst have me.
The wren is happy on its humble spray ;
But the fierce eagle revels in the storm.
Terror and tempest darken in his path ;
He gambols mid the thunder ; mocks the bolt
That flashes by his red, unshrinking eye,
And, sternly-joyful, screams amid the din :
Then shakes the torrent from his vigorous wing,
And soars above the storm, and looks and laughs
Down on its struggling terrors. Safety still
Reward ignoble ease:—be mine the storm.

MARIAMNE.

The saints protect thee ! 'Twere delight to share
A peaceful lot with thee ; but if fate wills
The storm should gather o'er thee,—be it so,
By thy dear side I'll think it sunshine, Aylmere !

AYLMERE.

Like to thine own bright self ! And thou'lt be cheerful ?
Can'st thou be happy, love, so humbly lodged ?

MARIAMNE.

Happy, an' I were safe from insult.

AYLMERE.

Insult !

Wife, insult !

MARIAMNE.

Scarce you left us, ere a lord
Approached, and spoke that your wife should not hear ;
Deeming no doubt 'twas honour to a rustic.
I fled ; when, Heaven be praised, the baron's summons
Called him away, or he had followed me !

AYLMERE.

More wrong ! more wrong ! was not the measure full !
Villain ! but—but—his garb ? his plume ? his crest ?

MARIAMNE.

I marked not that, but heard them call him Clifford.

AYLMERE.

Down in my heart, that name, down, down,
Until I wash it in his blood !

MARIAMNE.

Nay, Aylmere,
Be not thus moved ; forget it, love !

AYLMERE.

Forget it !
Oh, I'll forget it ! But no more ; I see
The father Lacy comes ! speak not of this,

But fear not! I'll be near to watch o'er thee.
Now, gentlest, there! (*Embrace*) away!

[*Exit* MARIAMNE.

(*Enter* LACY. *AYLMERE is turned from him.*)

LACY.

A goodly day toward, Aylmere! All goes cheerly.
Each heart is ripe to bursting with its wrongs.
Our young cause wears a brow of promise.

AYLMERE (*turning to* LACY).

Know you
One Clifford—a hound in the pack of Say?

LACY.

Why, what of him?

AYLMERE.

A villain! But ne'er mind—
Who is he? And what doth he i' the barony,
Beating about for game?

LACY.

He is a courtier,
But late from London, in the train of Say.
But what is Clifford unto thee?

AYLMERE.

Nought—nought.
You say the bond are ripe; how stand the yeomen?

LACY.

Full

Of moody discontents, resolved, and ready
To flash forth at a spark.

AYLMERE.

And 'tis time, when
Epicurean power pores o'er the heart,
To find the tenderest spot for its fell knife.
Knows the poor wretch a joy? they find it out!
A pride? they crush it! Doth he sweat to win
Some comfort for his cot? their curse falls on it!
Yearneth he o'er some holy sympathy
For wife or child? they tear the golden thread
From out the rugged texture of his fate,
And leave him desolate.—Doth Mowbray brook
The ban upon his bridal?

LACY.

He is high
In wrath,—alas that we should suffer thus!

AYLMERE.

'Tis better, being slaves, that we should suffer.
Men must be thus, by chains and scourges, roused—
The stealthy wolf will sleep the long days out
In his green fastness, motionless and dull;
But let the hunter's toils entrap and bind him,
He'll gnaw his chained limbs from his reeking frame,
And die in freedom.—Left unto their nature,
Men make slaves of themselves; and it is only

When the red hand of force is at their throats,
They know what freedom is.

LACY.

They know it now—
Know it, as well as wrong and shame can teach it.
Each hath a host of injuries to arm him.
Courtney hath left no cot without its wail.
Nor here alone. All Kent is boiling over
With its o'ermeasured wrongs; and all demand
Thee as their leader.

AYLMERE.

They do know me not
As Cade? The time will come when I, as Cade,
The bond, the fugitive, will claim my name,
And wed it unto honour. But, good Lacy,
Let none, not even the staunchest, know me now
As aught but Aylmere—as the stranger yeoman—
The champion of the bond.

LACY.

Fear not; ten years
In a far clime have worked such change in thee,
Nor bond, nor yeomen see the stripling Cade
In the grave Aylmere.

AYLMERE.

Have you fixed a place
Of meeting, where swollen heart may speak to heart,
And kindle into action?

LACY.

The resolved
Will meet at Worthy's cot.

AYLMERE.

'Tis well, good father ;
Until which time, let us from cot to cot,
And pour the fury of each single heart
Into the general torrent. Tell them, father,
That we cannot fail !
The right is with us, God is with the right,
And victory with God !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE SECOND.

WIDOW CADE and MARIAMNE, *with the Boy.*

WIDOW CADE.

And so he won thee from thy sunny land ?

MARIAMNE.

Yes ! Aylmere panted for his native air ;
His feet were weary of a foreign soil,
And his ear ached to hear old England's breezes
Rustling amid her oaks. 'Twere better far,
He said, to mingle with his native soil,
Than rust away a slumb'rous life in exile.

WIDOW.

Our prattler loves not England, for the people

Are here not merry as in Italy ;
But pale and sad, and sing not when they toil.

MARIAMNE.

Alas ! my boy, this is thy father's grief ;
But go, and aid thy grandam.

[*Exeunt WIDOW CADE and BOY.*

Where is Aylmere !

Would he were here ! I grow of late sick-hearted,
And tremble with a wild and shadowy fear
Of—what I know not—when he is not by.

(*Enter CLIFFORD.*)

Lord Clifford here ! My fears were winged from Heaven.
Alas ! what shall I do !

CLIFFORD (*adjusting his dress*).

Beshrew this doublet !

It is all awry.—Good morrow to your beauty !
Well met ! But why, my little lapwing, fled you
When last I saw you ?

MARIAMNE (*with a rustic air*).

Saving your presence, sir,
(Pray Heaven my language not betray my husband !)
Wi' your leave. (*Going.*)

CLIFFORD (*intercepting her*).

Nay, you leave me not, my Daphne.
There's not i' the manor maid so fair as thou—
I've seen 'em all—and, by this light, I love thee.

(*She is silent.*)

What ! art not proud of a lord's love ! no word ?
Why, wench, art sullen ? Is thy flax entangled ?
What hap has ruffled thee ? Sweet girl, art dumb ?

MARIAMNE.

Let me away, sir.

CLIFFORD.

This is rare, I trow !
By your leave, girl, this is a fair, soft hand.
Nay, be not froward. Be your lips as soft ?
(Attempting to kiss her.)

MARIAMNE.

Back, base lord ! Get thee gone ! Pass on thy way !
This humble door is marked, as were the cots
Of God's crushed people ; and the curse of lust,
Hath here no power. Pass on in thy base hunt !
Here thou'lt find pride even prouder than thine own,
And scorn to which thy scorn is lowliness !

CLIFFORD.

Have I been dreaming ! Cry you mercy, lady !
An' if thy garb belied thee 'tis no fault
Of mine ; I chose it not. Forgive my rudeness ;
But in all humbleness, whom speak I to ?

MARIAMNE.

A woman ! By that name entitled to
Each true man's courtesy. Thy mother bore it,
And scorning it, thou dost a wrong to her.

CLIFFORD.

If in thy cloud I thought thee bright, forgive me,
That now, thou shin'st undimmed—I worship thee;
A saucy wooer, thou'lt love me not the less.

(Enter AYLMEER, unseen—draws his knife.)

AYLMERE (*aside*).

My dainty lord is here! Pity to trouble
His lordship at his pleasures!

MARIAMNE.

I'll not hear thee.

CLIFFORD.

Now, by this fair hand (*seizing it*). Why dost struggle, love?

MARIAMNE.

Monster! thou durst not: off! mine eyes alone
Will with their lightnings blast thee, if thou lay'st
An impious hand upon me. Aylmere!

CLIFFORD.

Why,

Thine eyes, I own, are bright; but I am not
Frighted by lightning. Come, what hast to fear?

(CLIFFORD *struggling with* MARIAMNE, *who shrieks*. AYLMEER *rushes forward, seizes* CLIFFORD.)

AYLMERE.

Unmannered lord! Tremble not, Mariamne!
I'm with thee, sweet; and thou art safe, love, safe!

(Turns to CLIFFORD fiercely and laughs.)

This is a noble death ! The bold Lord Clifford,
Stabbed by a peasant, for no braver feat,
Than toying with his wife ! Is 't not, my lord,
A merry jest ?

CLIFFORD.

Thou wilt not slay me, fellow ?

AYLMERE.

Ay, marry will I ! And why should I not ?

CLIFFORD.

Thou durst not, carle.

AYLMERE *(raising his knife.)*

Durst not !

MARIAMNE.

Nay, Aylmere, strike not !

Lay not the weight of blood upon my memory,
Shed for mine honour !

AYLMERE.

Wife ! Has he not flung
A shame on thee and me ? And shall he live ?

CLIFFORD.

Strike, if it be your will. I did the wrong,
And may, when tempted, do as much again.

AYLMERE (*raises his knife*).

Dost mock me !

MARIAMNE.

Aylmere, an' thou lov'st me, hold !

Be there no blood betwixt our loves, my husband,
Or I will never sleep again, unscared
By dreams of horror !

AYLMERE.

Well ; be 't as you will.—

Good Heaven, that such a worm, so abject, vile,
Should eat into the root of royalty,
And topple down whole centuries of empire !
I will not crush you, reptile, now : but mark me !
Steel knows no heraldry, and stoutly urged,
Visits the heart of a peer with no more grace
Than it would pierce a peasant's. Have a care !
The eagle that would seize the poor man's lamb,
Must dread the poor man's vengeance ; darts there are,
Can reach you in your eyrie ; ay, and hands
That will not grieve to hurl them. Get thee gone !

(*Hurls him from him.*)

CLIFFORD.

Sirrah, we're equal now—shame against shame.
When we next meet, a new compt we will open.

[CLIFFORD *exit*. A YLMERE *sits moodily*.

MARIAMNE.

Nay, do not press thy brow upon thy hand.

Heed not the reveller. Now that I am with thee,
I care not for this wrong: the hound that bays
The moon dims not her face, and such as he
Can bring to innocence no shame.

AYLMERE.

No shame!

To be the sport of every goatish lordling,
As thou wert shame's own minion—thou, mine own,
My spotless one! Now will this boaster go,
And, o'er his cups, will tell his leering lords,
How fair the dame he clasped—how sweet her lips—

MARIAMNE.

My lips are virgin—the wretch stained them not!

AYLMERE.

May his hot bones rot in his cankered flesh!
And yet I slew him not!

MARIAMNE.

Why shouldst thou stain thee
With his licentious blood. It would but bring
New wrongs on thee and me.

AYLMERE.

As 'tis thy pleasure,
'Tis well—very well! But get thee in.

MARIAMNE (*going, lingers, returns*).

Thou'rt not in anger with me?

AYLMERE.

With thee, love!

Why was I ever? (*Embrace*) Nay, girl, get thee in.[*Exit* MARIAMNE.]AYLMERE (*solus*).

And yet I slew him not! But—but, 'twill come!
It heaps my shame to heighten my revenge;
And I will feast it fully. Would 'twere here,
Here now! Oh, my arm aches, and every pulse
Frets like a war-horse on the curb, to strike
These bold man-haters down. 'Twill come, 'twill come!
And I will quench this fire in a revenge
Deep as our sufferings, sweeping as their wrongs!

[*Exit*.]

SCENE THIRD.*The Castle. LORD SAY at a table. COURTNAY in waiting.*

SAY.

Sirrah, no more. Did I not say that thou
Shouldst have the wench? And yet methinks, it is
But splenetic envy of this fire-brained Mowbray:
Thou lovest her not.

COURTNAY.

My lord, I love not Mowbray;
He follows the crazed priest whom they call prophet—
The mendicant Friar Lacy; and is leagued

With the faction o' the commons—those who speak
So scurvily of your lordship.

SAY.

Have your wish.

I'd force this blacksmith knave give up his daughter,
If but to teach him that he is my thrall,
Even yeoman though he be. But how is this?
The barony holds another sturdy grumbler—
They must be weeded out—the stranger, dwelling
At th' house of Widow Cade. What call they him?

COURTNAY.

Aylmere, so please you. 'Tis a bold, strange man;
And in his breeding loftier than a peasant.
He hath great sway with the people.

SAY.

Well, sir, pray,

Are there no serving-men to seize such rogues?
No vaults in our keep to hold them?

(Enter CLIFFORD.)

Good den, cousin!

(To Courtnay.) Without! (Exit Courtnay.) Ay, get thee gone,
thou truest hound,

That power at weakness ere let slip. (To Clifford.) How now?
Feather-witted coz, a wrinkle! What's befallen?
Thy horse? or hound? or hawk?

CLIFFORD.

A truce, my lord!

I'd have you know there is a devil unchained

In this your barony ; and there is brewing
That which will raise such hurly round your ears
As England ne'er yet knew.

SAY.

Speak you of Aylmere ?

CLIFFORD.

Of the same, my lord.

SAY.

Thou harp'st my fears ; but, Clifford,
What knowest thou of him ?

CLIFFORD.

Know ! the knave, but now,
Had his knife at my throat, and would have slain me
But for his wife. He has that in him, Say,
Will breed you griefs. The flash of such an eye,
Broke never from a bondman's heart. Be sure
He is not what he seems. And when I left him,
He hurled a scornful menace after me
That spoke of trouble.

SAY.

Yet, you'd have me pet
And palter with these ruffians. We must crush them.
A moody spirit doth possess the rout,
And every wind is murmur laden.

CLIFFORD.

True,
And there is danger in it. Should not Aylmere
Be first looked to ?

SAY.

O' the instant. Ho ! who waits !

(Enter COURTNEY.)

Have Aylmere, ere an hour, within the castle.
Take a sufficient force.

COURTNEY.

It shall be done.

SAY.

And, look ye, steward, that mangy hag, Cade's widow,
Expel her from the cot, and burn it, burn it !
Let her beg, starve, or leave the barony !
For years my plague ! The wife of one sour slave,
Who struck me and died for 't, and the mother
Of a rough boy, who left a second shame
Upon my person, and escaped the barony
Ere my wrath reached him. Courtney, leave it ashes !

COURTNEY.

It is a task I have good stomach for.

[Exit COURTNEY.]

SAY.

Thus will I crush the mad and moody slaves !
They'd better bow, and line their chains with down,
Than vainly struggling, dye them in their blood.

CLIFFORD.

Seize thou the husband—I will take the wife ;
My yeoman stout—our new accompt is opened !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE FOURTH.

WORTHY'S *cot.* WORTHY, MOWBRAY, KATE.

KATE.

Nay, Will, content thee. I will never wed
The cringing steward. Women love no slaves,
Except their own.

MOWBRAY.

Our tyrant Say hath sworn
That if you wed not with his creature Courtney,
He'll—

KATE.

Tush ! I care not for him. Why should I ?
These lords are no lords of a woman's will.
My father, thou, and Aylmere, with the commons,
Can shield me.

MOWBRAY.

Right, brave Kate ! why let them come ;
We'll entertain 'em in the good old style,
With the best edge of a stout yeoman's sword.

WORTHY.

Threescore tall men have I, whom Courtney's knaves
Must hammer till they're cold as is my anvil,
Ere he shall touch her. (*A knocking.*)

Ha! it is the signal.

KATE.

Will, here is work that needs no woman's presence;
Stand to it, Will; strike for the bond and me!

MOWBRAY.

Will I not, my Kate?

—[*Exit KATE.*]

WORTHY.

Ho! whom hold you with?

(*From without.*)

With Kent and the true commons.

WORTHY.

(*Opens the door.*) God be wi' you!(*Enter LACY, STRAW, PEMBROKE, SUTTON, and others.*)

LACY.

Blessings, my children, on your cause and you!
Pembroke, how fare your children?

PEMBROKE.

As the lamp
That dies for want of feeding; they still flicker,
But I can only say they live.

LACY (*to STRAW*).

How is it with your wife? But ill, I fear me,
From the cloud upon your brow.

STRAW.

No, well, father.

LACY.

Your wife is then—

STRAW.

Beyond the whip and chain!
She's in her grave.

WORTHY.

Dead! dead!

LACY.

Heaven rest her soul!

WORTHY.

And crush the lords who curse and cumber England!

LACY.

Heaven, son, hath sent a champion and deliverer
Unto the poor.

WORTHY.

Whom mean you?

LACY.

Master Aylmere.

STRAW.

Know you Lord Say hath ordered he be taken
And thrown i' the castle dungeon?

LACY.

Men of Kent,
Shall this thing be; and he whom Heaven hath sent
To strike your chains off, be torn from you thus?

WORTHY.

Fear not, father.

MOWBRAY.

They'll tear our hearts out first!

STRAW.

We all have lives which Say has made a burden—
To throw away for Aylmere.

WORTHY.

Where is Aylmere?

(*Enter AYLMEERE.*)

AYLMERE.

Here, Master Worthy. A brave morning, masters.
The sun hath not yet learned to frown upon
The poor. Friend Wat, hast yet given up thy daughter,
At thy lord's bidding, to his lacquey?

WORTHY.

Have not,
And will not. I will grind this steward's pate

Between my sledge and anvil, ere I yield
My free child up, a slave and a slave's wanton.

AYLMERE.

Good morrow, Mowbray. Now what sayest thou to this?
They say thou'rt hot—they do thee wrong, for thou
Art meek as storm-bowed lilies: thou wilt give
Thy young bride humbly up to my lord's minion?

MOWBRAY.

I'll dig his title—were it signed by Say—
A thousand Says—out of his rotten heart,
Ere he shall look upon her. But thou mock'st me.

AYLMERE.

Sutton, has the kind lord forgiven the wrong
Thou didst his lordship's hound? What, spurn the hound
Of thy liege lord! Irreverend man! Why, if
Such crimes should go unwhipped, it will anon
Be thought a poor man's child is nigh as noble
As a rich man's cur. Heaven shield his lordship's hound!

SUTTON.

He threatens me with the stocks.

AYLMERE.

The stocks, old man!
Thy hair's grown white, and thy limbs shrivelled, fighting
And toiling for this man! The stocks! Well, well;
'Tis vain to chafe. How bravely will this frame,
Honoured by time, adorn the felon's seat!

SUTTON.

I trust that he will do me no such wrong.

AYLMERE.

Oh no, old man, he cannot do a wrong !
I cry you mercy ! Speak you, sirs, of him
Who hath o'errun your fields, outraged your daughters,
And made your sons, ay, and yourselves, the playthings
Of his tiger hours. Wrong ! Oh no, this sweet lord
Would do no wrong ! I marvel we should fear it.
What sayest thou, good man ? (*To STRAW.*) I could weep for
thee,
And thy wife murdered, save that tears kill not.

STRAW (*lays his hand upon his knife*).

The tears shed for her shall be red and heart-drawn !

AYLMERE.

Wrong said'st thou ! Why go to ! thou know'st there's
shame

On every honest brow, and grief in every honest heart
In Kent. We toil to feed their lusts ; we bleed
To back their quarrels ; coin our sweat and blood
To feed their wassail, and maintain their pomp !
And they—kind, gentle, gentle lords—in payment,
Plunder our dwellings, spurn us as their dogs,
Stain those we love, and mock at our affliction !
And so they should ! for we can, like whipped curs,
Lick every ulcer in these tyrants' hearts,
And ring our chains to lull their roused suspicions !
Now sleep ye well, ye men of Kent, on this ?

WORTHY.

Can this be manly?

MOWBRAY.

Are we men who brook it?

AYLMERE.

For, men and brethren, God ne'er made a bondman.
Ne'er made one man to be his fellow's victim;
Ne'er curst the earth that its fair breast should yield
Unto the proud lord milk, but, to the peasant,
Nothing but poison.

LACY.

Heaven, not Aylmere, speaks!

WORTHY.

What should we do?

MOWBRAY.

Tell us what we shall do.

AYLMERE.

Do! Listen, Heaven!—Do!—wear a loyal smile,
And bow your heads, and bare you to the scourge;
And, on your supple knees, down, down, and pray,
For those who smite you! Do!—Bear they a charter
From the highest,—
To make His earth a hell for us to howl in?
Or are these proud and pampered minions Gods,
And we but dogs, and made to fawn and suffer?

Are your arms sinewless, or your hearts craven?
 What should ye do!—What would ye, twined a serpent
 Its slimy volumes round you? Cog? Caress?
 And stand to think and tremble? No, you'd dash
 The reptile to the earth, and trample on,
 And crush it!

WORTHY.

But if we rise, what should be our demands?
 What seek you?

AYLMERE.

God's first gift—the blessed spirit
 Which he breathed o'er the earth.
 'Tis that which nerves the weak and stirs the strong;
 Which makes the peasant's heart beat quick and high,
 When on his hill he meets the uprising sun,
 Throwing his glad beams o'er the freeman's cot,
 And shouts his proud soul forth—'tis Liberty!
 We will demand
 All that just nature gave and they have taken:
 Freedom for the bond! and justice in the sharing
 Of the soil given by heaven to all; the right
 To worship without bribing a base priest
 For entrance into heaven; and ALL that makes
The poor man rich in Liberty and Hope!

WORTHY.

They will not grant all this.

AYLMERE.

They shall,
 If we are true unto ourselves! But if

We rend a single link, we are rewarded.
Freedom's a good the smallest share of which
Is worth a life to win. Its feeblest smile
Will break our outer gloom, and cheer us on
To all our birthright. Liberty! its beam
Aslant and far, will lift the slave's wan brow,
And light it up, as the sun lights the dawn.

MOWBRAY.

At once proclaim freedom unto the bond—
To all men, Liberty!

AYLMERE.

Think not she's won
With gentle smiles, and yielding blandishments:
She spurns your dainty wooer;
And turns to sinewy arms and hearts of steel.
The war-cloud is her couch; her matin hymn
The battle-shout of freemen.

(A low knocking.)

SUTTON.

Hist! Didst not hear a noise?

WORTHY.

Are we surprised?

(A louder knocking.)

AYLMERE.

Open the door: if it be unto death,
Why let death enter: the crushed bondman knows
No better friend!

MARIAMNE (*without*).

If you be Christians, shelter for my child!

AYLMERE.

Just heaven! it cannot be! (*Rushes forward.*)

(*WORTHY has opened the door. MARIAMNE staggers in, pale and dishevelled, bearing her child. She totters into the arms of AYLMEER.*)

MARIAMNE.

My Aylmere, save us! save thy child! Oh heaven!

AYLMERE.

Thou art not hurt? Thou'rt well? Some water, friends.
Our boy—no harm hath reached him? Look up, love!
Thou art with friends; it is thy Aylmere holds thee!
Heaven, what new horror's here?

MOWBRAY.

She rallies

AYLMERE.

Fear not;

All's well now, Mariamne.

MARIAMNE.

Where am I?

Where is my child? (*Sees and clasps him.*) My husband? (*Looks wildly.*)

AYLMERE.

Mariamne!

MARIAMNE.

Oh, Heaven ! I thank thee ! Clasp me closer, Aylmere !
I fear 'tis but a dream !

AYLMERE.

What's the last crime ?
Why flee the cot ? Speak, for my heart is gasping
With a strange terror.

MARIAMNE.

I know not.—How's this,—
My brain is 'wildered. Let me think. Yes, now,
It rushes on me ! (*Shudders.*)

AYLMERE.

Speak !

MARIAMNE.

I cannot !

AYLMERE.

Speak,
Speak, or I will go mad.

MARIAMNE.

Scarce had you left us,
Ere Say sent men to take you to the castle.
Finding you not, they went ; but soon returned,
Led on by Say, drunken with pride and choler.
I, with our boy, fled to a near concealment,
And from my covert saw it, heard it all.

AYLMERE.

What saw you?

MARIAMNE.

In his rage, he fired the house.
Dame Cade, affrighted, knelt to Say for mercy.
He thundered, "Where is Aylmere?" But she knew not,
"Thou lying hag! speak out, or I will slay thee,
And leave thy withered form to feed the flames."

AYLMERE.

Oh, monster!

MARIAMNE.

She cried "Mercy! All are gone—
Husband and son—add not another victim!
Spare me!"—In darker wrath, the savage raised
His arm, and, even as the Widow knelt,
He struck her down!

AYLMERE.

Oh, horror! struck her down!
May every curse that hell's black confines know
Cling to and fester in him!

MARIAMNE.

The eddyng smoke
Now drove them forth. A moment—and the flame
Flashed like an angry spirit through the cot,
Throwing a pale glare o'er her prostrate form.
From her crushed brow the blood streamed o'er the floor,
And was, by the thirsty fire, licked up. The flames

Lashed her again to life. She started up,
And her wild shriek—oh God, I hear it now!

LACY.

Nay, start not thus; 'tis but thy o'erwrought fancy.

AYLMERE.

Furies lash him an outcast through the world!
When he would sleep, that shriek be in his ears!
When he would drink, her blood be in his cup!
The earth deny its food, the heaven its light,
And even the grave a refuge! But—say on.

MARIAMNE.

Her face was dyed in gore, and her white hair
Streamed wildly round her. She rushed to the door—
'Twas barred; the window—there she met the spears
Of the retainers. In despair she knelt
'Neath a red canopy of curtained flames,
She knelt—

AYLMERE.

And they relented?

MARIAMNE.

Laughed and hooted!
The hot blast smote her; she arose and raised
Her hands to Heaven; she reeled—she shrieked—she
fell!

(MARIAMNE *sinks back.*)

AYLMERE.

May his soul rot to shame! his brow become

Leprous and lazar-like, till guilt itself
Shrink from him ! Palsies smite him !—smite him !—
This is too much—too much ; but I'll not weep.
For that she sheltered one who loved the bond,
Thus hath she perished. Men of Kent—

WORTHY.

Do with us,
Even as you will, for life and death.

AYLMERE.

Kneel then !
Is my oath yours ? (*They kneel.*)

ALL.

We swear !

AYLMERE.

Then witness, Heaven !
The orphan, whose sole heritage hath been
Blood, bonds, and shame, here swears to be avenged !
To follow Say as shades pursue the night,
Steady as conscience on his bloody track,
Certain as death !
The mountain shall not shield, the cavern hide,
The grave itself protect him ! From his shroud
I'll drag him reeking forth, tear out his heart,
His false, foul heart, and trample, trample on it !

(*Staggers and falls into their arms.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

A room in the castle. SAY, BUCKINGHAM, CLIFFORD, COURTNEY.

SAY.

See they are watched; and if the villains murmur,
Even if it be in whispers to the night-wind,
They shall—or priest or peasant—hang like dogs.

[*Exit COURTNEY.*]

Vile scraps from Nature's table! fragments cast
Upon life's dunghill! yet they prate—they prate!

CLIFFORD.

Why you're turned railer. Know you, Say, 'tis whispered
Their leader, Aylmere, is Lord Mortimer?
Start not!—all Kent believes it. But what then?
What if the true king do strike for his right?
The times are growing rusty; here's a danger
Will rub them into brightness. Plague upon
The days that rot from their own stillness!

SAY.

What!

Lord Mortimer! It is believed he lives;
If it be he, why woe to our King Henry!

BUCKINGHAM.

Aylmere is of his aspect. And why comes he
Thus darkly into Kent? And why, though gentle,
Herds he but with the bond?

CLIFFORD.

For 'tis his humour.
Tush! Turn ye pale at this—at dreams and guesses?

SAY.

There's danger in it.

CLIFFORD.

Where there is no fear
There is no peril. Save Heaven, there reigns
But one omnipotence—'tis courage.

SAY.

Would
That we had seized and sent him bound to London!
He's fled to the forest; we will yet secure him.
There he must famish or surrender to us.
As to these plotting serfs—why let 'em plot!
The people's anger!—Tell it to the waves,
Which, like the mob, beneath the tempest's lash,
Will writhe and rage awhile, but meet the calm
With meek and mirrored smile.

CLIFFORD.

Hunt you to-day?

SAY.

Ay, and we will to horse.—If other game
We start not, we will beat the forest thorough,
For this same masquer, Mortimer. Have with you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE SECOND.

The blacksmith's shop of WORTHY. WORTHY discovered at the forge.
Enter KATE.

KATE.

My father, thou hast toiled enow this day;
Give o'er; let forge and hammer rest; and come
With me to our cottage. Mowbray will anon—

WORTHY.

He's here even now; and with him Father Lacy,
Pembroke, and Straw, and Sutton.

KATE.

I will wait
For thee; thou'lt come? (*Exit KATE.*)

WORTHY.

Anon—

(*Enter LACY, MOWBRAY, PEMBROKE, STRAW, SUTTON.*)

Good morrow, masters.

STRAW.

Still at work, man! What's here?

WORTHY.

A work of love.

They're spear-heads, for the hearts of our oppressors.

LACY.

Have care your toils betray us not. My brethren,
I come from Essex.

WORTHY.

How stands Essex?

LACY.

Ready,
With twoscore thousand men, well mettled for
The cause.—What have ye?

WORTHY.

I, five hundred.

MOWBRAY.

I,
Nine; by the mass, true men as e'er gave buffets!

STRAW.

I count two hundred, but they're men whom wrong
Hath made in love with death.

LACY.

And Pembroke, thou?

PEMBROKE.

Three hundred.

LACY.

Good; and thou? (*To SUTTON.*)

SUTTON.

You have my prayers.

LACY.

Swords now are mightier.

SUTTON.

The time hath been—but now I must be heedful—
I'm all too aged for the brunt of war.

And thou (*to WORTHY*) methinks shouldst give way to the
youthful.

Men, when the taper quivers in the socket,
Place it not in the blast, but shield it from
Each rude and boist'rous breath, and let it sink
Unmoved and gently down. Now, we are aged:
How couldst thou bide the battle-storm?

WORTHY.

Why, bravely.

Thou'dst have me creep into my ingle-side,
And prate of *thus I was*, and *so I did*,
To asthma'd grandams and to gaping children,
Sneaking into old age at hale threescore!
Beshrew my heart! I am not yet so useless.
When Kent is in the field, were I not there,

And with the foremost, I would burn with blushing.
What, Sutton, turn'st thou craven?

SUTTON.

Thy reproof
Is rough as thine own file.

WORTHY.

And if there be
Good mettle in thee, thou'lt be brighter for it.

LACY.

O'ermuch of this. How stand our other musters?

WORTHY.

All now are full. Kent is prepared to rise.

MOWBRAY.

But Aylmere hath not, since the Widow Cade
Was murdered, been amongst us.

WORTHY.

How his heart
Swells for the wretched! That pale widow's death—
A stranger to him—save he made her cot
A time his home—hath moved him nigh to madness.

MOWBRAY.

A noble heart! where is our leader, father?

LACY.

Upon the heels of that affliction, came

Outlawry ; and his head is now the wolf's,
Which any serf may take.

MOWBRAY.

Where has he fled ?

LACY.

I took him, with his pale wife and his child,
That sickened by the way, unto a cave
Far hid i' the forest. There, alas ! I left them.
God wot how fare they.

WORTHY.

Bore they with them food ?

LACY.

We fled hot-foot, and not a morsel with us.

WORTHY.

Then will they perish, and the commons lose
Their leader ; for Say's creatures guard the forest
On this side ; and the neighbouring barony
Is churlish and will render no relief.
Pray heaven they starve not !

LACY.

He may reach the town.

WORTHY.

But find no aid. These burghers own no God
But Mammon. They would count the joys of heaven
By cent per cent. Were heart-drops gold,

And could they, from their mother's breast press out,
By some dread grief another golden gout,
They'd fling that grief upon her, and rejoice,
If they but won a doit. No aid from them!

LACY.

Heaven be with Aylmere then. My heart bleeds for him.

MOWBRAY.

Father, strange sayings stir the barony.
'Tis whispered that the gracious Mortimer,
Poor England's rightful king, not only lives,
But is the commons' friend; and, to be plain,
That our loved Aylmere, is none other than
Lord Mortimer.

LACY.

Is it so spoken, son?

MOWBRAY.

And is at large believed.

LACY.

I'll think of this.

WORTHY.

If he be Mortimer, all England will
Proclaim him king o' the commons.

(*A shriek. Enter KATE.*)

KATE.

Mowbray! father! (*Rushes to WORTHY.*)

WORTHY.

Who hath thus frightened thee?

KATE.

Courtney—

MOWBRAY.

The hound! where is he?

KATE.

Flushed with wine,

He hath—he's here! Protect me!

(*Enter COURTNEY.*)

COURTNEY.

Stay, girl—ho!

I've fallen among the plotters! Spear-heads too!

Well, well! But, Kate, think not I heed these knaves.

I love thee, by this light! I'll not be foiled!

I'll have my sport!

WORTHY.

Just heaven! must we bear this!

MOWBRAY (*to WORTHY*).

Give way! I'll slay him!

LACY.

Be not rash.

WORTHY.

Back, Mowbray!

I yet am her protector!

COURTNAY.

Here's a coil !

I have Say's leave, and care not. (*About to seize her.*)

WORTHY.

Touch her not !

Or, spite of every lord in Kent, I'll brain thee !

COURTNAY.

Come, Kate ; we will be merry.

WORTHY (*seizes his hammer*).

Back ! once more !

COURTNAY.

I am the steward. I care not for carles.

I love thee, and will clasp thee.

(Attempts to embrace her, she breaks from him and retreats behind the wings. WORTHY rushes after them.)

WORTHY.

Villain !—slave !—dog ! (*A struggling.*) Thus, in God's name,
and thus,Do I maintain the right. Die, ribald, die ! (*KATE shrieks.*)*(WORTHY re-enters, bearing his hammer, which is bloody.**KATE clings to him in terror.)*

LACY.

What hast thou done ?

WORTHY.

What I would do again !

MOWBRAY.

And I!

STRAW.

And I!

PEMBROKE.

And any man!

WORTHY.

By Heaven,
Were he our king I'd slay him; ay, and love
The weapon smote him!

LACY.

Thou hast burst our plot.
The veil is rent; and you must now throw by
All save your swords.

MOWBRAY.

Our swords are ready, father!

PEMBROKE.

We must away, or Say will be upon us.

WORTHY.

To *Seven-oak* then, at dawn!

LACY.

So be it! Let
The word be passed at once. And, Mowbray, thou

And Straw, with a true band, seek Aylmere's refuge,
And guard him to our meeting. Bear food with you.

STRAW.

We'll instant to our errand.

LACY.

Dawn, remember!

Then with the sun, will Liberty arise
From the long night of wrong; and the crushed spirit
Will soar, as does the lark, to meet its light!
Away! There's much before us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THIRD.

The forest. Enter CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM, and hunting train.

BUCKINGHAM.

You rave! I deem not Lady Clare so lovely.

CLIFFORD.

Lovely as Venus was when in her teens!
The court owns no such beauty. Why she is
Both bud and bloom; the gentleness of dawn,
And the fierce fire of day! With coy fifteen,
She joins the richer sweets of ripened love.

BUCKINGHAM.

Ripe ere her time! Thus vice will give

A pale maturity to cankered youth ;
As worms in apples flush the hectic rind
With sickly ripeness, while they rot the core.

CLIFFORD.

Nay, spare your homily. Where loiters Say ?

BUCKINGHAM.

I saw him when the stag broke from its covert,
Headmost and headlong, doubtless led away
In the hot hunt.

CLIFFORD.

But not, I trust, alone ?
Some of these sullen serfs would send a shaft
As willing to his side, as ere a deer
In the king's forest.

BUCKINGHAM.

He was then alone.

CLIFFORD.

Masters, away ! and search the forest thickets.
There's mischief in the bond ; and 'tis not safe
That he should go unguarded. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

A cave in the forest. MARIAMNE. The child on a rude pallet, asleep.

MARIAMNE.

Sleep hath fallen on him ; yet it comes like night
Upon a tortured sea—his limbs still toss,
And his wan brow is wrung with agony.
God be with thee, my babe ! Would I might feed thee,
Famished one, on my heart ! But soft—he stirs !
Strange, Aylmere comes not. Images of gloom
Throng o'er my soul, like birds of evil omen,
Waked by the night's low voice ! He may be taken,—
Dragged to the castle !—Hist ! the branches rustle,
And the dry twigs are crushed as by a foot.
Am I discovered ? Heaven protect me !—Yet
It may be Aylmere—now 'tis nearer !—nearer !
Ha ! my husband !

(Enter AYLMEER. A smothered burst of feeling. They embrace.)

Hist, our poor boy is sleeping !

AYLMERE.

Alas ! thy cheek's e'en paler than it was !

MARIAMNE.

And thou art faint and worn, and on thy brow
How the chill dew has gathered !

AYLMERE.

I've been far,
And have much suffered.

MARIAMNE.

Thou hast brought us food ?

AYLMERE.

My path has been beset by Say's retainers.
Each cot is guarded.

MARIAMNE.

Sought you not the town ?

AYLMERE.

And reached it.

MARIAMNE.

And they gave thee food ?

AYLMERE.

Alas !

MARIAMNE.

Our boy is starving.

AYLMERE.

I begged, till my brow
Blackened with blushes, and my thick tongue faltered.
None would relieve ! The pitying poor dare not
From dread of Say ; the rocky-hearted rich
List to my plaint of agony with sneers.

MARIAMNE.

Couldst thou not borrow that would buy us bread !

AYLMERE.

I would have borrowed, but the pampered churl
Asked for a pledge. I prayed but for one piece
From his uncounted hoards. "My child," I said,
"Mine only boy, my sinless one and lovely,
Is starving ! give me aid !"—"Your pledge," he asked.
"Alas, my child."—"I cannot sell the brat !"
The usurer cried,
And, while a fierce smile lit his wintry face,
He bade his servants spurn me from the door !
Can heaven look on,
When the rich tyrant tortures his pale victim,
Wrings his spent soul, and laughs ? Is it well, nature ?
I am not thwart in form, nor is my soul
Distempered ; shame sits not upon my brow,
Nor has wrong soiled my hand ; why, Heaven, am I
Spurned from the general feast thou hast provided ?

MARIAMNE.

Be calmed, my Aylmere ; thou'lt awake our boy,
And he but wakes to wail.

AYLMERE.

My Mariamne,
Alas, thine eye is dim, and thy hand trembles.

MARIAMNE.

I faint for food. Our store, 'twas but a crust,
I gave unto our boy ; and yet he sinks !
Since you departed, years of agony
Have crowded into hours. Our child slept on

My knee ; and as I watched his troubled slumber,
Sudden his face grew dark, his eyelids raised,
And his eye glared with a strange horror, on me !
I thought 'twas death, and shrieked—it roused our boy ;
'Wildered with terror—shrieking—smiting me,
He fell into convulsions ! Oh ! that hour !

AYLMERE.

Now Heaven be with us, for our griefs are many !

MARIAMNE.

Since then, his wail is feebler ; and his eye,
Which when you went was fever-lit, is now
Heavy and lustreless.

AYLMERE.

God ! should we lose him !

MARIAMNE.

Thou tremblest, Aylmere ;—will he die ?

AYLMERE.

Poor boy !

Did he speak ?

MARIAMNE.

Once, he woke and prattled with
Delirious gaiety.—Oh ! it was fearful
To see his sunken cheek enwreathed with laughter,
The hollow mirth of death ! He asked for thee,
But knew me not ; alas ! why knew he not
His mother ? Then he sunk into a stupor.

(AYLMERE goes to the pallet silently, and lifts the cover—starts.)

AYLMERE.

Oh God! Is this my boy!—The lid is raised,
But the eye sees not! Hist! how faint and low
His breathing! Oh, my boy! His brow is damp
With a chill dew!

MARIAMNE.

(Clinging to him and looking terrified in his face.)

Aylmere!

AYLMERE.

My boy! my boy!

MARIAMNE.

Had we

But food for him!

AYLMERE.

Pale penury! alas,
Even crime wears not so dark a brow as thine,
Nor knows so fierce and fell an agony!

MARIAMNE.

That he should die for food!

AYLMERE.

He shall not!—shall not!
Madness and death! I'll buy it, if with blood!
Why should the perfumed lordling roll in gold,
And thou, wan child of sorrow, die for that
Which he throws careless to his cringing lacquey?

Each laced and lisping fool is rich ; whilst I—
Oh, shame on justice !—watch my infant starving !
Look to the child. I'll forth. Did Heaven mean this ?
No, 'tis no crime—no crime ! They've filched my share
Of nature's equal boon ; and by my wrongs,
Though death stand by, I'll wrench it back again !

MARIAMNE.

Leave us not, Aylmere !

AYLMERE.

I'll be here anon.

Oh, oppression ! 'Tis not thine own crimes only,
Fell as they are, will frown on thee at compt ;
But every desperate deed, in frenzy done
By maddened innocence, will claim thee sire,
And thunder-toned, pronounce thee guilty ! guilty !

(AYLMERE rushes out. The scene closes.)

SCENE FIFTH.

The forest. Enter SAY.

SAY.

Where loiters Clifford ? Now, beshrew the laggards !
They shame the sport. If in this sombre wood,
Where nature's king, where the poor slave's a man
And I no more,—I should these plotters meet,
'Twere a grave peril. Would I'd vexed 'em not !
But there's no pausing-place in wrong.—'Tis done.

No time for thoughts or fears. The venturous hind
Who clambers up the steepy precipice,
When the rock crumbles 'neath his wary foot,
And falls, far echoing, in the flood below,
Stays not to tremble, turns him not to gaze ;
But upward looks and onward works his way.
Thanks for the lesson ! Tho' my foothold be
As frail as love, yet, yet will I not falter.
Ha ! who is he approaches ?

(Enter AYLMEER.)

AYLMERE.

Well met, sir.

SAY.

Why, how now, knave !

AYLMERE.

Knave !—Be it so—I'm poor
And thou art wealthy. I would have some gold.

SAY.

Thou darest not rob me !

AYLMERE.

What will misery dare not ?
I dare !

SAY.

Sirrah ! I am a peer !

AYLMERE.

And so

Am I—thy peer, and any man's—ten times
Thy peer, and thou'rt not honest.

SAY.

Insolent!

My fathers were made noble by a king!

AYLMERE.

And mine by a God! The people are God's own
Nobility; and wear their stars not on
Their breasts, but in them!—But go to! I trifle.

SAY.

Dost not fear justice?

AYLMERE.

The justice o' the court?

Nursled on blood!—A petted falcon which
You fly at weakness! I do know your justice!
Crouching and meek, to proud and purpled Wrong;
But tiger-toothed and ravenous o'er pale Right.
I do nor love nor fear it.

SAY.

Who is he?

A bold knave! Would they were here! What art thou,
That speakest thus rashly?

AYLMERE.

What thou see'st—a man—
Poor and in need of gold—desperate—wild!
Yield thee; or—

SAY.

Slave! I will not yield.

AYLMERE.

By heaven!—
But I would do no crime! My lord, I am
The wretched father of a boy whom now
I left, hard by, to perish, and for bread.
Give me a piece! but one! and I will bless thee!
Who says I'm stern? Thou see'st I'm wondrous humble,
And beg, beg—beg! God, has it come to this!

SAY.

Out of my way!

AYLMERE.

My lord, let him not perish!
Oh, save my child!

SAY.

Off, carle! or thus I spurn thee!

AYLMERE.

Ha! then have at thee! Thy gold or thy base life,
Arrogant lordling!

SAY.

Hold, slave ! Thou art mad !
I am the treasurer of the realm. Lord Say !

AYLMERE.

(Bursts into a fierce laugh of exultation.)

Fortune, for this I do forgive thee all !

SAY.

Doth he laugh at me ?

AYLMERE.

Heaven hath sent him to me,
For sacrifice ! The years have yielded up
That hour so long and bitterly awaited !
Down, down, my heart ! I would be calm.

SAY.

Give way !
I see thou'rt awed, and do forgive thee.

AYLMERE.

Stir not,
I am thy executioner. *(Draws his knife.)*

SAY.

What mean you ?

AYLMERE.

That thou must die !

SAY.

Thou wouldst not slay me, fellow !

AYLMERE.

Slay thee! Ay, by this light, as thou wouldst slay
 A wolf! Bethink thee; hast not used thy place
 To tread the weak and poor to dust; to plant
 Shame on each cheek, and sorrow in each heart?
 Hast thou not plundered, tortured, hunted down
 Thy fellow-men like brutes? Is not the blood
 Of white-haired Cade black on thy hand? And doth not
 Each wind stir up against thee, fiend! the ashes
 Of her whom yesternight you gave the flames?
 Slay thee, thou fool! Why now, what devil is it
 That palters with thee, to believe that thou
 Canst do such deeds and live!

SAY.

I am unarmed;
 'Twere craven thus to strike me at advantage.

AYLMERE.

Why so it were! (*Laughs scornfully.*) Well said! well said!

Hence, toy! (*Throws away the dagger.*)

We're equal now; and I would have no arms
 But those the tiger hath against thee!—Now
 For vengeance, justice, for the bond!

(*Throws himself upon SAY. Enter CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM,
 and train. They interpose.*)

CLIFFORD.

Hold! ruffian!
 Strike him down! So, secure him.

AYLMERE.

Back, slaves! Baffled!

Oh, for one moment,—one—to grind the viper
Into the earth he poisons!

CLIFFORD.

Art hurt?

SAY.

The villain hath a tiger's clutch;
But thanks to you, he harmed me not.

CLIFFORD.

By Heaven!

'Tis Aylmere! Mark you, Say, his form, his carriage,
All over Mortimer!

SAY.

'Tis Mortimer.

Let him not see we know him.

AYLMERE.

Oh my wife!

My child! may I not die with you!

SAY.

Now, sirrah.

AYLMERE (*sullenly*).

Well, sir.

SAY.

Who art thou?

AYLMERE.

One who loves you not,
And will not speak to pleasure you.

SAY.

Know you
Your crime's meed? 'Tis—

AYLMERE.

I care not what—

SAY.

'Tis death.

AYLMERE.

So be it! Death! the bondman's last, best friend!
It stays th' uplifted thong, hushes the shriek,
And gives the slave a long, long sleep, unwhipped
By dreams of torture. In the grave there is
No echo for the tyrant's lash;
And the poor bond knows not to shrink, or blush,
Nor wonder Heaven created such a wretch.
He who has learned to die, forgets to serve
Or suffer! Thank kind Heaven, that I can die!
Yet know—Now Heaven sustain me!

(Enter OFFICER and retainers, bringing in MARIAMNE.)

OFFICER.

Good my lord,

We found this woman hidden in a cave
Here in the forest.

SAY.

Sirrah, why dost start?

AYLMERE.

I started not.

SAY.

Why now dost tremble?

AYLMERE.

I

Do tremble not.

SAY.

Know'st thou her?

AYLMERE.

She's a stranger.

(*Aside*) Must she too perish! I do pity her.

A woman—thou'lt do her no wrong!

MARIAMNE.

My Aylmere!

It is my husband, and be his doom mine! (*Rushes to his arms.*)
Think not (*to AYLMEER*) to part our fates. We'll die together!

CLIFFORD.

It is my rustic Venus; now our hunt
Hath started game worth winning. (*They retire up the stage.*)

AYLMERE.

Why, alas!

Didst draw this ruin on thee, Mariamne?

MARIAMNE.

Wrong me not, Aylmere, so to think I'd bear
An unshared safety. 'Tis a joy, a glory,
To show what in thy griefs I can be to thee!
I'll know no sorrow now; 'tis joy enough
To comfort thee, my hunted one! Alas! *(She weeps.)*

AYLMERE.

How fares our boy, my Mariamne? *(She averts her face.)* Speak!
They war not against infants—they relieved him?—
Still you speak not, wife!—but—but they are fathers;
They harmed him not! Oh, Mariamne, tell me!
He is—he is—they harmed him not?

(She turns, bursts into an agony of tears, and throws herself on his bosom.)

MARIAMNE.

They could not!

He is happy—happy, Aylmere!

AYLMERE.

My child!

Desolate! desolate! I have no child!

(He staggers, sinks upon a bank, and covers his face with his hands; she bends over him.)

(The curtain drops.)

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.

Enter LACY and WORTHY. Open country.

WORTHY.

What do we here! A thousand sturdy men
For nought! Why keep you watch and ward too, father,
On every hill?

LACY.

Aylmere is prisoner.

WORTHY.

May ruin fall on those who made him so!
No longer Aylmere, for the commons friend
Is by all known as Mortimer—the lord
Of merry England, had he but his right.

LACY.

Scarce was he captured, ere his shrieking wife
Was torn from him, and a strong escort ordered
With him to London; where Duke Gloster's fate,
Brief, dark, and bloody, waits for him.

WORTHY.

Be murdered!

The commons' leader ! While the commons stand
Banded and ready at a word, to rise !

LACY.

It shall not be ! This is our purpose, master :
The escort must this way ; and I have stationed
Our men to intercept them, and save Aylmere.

(*Enter MOWBRAY, STRAW, PEMBROKE, &c.*)

PEMBROKE.

Father, the escort winds round yonder hill—
'Tis in itself an army.

MOWBRAY.

Well, what then ?

A thousand staunch and merry men have we.
May we not crush them ?

LACY.

Where's the dastard doubts it ?

PEMBROKE.

Thou bearest a weapon ; thou wilt use it not ?

LACY.

Will I not ? Son, the cause is heaven's and right's,
And all men should strike for it. Follow me ;
And if heaven grant me martyrdom, remember,
It seals your triumph, and strike boldlier.

WORTHY.

Thou'rt ever right ! But, father, should we lose thee.

LACY.

Fear not; the blow that falls upon the front
Of wrong, is deadly stricken by an infant!

MOWBRAY.

On to the rescue! Mortimer to the rescue!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE SECOND.*A room in the castle. MARIAMNE solus.*

MARIAMNE.

To London sent! And to be tried! Alas,
Tried! He's condemned even now! Child, husband, lost,
I have no friend! yes,—one is left me—this! (*A dagger.*)
One, too, shall leave me not. My Aylmere, ere
He was torn from me, gave me this, and said,
“Be it, *what I cannot be*—thy protector!”
'Tis all that is between me and dishonour,
Yet doth it make me free. Beyond thy point,
No shame can pass; for when thou canst not guard
This feeble citadel, still thou wilt ope
A door to let the hunted spirit out!
'Tis night!—and night, 'tis said, is fear's twin sister.
Its shadowy spell makes sterner souls than mine
Soft as the dew, and trembling as the leaf
On which it falls and glitters. Yet 'twere well,

'Twere well to die now. Oh, my Aylmere, why,
Why left we Italy? (*Weeps.*)

(*Enter CLIFFORD.*)

CLIFFORD (*aside*).

Will not my name
Rot in the foulness of this villain deed?
No matter—'tis but breath;—I care not more
For curses that I hear not, than for gales
Loaded with poison that sweep o'er the sands
Of far Arabia. She must—shall—be mine.
She weeps. (*Approaches MARIAMNE.*)

Nay, gracious lady, weep not. Thou
Wilt find me no ungentle warder o'er thee.
Look up! These torrent tears have swept the roses
From thy fair cheek.

MARIAMNE.

It is not well to mock
The friendless.

CLIFFORD.

Nay, thou art not friendless here.
My bosom aches o'er all thy sufferings. Trust me—
I am thy friend.

MARIAMNE.

I heed not thy profession.
Enough—thou art Lord Clifford—friend of Say.
Fair words bestreak thy meaning, like the lights
That flush our northern skies, and mock us with

A cheating show of ardour. Woe and weakness
Will make the simplest wise. I trust thee not.

CLIFFORD.

Thou dost me wrong, fair casuist ; and, in me,
Wrong'st one awakened from a dream of evil,
To be the friend of virtue.

MARIAMNE.

Give me, then,

My husband !

CLIFFORD.

If I could, lady, and I think I can—

MARIAMNE.

Oh ! all good men would bless thee ! I would bless thee ;
And Heaven, that loves just deeds, would hear my prayer,
And on thy gracious head, shower rich blessings. (*Kneels.*)

CLIFFORD (*musingly*).

He hath not yet reached London,—I will save him !

MARIAMNE.

The smile of Heaven be ever on thy soul !

CLIFFORD.

Nay, rise, fair lady, 'tis for me to kneel.
Thy husband shall be saved ; if thou wilt—

MARIAMNE.

What ?

I will do anything ; toil till I faint,

And be lashed back to life, to toil again !
I'll wed with midnight darkness in thy dungeons ;
I'll waste my pale youth out in piteous tears.
Oh ! I will do or suffer anything !

CLIFFORD.

I ask not this ; thy heaviest task is pleasure.
Thou shalt be mine, sweet lady ; I will teach thee
The subtlety of love, till every hour
Reels 'neath its bliss, and soul and sense are drowned
In sweet, oblivious rapture !

MARIAMNE.

Said I not

I knew thee ! wretch !

CLIFFORD.

Stay, lady, and bethink thee ;
Thy husband's freedom.

MARIAMNE.

Purchased with dishonour !
'Twere well, to buy his freedom with his curse.
Unlink his chains and turn him forth to draw
The thick and tainted air of infamy—
Be pointed at, by every honest hand,
There goes the wanton's husband !—this thy blessing !

CLIFFORD.

Be not o'er-hasty. I will make thee wealthy—
Wealthy as Indus. Still thy wish shall be

The parent of thy pleasure. Smile upon me,
I'll make thee richer than thy rosiest hope.

MARIAMNE.

Thou canst not! Vice is poor, albeit mid thousands.
I spurn thy bounty. Can the clink of gold
Shut out the hiss of shame?

CLIFFORD.

The loftiest rank,
Observance, title, are thine own, if thou
Art mine.

MARIAMNE.

Knowest thou not honour is to rank
As are its rays unto the worshipped sun,
Which beamless and unlit, would rise on high
To be a curse and mockery.

CLIFFORD.

Shalt be honoured—

MARIAMNE.

By wretches like thyself! (Away! thou'rt loathly!)
While good men called down festering curses on me!

CLIFFORD.

Aylmere and thou are parted, and for ever.
I feigned a power I have not, when I said
He could be saved.

MARIAMNE.

Thou'dst tell me—thou hast lied,
Thou honourable lord !

CLIFFORD.

Still hear me, lady.
Aylmere must die ; smile on me, and I'll wed thee ;
And raise thee mid the loftiest of the land !

MARIAMNE.

Never ! now do I scorn thee more ! Wed thee !
I'd rather fling me from thy turret's height !
I'd rather wed me to thy basest slave !

CLIFFORD.

By heaven, she flouts me past endurance ! Woman !

MARIAMNE.

I'd rather clasp a pestilence ! Go to
The charnel house and wed the dead, than wed
With thee !

CLIFFORD.

Insolent minion, have a care !

MARIAMNE.

I'd rather be a living death, a leper,
Alive, as is the corpse—but with corruption,
And perish thus by piecemeal, than thy bride !

CLIFFORD.

I am no more thy suitor, but thy fate !
And what I will—I will.

MARIAMNE (*alarmed*).

Thou'lt do no outrage.

CLIFFORD.

Will I not? Mistress Pride ! (*Seizes her.*)

MARIAMNE.

Off! tyrant, monster ! (*Breaks away.*)(*Aside.*) This is the moment; here mine only trust!(*Takes the dagger from her bosom.*)

CLIFFORD.

Nay, 'tis too late, no struggling ! (*Struggles with her.*)

MARIAMNE.

This for Aylmere!

(*Stabs him.*)

CLIFFORD.

Hold, lady!

MARIAMNE.

For mine honour, this—and this!—

(*CLIFFORD falls.*)

What have I done!

CLIFFORD.

I have deserved this death :
But happier is it, than will be thy life,
Gloomed by the memory of this murder. (*Dies.*)

MARIAMNE.

Murder !

Dead ! Why how now ? My brain reels. 'Tis too much !

(*Sinks down shudderingly.*)

(*Enter SAY, BUCKINGHAM, OFFICERS.*)

SAY.

What means this noise ?

BUCKINGHAM.

Horror ! 'Tis Clifford, dead.

SAY.

What bloody act is here ? Is she, too, dead ?

(*She is partly raised up, looks wildly round—laughs.*)

MARIAMNE (*in a whisper*).

Aylmere, didst speak ? (*Still bewildered.*)

Where am I ?

(*She stands up, sees the red dagger which she still holds ; looks down and sees the body of CLIFFORD, shrieks and falls.*)

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE THIRD.

The forest. Distant alarums.

(Enter STRAW and WORTHY.)

STRAW.

How quick their leasy legions shrunk ! 'Fore Heaven,
I like not such lame sport. 'Tis hardly worth
The getting in a passion. But, good master,
Have we freed Mortimer ?

WORTHY.

No, by my troth ;
He freed himself ; for when we burst upon them,
He snatched a sword, and in a moment spread
A solitude around him. Now beshrew me,
I know my hammer not, as he the sword.

(Enter LACY, PEMBROKE, MOWBRAY, and others.)

WORTHY.

Where's Mortimer ?

LACY.

Foremost in the pursuit.

MOWBRAY.

He rages like a wounded lion. Who
Would from so calm a cloud, expect a bolt
So fierce and blasting ! Is this man our Aylmere !

LACY.

Some fearful spirit seems to swell his frame,
When, like a slaughter-God, he scatters death,
And shouts and laughs in killing. It appalled me.

WORTHY.

Behold! He comes! he comes!

(*Enter AYLMEER.*)

LACY.

Thank Heaven! thou'rt free!

AYLMERE (*laughs*).

Ay! once more free! within my grasp a sword,
And round me freemen! Free! as is the storm
About your hills; the surge upon your shore!
Free as the sunbeams on the chainless air;
Or as the stream that leaps the precipice,
And in eternal thunder, shouts to Heaven,
That it is free, and will be free for ever!

STRAW.

Now for revenge! Full long we've fed on wrong:
Give us revenge!

AYLMERE.

For you and for myself!
England from all her hills, cries out for vengeance!
The serf, who tills her soil, but tastes not of
Her fruit, the slave that in her dungeon groans,
The yeoman plundered, and the maiden wronged,

Echo the call, in shrieks ! The angry waves
Repeat the sound in thunder ; and the heavens,
From their blue vaults, roll back a people's cry
For liberty and vengeance !

LACY.

Wrong on wrong !
Are there no bolts in heaven ?

AYLMERE.

No swords on earth ?
He'll ever be a slave, who dares not right
Himself. The heavens fight not for cravens. Let us strike,
Strike for ourselves, and Heaven will strike for us :
But be we base, and cogging, smiling slaves,
And Heaven and earth will scorn us.

MOWBRAY.

The Lord Say
Knows of the commons' rising, and hath sent
For force from London ; all the Kentish lords
Are arming, and Lord Buckingham is up.

AYLMERE.

Up, up ! why so are we ! Here (*his sword*) be our answer !
They're up ! Why let them on ! Let all come on !
Let the storm bellow, till the welkin crack !
Now by yon heaven, it glads me ! I would have
Some stirring work to wake my soul withal ;
I pant to try my wing so long unfluttered ;
And here's a sky to soar in !—Mowbray, where
Meet our musters ?

AYLMERE,

MOWBRAY.

At Seven-oak.

AYLMERE.

Thither, then!

But only with hot hearts that will hug danger.
Let falterers—pale-lipped slaves who would be men,
But dare not—back to whip and chain! Give o'er
Their fair wives to their lords; ask leave to groan;
And lift their branded brows to the shamed heavens,
Remembering that they could be free, but would not!

WORTHY.

Fear not; the sons of Kent are better mettled.

AYLMERE.

For Seven-oak, ho!

MOWBRAY.

Ay, on! for Mortimer!

(Exeunt all but AYLMEER and LACY.)

AYLMERE.

For Mortimer! What means this? When they rushed
Upon my guard, the cry was "Mortimer
Unto the rescue!"—Why this iteration
Of a name now the tomb's?

LACY.

It is believed

He lives; even Say thinks thou art none but he;—
The rightful King of England!

AYLMERE.

Ha ! 'twas oft
Said that my favour semblanced his.

LACY.

The people
Have caught the thought, and ne'er will deem thee other.
Mortimer is a name to conjure up
Thousands of daring spirits for the cause.

AYLMERE.

It is ?

LACY.

That spell hath called this host together :
Unspeak it, and they scatter with the wind.

AYLMERE.

Thou wouldst not have me bear a noble name
Not mine ?

LACY.

Even as thou wilt. Thou still art bond ;
Art still Jack Cade ; and, known, would be given up
As Say's born thrall. Thou now bear'st name not thine,
Aylmere ;—why not a prince's name as well ?
Our host is glued together with the name
Of Mortimer :—disclaim it—all is o'er ;
And England may crawl back into her chains !

AYLMERE (*musingly*).

Tear out this plank and sink our brave emprise,

Even at the haven's mouth! Say's frightened soul
 Sees his fallen foe in me. As he wills, be it!
 I'll be the spectre of wronged Mortimer,
 And haunt him into madness!—And my wife,—
 'Twill aid to free my Mariamne! He
 Whose mildewed brow is raised, like mine, to watch
 The tyrant gloating o'er his wrongs, will know
 The wherefore of this deed. (*To LACY.*) I'll do this thing.
 I will be Mortimer unto the world;—but only
 Until our chains are molten in the glow
 Of kindled spirits; for I seek not power:
 I would not, like the seeled dove, soar on high,
 To sink clod-like again to earth. I know
 No glory,—save the godlike joy of making
 The bondman free. When we *are* free, Jack Cade
 Will back unto his hills, and proudly smile
Down on the spangled meanness of the court,
 Claiming a title higher than their highest,—
 An honest man—a freeman!

LACY.

I am cheered
 To see thy spirit mounting thus. I feared
 Thy Mariamne's danger—

AYLMERE.

Speak not of her!

LACY.

I thought not to have moved thee thus. Forgive me!

AYLMERE.

'Tis said that torturers bare their victim's head

To dropping water, till the gentle blow,
Incessantly repeated, racks the brain,
And the soft dew-drop, on the shrinking head
Breaks like the bolt of heaven. Is't so with me?
Have fortune's blows so crushed me, that I cower
Even at a word?—Mine was a breast of rock,
And she its only flower: how early blasted!
Have I lost her!

LACY.

Nay—doubt not, she is safe.

AYLMERE.

Oh! she was lovely as the smile of hope,
And gentle as the dewy star of eve!
Through every motion of her mind there beamed
A spirit pure as the bright, silver sand,
Stirred by the crystal eddy of the spring!

(A drum heard.)

A drum! another!

LACY.

Say's force is in motion.

AYLMERE.

By Heaven, I do forget myself, this while!
War, iron war's my only bride this day,
And by the people's wrongs, I'll woo her bravely.
How are our men? Do their souls bear an edge
Keen and well-tempered for the morrow's fight?

- LACY.

They will not shame old Kent, unconquered Kent!

AYLMERE.

I'd have their veins flow to the coming fight,

Like the fierce torrent to the cataract!

Father, unto our host! Bid each man strike,

In God's name, for God's gifts.

We'll meet no more, or meet as freemen, father!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

SAY's camp. Seven-oak. SAY and BUCKINGHAM.

BUCKINGHAM.

They dream not such a force as yours can fall

In peril;—nor foresee that Kent and Essex

Should thus unkennel all their bloodhounds on us.

I will to London; our dull friends shall know

You're here at Seven-oak, leagured by a host

Of threescore thousand unchained slaves. Meanwhile

Let the worst swell the worst—thou'lt yield not?

SAY.

Yield!

By Heaven, it shall be death to speak of it!

Yield to the insolent kern!

BUCKINGHAM.

Ne'er heed the mob.

The saucy dust mounts in the gusty air,
The highest just before the torrent storm
Beats it to mire again. What though the rout,
The compost of the realm, is smoking now
With its vile heat? Show them the whip, they'll flee
Like beaten whelps.

SAY.

The name of Mortimer
Gathers the bond, like bees. His valour, too,
In his late rescue glitters in their eyes.

BUCKINGHAM.

Mad but the mettled fool, he'll rush on ruin,
As eagles pounce upon a baited spear.

SAY.

I have his wife, the murtheress of our Clifford,
Here in our camp.—He knows not she is maniac:
And with this gripe upon his heart, I'll yet
Bow him to terms. (*Alarum.*)

(*Enter SOLDIER.*)

SOLDIER.

My lord, the bond have fallen
In thousands on our camp. They are led on
By our late prisoner, and fight more like devils
Than men.

SAY.

So soon?—to horse! away—away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE FIFTH.

A tent in the camp of SAY. MARIAMNE (crazed), two FEMALE ATTENDANTS.
(*Sound of distant alarums.*)

FIRST ATTENDANT.

They say the camp's assailed.

SECOND ATTENDANT.

Hearest not the din?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Shall we not fly?

SECOND ATTENDANT.

They can do nought.

MARIAMNE.

Girl, bring
My boy; he hath not kissed his father yet.

SECOND ATTENDANT.

Yield to her phantasy.

[*Exit FIRST ATTENDANT.*]

MARIAMNE.

Oh, how I joy

To be again in Italy! Its breath

Visits my forehead like a mother's kiss.

My Aylmere, see'st not— (*Turns round.*) Where's my husband? gone!

SECOND ATTENDANT.

Lady, wilt not to couch! Thou art weary.

MARIAMNE.

That cell,—its damps have crept into my brain,

And set me madding. The snail trails the wall,

And the toad bloats upon the floor: I' the night

When the faint glimmer through my grate was gone,

And all was dark and cold save my poor brain,—

(Is it not strange that should be ever hot?)

Then spirits came, and mopped and jeered at me,

From out the darkness. Hist! thine ear; I'll tell thee.

SECOND ATTENDANT.

The din is nearer, louder—and that shout—

The bond prevail. Heaven save me! I must fly.

[*Exit.*]MARIAMNE (*not seeing the departure of the attendant*).

They said—thou'lt tell it not?—alone? alone?

Now this is joyous! No eye gazes on me!

My spirit-loves, my mother and my sisters,

Will now come to me.—Men say I am mad:

I, mad! A merry thought. (*Laughs.*) Come, mother, come

And speak to me! My brain is molten lead,—

My heart is ashes—and, oh Heaven, mine eyes,
On fire, on fire!—And not a tear to quench them!
When I'm a queen, I'll have a sea of tears
To lave me in. The cruel ones are gone.
Then will I forth, and find my darling! See—
See, I have food, ay, dainty food, for him!
I know where they have hid him; and I'll forth,
And dig—dig—dig! They said that he was dead,
As if kind Heaven could take my poor boy from me.
Dead, dead! Why that were woe indeed! I weep
Even to think of it.—I know to find him!
He's pale and wan,—the sweet boy is a-starving—
He wants but food! Hist! hist! they see me not!

[*Exit stealthily.*]

SCENE SIXTH.

*Seven-oak. Alarums, shouts. Enter STRAW, PEMBROKE, SUTTON,
and others, the bond.*

PEMBROKE.

Victory! The day's our own!

STRAW.

A Mortimer!

The commons' king—a Mortimer!

(*Shouts from the bond.*)

PEMBROKE.

He comes!

(*Enter AYLMERE, MOWBRAY, LACY, and others.*)

AYLMERE.

Not taken ! Say not taken !—Now to horse,
Mowbray, in the pursuit ! (*Exit MOWBRAY.*) Not taken ! why
This lames our triumph. Yet have we done well.
The black'ning page of England's degradation
Is blotted out with blood. The avenger's sword
Hath glittered in their path ; and our stern masters
Hug now the earth they lorded ! War's red wheel
Reeks with the hot gore of a thousand hearts
That throbbed in knightly bosoms ! Slaughter's self
Is sated ; and Revenge turns, palled and pale,
From her ensanguined feast ! We'll slay no more !

(*Enter WORTHY and prisoners, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and others.*)

WORTHY.

My lord, the prisoners.

AYLMERE.

How hushed and meek
Are now these thunderers ! Why call ye not
The thong, the rack, the axe, for us, your slaves !
Oh ye are men now, only men ;—methought
Ye were the Gods of the crushed earth ! How say ye ?

LORD.

You will not dare to hold us ?

AYLMERE.

Heaven forefend !
Hold a lord captive ! Awful sacrilege !
Oh no ! We'll wait on you with trembling reverence !

Ay, vail our brows before you—kneel to serve you!
What! hold a lord!

ARCHBISHOP.

He mocks us.

AYLMERE.

Save your lordships!

Pembroke, take hence, and strip these popinjays,
These moths that live for lust and slaughter! strip them,
Garb their trim forms and perfumed limbs in russet,
And drive them to the field! We'll teach you, lords,
To till the glebe you've nurtured with our blood;
Your brows to damp with honourable dew,
And your fair hands with wholesome toil to harden.

LORD.

Thou wilt not use us thus?

AYLMERE.

And wherefore not?

LORD.

Heaven gave us rank, and freed that rank from labour.

AYLMERE.

Go to! thou speak'st not truth! Would Heaven, thou fool,
Wrest nature from her throne, and tread in dust
Millions of noble hearts, that worms like thee
Might riot in their filthy joys untroubled?
Heaven were not Heaven were such as ye its chosen.

ARCHBISHOP.

I'm of the Holy Church; thou'lt free me?

AYLMERE.

Thou!

That speakest Heaven's truths, as speaks the dial,
Only i' the sunshine: but for the night
Of poverty and woe hast ne'er a word!
Thou saint of silks and odours! Sure thy mission
Is to the noble only: 'twere a taint,
To bring a sweaty peasant into Heaven!
Thou whited wall!

ARCHBISHOP.

Hast thou no reverence for
Religion?

AYLMERE.

All that heart can yield! But none
For those whose surplice covers itching sin,
Hearts black with guilt, frames bloat and rank with riot.
Why, ye wax fat on piety! Ye pamper
Your low, gross lusts, and all i' the name of Heaven!
Ye rob the poor—and pray; ye drink the tears
Of the lone orphan—and then prate of mercy!
Off, with his purple! Hide his shaven crown
In the worn cowl of the good mendicants;
And thrust him forth.

ARCHBISHOP.

Irreverend man!

AYLMERE.

I know you, know you all !
Vice crouches in your palaces ; shame sits
In your high places ; and lust leers from brows
Mantled in holy-seeming cowls ! Look to them,
Pembroke ! See my bidding done.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and prisoners.*

And now for London !

But first unto the castle.—Mariamne,
Cheer up ! I come to free thee !—To the castle !

(*Going out, he meets MARIAMNE, who enters.*)

What, Mariamne !

(*He rushes to her and embraces her ; she shrieks and breaks from him shudderingly.*)

MARIAMNE.

Off ! I scorn, I loathe thee !

AYLMERE.

She knows me not ! Her brain is wandering ! This
With the rest, oh Heaven !

MARIAMNE.

Wed thee, monster ? never !
Or ere upon thy breast I'd lay my head,
I'd hide me in a charnel-house, and sport
With the red worm among the carrion dead ;
Lip the foul skull, and with the green corpse dally !

AYLMERE.

There has been wrong here ! Knowest me, Mariamne ?

MARIAMNE.

I know thee! thou art—no, thou art not Clifford.
Thou'lt wrong me not? What, weeping! then I know
Thou wilt be kind, and aid me. Hist! (*whispers*) they've hid
My sweet boy in the earth—the cold—cold earth;
And I would dig my gentle darling out.
And thou wilt aid me?

AYLMERE.

Anything but this!

I could have seen her die, and kissed her lips,
And caught her last low sigh. I could have lain
Her gentle form in earth, and never murmured!
I think—I think—I could! But thus to see her!
Thus!

MARIAMNE.

Haste! or he will die for lack of food!

What! Thou wilt not!

AYLMERE.

Beloved, who hath wronged thee?

MARIAMNE.

In Italy again! Hark! hear you not
The tinkling of our fountain. In the grot
I'll find my Aylmere.—Come, my boy!—'Tis strange
That such wild sights should float before me! Now
Look there!—Ha, Clifford! I do spurn thee still!
Away!—'tis gone!—But what is this?—A corpse!
'Tis Clifford's! and 'twas I that did it—I!
See! see! 'Tis terrible, yet I can bear it.

The eel-like writhing round the heart-struck steel;
The warm blood gurgling from the gaping wound;
The black'ning brow; the palpitating corse;
The tossed hand plashing in the puddled blood!

(She sinks down, covering her face.)

AYLMERE.

Who knows of this?

LACY.

I feared to tell it thee.

'Tis said that when the Lady Mariamne
Was taken to the castle, goatish Clifford—

AYLMERE.

Ha!

LACY.

Nay hear me. He offered foul wrong to her.

AYLMERE.

He *offered* wrong to her;—he did none—speak!

LACY.

She spurned him.

AYLMERE.

Why, of course, she spurned him, Monk!
What did he? what did he?

LACY.

He ventured then,
The wretch! on force.

AYLMERE.

On force! Now let me die!
Farewell the bondman's cause! I'll to the desert!
Come, my poor Mariamne! I'll soon be
Even mad as thou!

LACY.

Thou hast not heard me out.

AYLMERE.

I've heard enough! Oh Heaven, didst thou look on?

LACY.

You gave your wife a weapon?

AYLMERE.

Yes, what then?

LACY.

When Clifford would have clasped her, with that steel
She struck him to the heart!

AYLMERE (*bursts into laughter*).

Who speaks to me of woe? Why, I am merry!
She struck him down! My noble Mariamne!
I was a fool to fear! Alas, poor ruin,
I'll watch o'er thee, as doth the ivy watch
Over the crumbled arch, and prouder, prouder,
Of thee than of a queen! Poor Mariamne!

(*Bends over her. Curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST.

London. Enter SAY, BUCKINGHAM, Officers, and Soldiers. London bridge.

SAY.

These bondmen fight like fiends.

BUCKINGHAM.

'Tis Mortimer

That makes them heroes. (*Distant shout.*) Hark! they follow
hard

Upon us. It is vain to struggle further.

Lord Mortimer now leads some fourscore thousand.

SAY.

'Tis said he doth not seek the crown! but asks
Only for freedom for the bond.

BUCKINGHAM.

(*Another shout.*)

Again!

Let us unto the tower: there we are safe.

SAY.

Not long, I fear: (*shouts*) they are upon us. Hence!

[*Exeunt.*]

(*A cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" Enter WORTHY, MOWBRAY, LACY, STRAW, PEMBROKE, and others of the party of the commons, and AYLMEER, dressed as a knight.*)

AYLMERE.

Now Mortimer is lord o' the city. Thus, (*Striking London stone.*)
Thus upon London do I lay my sword!
As she is to the bond—so I to her!
(*To his sword.*) Thou friend of those who have no friend beside,
Be with me, till the name of slave is known not!
Then rest and rust for ever. (*Sheathing it.*) Master Mowbray,
What of the King?

MOWBRAY.

He's fled to Kenilworth.

AYLMERE.

And Say and Buckingham?

MOWBRAY.

Have doubtless taken
Refuge in the tower.

AYLMERE (*to Officer*).

Let it be invested;
And on thy life, have care that Say escape not.
[*Exit Officer.*]

Escape! As well the night escape the dawn!
Earth hath no shelter for him.

WORTHY.

Good, my lord,

The jarring nobles in the north, have leagued
Against thee.

AYLMERE.

I care not. They'll fall asunder.

They're frozen together by their hate of us,
Like arches in ice-palaces; but when
Our sunny triumph shines upon their union,
They'll melt and fall to ruins.

Pembroke, be it proclaimed throughout our host,
The commons rise for right—a holy right—
And not for lawless license. Whoso robs
Or doth a wrong unto the citizens,
Shall, in the king's name, suffer death. Proclaim it.
And lest the night should breed excess, at sunset
Lead our force forth the city, Master Mowbray.

WORTHY.

Next step, my lord, must be your coronation.

MOWBRAY.

And then for France! We'll dim first Edward's glory.

AYLMERE.

Glory! Alas, you know not what you crave.
It is a pearl fished up from seas of blood;
A feather ye would sluice your veins to win,
That it may flaunt upon your tyrant's brow,
Making him more your tyrant.

MOWBRAY.

But we're free!

AYLMERE.

And freedom asks no borrowed light from fame.
'Tis glory of itself!

MOWBRAY.

Make it more glorious..

AYLMERE.

The lust of big, brave words is, to the free,
What love of sugared praise to beauty is,
Betraying to debasement. 'Tis a flame,
That like the glorious torch of the volcano,
Lights the pale land, and leaves it desolate!
Unto your posts. A wary eye upon
Your followers. Power even in the cause of freedom
Not always studies right.

[*Exeunt all but LACY and AYLMEER.*

Now, father, tell me,
Do her lost thoughts still wander through the wild
Of her afflictions? Is there no hope?—none?

LACY.

She's sinking fast; but ere she dies, her mind
May in its setting glimmer through the clouds
For a brief moment.

AYLMERE.

Could we but die together!

LACY.

Cade, forget not
Thy task.

AYLMERE.

I will not! I will play my part.
'Twill very soon be o'er! 'Tis but to force
A charter for our freedom;—and,—to slay
The tiger, that hath preyed on parents—child—
Wife!—all my heart e'er clasped! To make revenge
A science and a joy! To heap all tortures
And all shames upon him! Watch, drop by drop,
His heart ooze out, and curse each drop in falling!
This will I do; and then, the bondman's task
Is done; and life-worn Cade may join his kindred!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE SECOND.

A street in London. A number of Kentish men in the street, before a vintner's house.

FIRST MAN.

It is the vintner's. Let us in and tap
The good man's sack.

SECOND MAN.

'Tis barred against us. Have ye
No pick, no axe?

FIRST MAN.

Ho! vintner! ho! come forth.
We'd drink to Mortimer. Unbar your door,
Or we will force it.

SECOND MAN.

He hears us not, Halloo !

ALL.

Halloo ! halloo !

FIRST MAN.

Hush ! hush ! Here are our captains.

(Enter MOWBRAY, WORTHY, and others.)

WORTHY.

What means this ? Are ye Kentish ?

FIRST MAN.

Ay, good master.

WORTHY.

Know ye the order of Lord Mortimer ?

Ye will be hanged for this !

MOWBRAY.

Away, in peace.

We'll speak not of it. Get you gone, away !

[Exeunt the Commons.]

WORTHY.

Our host is yesty with this spirit. Would
That Mortimer were with them. He can sway them.

MOWBRAY.

But there's a mountain on his soul, sad prince !
Never was lord more hapless ! Had my Kate,

Mine own sweet wedded Kate, been maddened thus,
I would be sad as he !—Blood must pour for it !

WORTHY.

Know you that our King's council, in their panic,
Have craved a parley with our captain ? They
Meet at Guildhall.

MOWBRAY.

And meet rough answer there ;
Unless they yield the freedom of the bond.

WORTHY.

Mortimer clings to that as to his life.
Let us unto the council.

MOWBRAY.

We attend you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE THIRD.

The Guildhall in London. AYLMEERE seated at a table. LACY.

AYLMERE.

Why should we murmur ? We were born to suffer !
Misery is earth's liege lord—the dark-browed God,
To whom her myriads, in all times, have bowed.
Why should we murmur ? Earth is but a tomb :
Its lamp, the sun, but lights

The crumbled or the crumbling—dust that is,
Or will be!

(Enter STRAW, PEMBROKE, and others, with a prisoner.)

STRAW.

Good, my lord, we found this knave
Rifling the house of one whom he had slain.

PRISONER.

I am of Kent, and hold with Mortimer.

AYLMERE.

The men of Kent are true men, and not robbers.
Your duty.—Take him hence.

PRISONER.

Oh, spare me! Mercy!

AYLMERE.

Mercy to thee, would whet the tooth of rapine,
And urge it on to murder.

[Waves them out. Exeunt.]

He fears death!

Why I would totter to its gentle arms,
As a tired infant to its mother's bosom!
He who knows life yet fears to die, is mad,
Mad as the dungeon slave who dreads his freedom.
Father, hast been among our host?

LACY.

And find them
Drunken with triumph. They think toil and care

Are over now, and deem that, when they're free,
Life will be but a lawless long-drawn revel.

AYLMERE.

Liberty gives nòr light nor heat itself;
It but permits us to be good and happy.
It is to man, what space is to the orbs,
The medium where he may revolve and shine,
Or, darkened by his vices, fall for ever!

LACY.

Already they are struggling for their rank.
All would be great, all captains, leaders, lords.

AYLMERE.

Life's story still! all would o'ertop their fellows;
And every rank—the lowest—hath its height
To which hearts flutter, with as large a hope
As princes feel for empire! But in each,
Ambition struggles with a sea of hate.
He who sweats up the ridgy grades of life,
Finds, in each station, icy scorn above,
Below him hooting envy.

(Enter OFFICER.)

OFFICER.

The king's council,
Who audience crave with Mortimer.

AYLMERE.

Admit them.

(Enter MOWBRAY, WORTHY, and others, with BUCKINGHAM and ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY.)

BUCKINGHAM.

In the King's name, Lord Mortimer, we come,
To ask why thus you fright his peaceful realm
With wild rebellion?

AYLMERE.

Why!—You mock us, lords!
Are ye so deaf that England's shrieks ye hear not?
So blind, ye see not her wan brow sweat blood?

BUCKINGHAM.

My lord, if you seek power in this, remember,
The greatness which is born in anarchy,
And thrown aloft in tumult, cannot last.
It mounts, like rocks hurled skywards by volcanoes,
Flashes a guilty moment, and falls back
In the red earthquake's bosom.

AYLMERE.

Sagely said!
Go back unto the court, and preach it, where,
Fraud laughs at faith, and force at right, and where
Success is sainted if it come from hell!
I leave your royal toys to idiot kings;
And seek the right—the right!

BUCKINGHAM.

Disband your force;
We promise mercy.

AYLMERE.

Now 'fore Heaven, you're kind,

You've scourged, and chained, and mocked us ; made God's
earth

A dungeon, and a living grave ; and now,
When we are free,—our swords in our right hands,
Our tyrants shivering at our feet—ye prate
Of promised mercy. Hark ye ! if you yield not,
The wolf shall howl in your spoiled palaces !
Better were England made a wild, than be
The home of bondmen !

BUCKINGHAM.

What do you demand ?
We would have peace, if not too dearly bought.

AYLMERE.

We're deaf. Say lives ! 'Till he be rendered up,
We know no word like peace !

BUCKINGHAM.

He is in ward,
And, to appease the commons, shall be tried.

AYLMERE.

Pah ! He is tried and sentenced by a nation !
Give him, or—we will take him !—We can do it ;
And, gentle sirs, ye know it !

BUCKINGHAM.

Be it so ;
(*To attendant.*) Bring from the tower Lord Say !

ARCHBISHOP (*aside*).

Can we not save him ?

BUCKINGHAM (*aside*).

'Tis now too late.

AYLMERE (*aside*).

It is no dream—no dream!

The hour has come!

BUCKINGHAM.

We yield thee Say:—what further?

AYLMERE.

That the king grant this charter to his people.

(*Unrolling and exhibiting the scroll.*)

BUCKINGHAM.

What doth it covenant?

AYLMERE.

Freedom for the bond!

BUCKINGHAM.

For all?

AYLMERE.

For all; all who breathe England's air,
Henceforward shall be free!

(BUCKINGHAM and ARCHBISHOP *confer.*)

BUCKINGHAM.

This too, we grant.

AYLMERE.

Now can I die in peace !—It frees, moreover,
The people from all tyrannous exactions,
Taxes, and aids, to feed a rotten court.

BUCKINGHAM.

All this,—conditioned you withdraw your host.

AYLMERE.

A pen, a pen !—I will, my lord—I will.
Your name, my Lord Archbishop.

(ARCHBISHOP *signs.*)

Yours, my lord.

(BUCKINGHAM *signs.*)

BUCKINGHAM.

Art now content ?

AYLMERE.

Not till the realm's broad seal
Make the chart sacred.

BUCKINGHAM.

Nay—

AYLMERE (*impatiently*).

The seal—the seal !

BUCKINGHAM.

As you will. (*To officer.*) Bear this to the tower, and bid
My secretary stamp this charter with
The great seal of the realm.

AYLMERE.

And, Mowbray, thou
With him and haste! That hope! that hope!—And when
'Tis done, shout the glad tidings to our host;
And bid their hearts and voices tell the heavens,
That they are slaves no more!

[Exit MOWBRAY.]

(Enter Officer with SAY.)

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Now do I almost love thee, for this hour!
Why bridegroom ne'er met bride with such a joy
As I meet thee!

STRAW (*rushing forward*).

I'll strike him down!

AYLMERE.

Hold, knave!

I cannot spare a hair of that proud head—
A drop of that foul heart. All, all is mine!

SAY.

Thou fierce and savage man!

AYLMERE.

Fierce! I am gentle;
Gentle and joyous. Fierce! You see I laugh!
(*Sternly.*) Thou hadst a bondman once—his name was Cade,
A white-haired man?

SAY.

I had.

AYLMERE.

And for some toy,
That harmless man was flayed. And thou stoodst by,
And saw the red whip pierce his quivering flesh,
Until it fell, piecemeal, into the blood
That gathered at his feet! You murdered him!

SAY.

The villain was my bond.

AYLMERE.

Your bond! His child,
A pale boy, struck you down, and spurned you—spurned
you.
And he, too, was your bond!

SAY.

The carle escaped.

AYLMERE.

Ay, but forgot you not, though years and troubles
Passed darkly o'er him! But thy victim's widow—
Ha! doth her name appal thee? Thine the arm—
Coward! that smote her! Thou it was that gave
Her wasted form to the fierce flames! thou! thou!
Thought'st thou not of her boy? The poor Jack Cade
Is now the avenger! Mortimer no more—
Behold me—Cade the bondman!

SAY.

Thou! Heaven shield me!

AYLMERE.

Even I! Ha! ha! The grace of noble birth!
Poor Cade, the bondman, worshipped as a prince!
Poor Cade, the bondman, giving laws to princes!
But no! Cade is no bondman! England's sun
Sees not a slave; and her glad breeze floats by,
And bears no groans save those of her oppressors.
'Now for thy doom. The scourge that slew my father
Shall, from thy shrinking flesh, lap up the blood
That gushes at its greeting, till thy frame
Is ragged from the lash. Then to the stake!
My father's torture and my mother's death!

SAY (*aside*).

No, never by the torture will I die—
Nor die alone! I have a weapon still.
(*Tauntingly.*) How fareth Mariamne?

AYLMERE.

Wretch! But he
Shall move me not.

SAY.

Clifford was a rough wooer.

AYLMERE.

And wooed his death.

SAY.

The murd'ress sank a maniac;
And dainty warders had she in the castle.

Her mingled shrieks and laughter liked me not.
I sent her to the dungeon.

AYLMERE (*aside*).

To the dungeon!

SAY.

And, as she raved, we bound her.

AYLMERE.

Bound! Just Heaven!

SAY.

To the damp wall, unlit and cold, we bound her.
On you she called, in mingled shrieks and prayers.
To calm her, we withheld both food and drink,
Till nature sank within her.

AYLMERE.

God of heaven!

SAY.

'Tis said the scourge will tame the wildest maniac,
And—

AYLMERE.

And what?

SAY.

I bade the steward bring
The hangman's whip.

AYLMERE.

The whip! I'll hear no more!

Die, dog, and rot!

(AYLMERE stabs SAY. They grapple. SAY strikes AYLMEER with his dagger. Attendants interpose. SAY falls.)

LACY (to AYLMEER).

You bleed!

SAY.

He bleeds? Why then I triumph still!

My steel was venom'd and its point is fate.

(SAY is withdrawn.)

AYLMERE.

Take down to hell my curse, thou blackest fiend
That e'er its gates let forth! Oh, Mariamne!

(Enter MARIAMNE.)

MARIAMNE.

Have I been dreaming? or have I been mad?
The smoke that pall'd my brain
Flies from life's deadening embers now away,
And leaves me but the ashes. Ha! my Aylmere!

(She totters to his arms.)

AYLMERE.

Thou knowest me? Dost thou not? Now blessings on thee!

MARIAMNE.

Nearer, my Aylmere, nearer! I do lose thee!

Is not this death? Our boy, they tore me from him :
Buried they him?

AYLMERE.

Alas, I know not. (*She faints.*) Faint not!
'Tis I—'tis Aylmere holds thee, Mariamne!

MARIAMNE.

I see thee not, nor hear thee.—Bless thee! Bless thee!
(*Dies.*)

AYLMERE.

Look up, love! Wife! My Mariamne! cold!
Dead! dead! (*Weeps.*)

(*He rises—sinks again—is caught and supported.*)

Why should I weep? Go I not with her?
Is Atlas' burthen on me? Say struck home!
The charter—is it come?

LACY.

Not yet.

AYLMERE.

All slain!

Say hath slain all! I come, my Mariamne!

(*He sinks upon her body. A distant shout. Another and nearer.*
AYLMERE partly rises.)

AYLMERE.

That shout?

LACY.

Mowbray proclaims the charter.

AYLMERE.

Doth he ?

(Another shout.)

Again !

(A cry without, "The charter! the charter!" MOWBRAY rushes in, bearing the charter unrolled, and exhibiting the seal.)

MOWBRAY.

The charter ! seal and all !

(AYLMERE starts up with a wild burst of exultation, rushes to him, catches the charter, kisses it, and clasps it to his bosom.)

AYLMERE.

Free ! free !

The bondman is avenged, and England free !

*(Totters towards MARIAMNE and sinks. Group.)**(Curtain drops.)*

END OF AYLMEERE.

(See note at the close of the volume.)



P O E M S.

THE SONS OF THE WILDERNESS.

REFLECTIONS BESIDE AN INDIAN MOUND.

"Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva ;
Nos patriam fugimus." VIRGIL.

I.

THE cotter's window throws no cheerful light !
Toil sweetly sleeps ; and o'er the fragrant plain,
As infant's slumber, all is calm. The night
Hath not a voice, save that the nodding grain
Rustles with every breath ; and the sad strain
Of the far whip-po-will melts on the ear,
Now hushed, and now, o'er the stilled stream, again
Mournfully wafted. Might not fancy here,
Beside this death-filled mound, in shadows trace,
Flitting and pale, the forms of an extinguished race ?

II.

By whom, and how extinguished ? Who dare say ?
Yet Nature, ever just,—(from every hill

Where their bones whiten to the unpitying day ;
From every loved and lovely dell where still
Their mounds arise ; from river and from rill,
Which, blushing, told their slaughter to the sea)—
With the low voice that never slumbers, will
Ask how a race of God's thus ceased to be :
And ocean, crimsoned earth and shriek-torn air
Echo—(what can we say ?)—where is thy brother ? where ?

III.

We will be dumb. But history will say,
That we were exiles, feeble, full of woe ;
And our red brethren, in an evil day,
Sheltered, and fed, and saved us : we, to show
How warm in Christian breast the grateful glow,
Robbed them of home, and drove them to the wild,
Further, and further yet ; till, blow on blow—
(Alas ! we spared nor warrior, wife, nor child !)—
Left every nook of desperate refuge red ;
And all that bore their name were numbered with the dead.

IV.

The cheek will flush, and start the pitying tear,
When the page tells, how, by Potomac's tide,
That bandit band, convict and cavalier,
On fire for gold—which from the Indian's side
They would have dug, and laughed with demon pride—
Scoffed at all friendship, faith and gratitude ;
And Murder wooed, as lover woos his bride.
With jest and song, they merrily embrued
Their hands in blood ; and the dark game began,
Greenville, accursed ! with thee, at flaming Secotan.¹

V.

Their title we inherit. 'Twas the right,
The robber-right of conquest—one but known
In the dark chancery of fiends.² The white,
Even while the Indian's sheltering arms were thrown
Around him, gashed the breast on which his own
Was pillowed. Kindness fell upon his heart
Like dew upon the rock ; and shriek and groan
To him were harmony. Why did not start :
That warrior race to arms, their homes to save,
And fling their feeble foes back on the Atlantic wave ?

VI.

This might have been ; this should have been. But they
Deemed the white man Manitto's son, and spared ;
And, when the dream was o'er, the fateful day
Had fled—and they were doomed ! They vainly dared
The hopeless fight, and fell : yet, falling, bared
Their iron bosoms to their foes ; and died,
As heroes love to live. Each peril shared,
The warrior, smiling in his stoic pride,
Sang his death-song, and joyed. They struck too late ;
Their star had set ; yet they nor bowed to force nor fate.

VII.

Even he whose daring mocked romance, but knew
The Indian as a victim.³ Not a wrong
He left unwreaked, as Opecanough,
The iron forest Lear, remembered long.
For his loved land that chieftain struggled strong ;
And when a century closed his eyes, still beat

His heart the alarum of his tribe. The song
Of war arose : the Indian, fierce and fleet,
Rushed to the sacrifice. No dark-eyed maid
Availed, in that dread hour, the trembling white to aid.

VIII.

Vain was thy love, fond Pocahontas !⁴ Thou
Dreamed not so false the race which thou hadst saved :
Yet—though with fainting heart—thy flashing brow,
Queenly and cold, that scene of torture braved.
Loving and lost, thy grief and scorn were graved
Where no one turned the leaf. Didst thou not think,
Fawn of the Desert ! of the day when waved
The war club o'er his head, and thou didst sink
Between him and the death ? Alas ! that love,
Young, yearning, truthful, hath no home save that above !

IX.

So at the North, where e'en Religion drew
From the red breast of War its daily food ;
Where Virtue was a frailty, if there grew
Upon its rocky breast a flower that wooed
With its soft blush the day. Like ice embrued
With blood, their temper froze into the hue
Of murder ; and, with saintly phrase and good,
They hunted down, his native forests through,
The red man to the death ; and ere could cease
His last throes, thanked, with eyes upraised, the Prince of
Peace !

X.

“Welcome the white man !” When with smiles they met
The weary pilgrim on the pebbly shore,

Little they dreamed how soon their hearts would wet
His blade. Yet long their wrongs they meekly bore ;
Till the dead rose their warriors to implore
Against the spoilers of their graves :⁵ the cry
Rang from the mountain forest to the shore.
Alas ! the Indians only struck to die—
To die with tortures deadlier than their own !
And so they perished all—without a grave or groan !

XI.

The white men knew no friends ; no faith knew they ;
Treaties, oath-sealed, were bonds of straw : their hate,
Deadly and deep, was proved in many a fray ;
But deadlier far their smile. Behold the fate
Of all who loved and trusted ! Not a state
Remains to boast their friendship—all have gone !
As well the Indian with the panther mate
As with the white man, with his heart of stone.
Better, with arms in hand, die, foe, and free,
Than sink betrayed and spurned, as sank the Cherokee !

XII.

War-worn and faint returned that hapless band :⁶
They had been struggling for the white men's right ;
And turned—a remnant—to their native land.
But the scalp-broker watched, with fell delight,
Their way. What recked he that, in many a fight,
Those wasted warriors bared unto the foe
Their breasts for him and those who by the light
Of his glad fireside sported ! 'Twas enow,
They Indians were—had scalps ! Their price to gain,
That hero band, betrayed, were by the white man slain !

XIII.

"Let us not," Atakullakulla said,

"Like our false foes, our hands in blood embrue
Of friends. The whites, who now our forests tread,
Be sacred : then—the hatchet dug—we'll do
Deeds that will make the treacherous pale-face rue
The hour he wronged us." So they did. But vain
Their forest valour ; and, at length, they sue

For peace. What terms are given ? Alas ! they stain
The page that tells them ! Blood must still be shed :
Four quivering scalps were asked—new-torn, fresh, reek-
ing, red !

XIV.

Who has not heard of Logan ?⁷ He was known

As the Peacemaker—generous, gentle, brave :
Alas ! the seeds of mercy he had sown

Saved not his loved ones from a bloody grave !
Loud rang the war-whoop. By Ohio's wave,
Even from the rising to the setting day,
They battled ; and "*Be strong ! be strong ! and save !*"

Rose sternly o'er the din of that affray.
O'ercome ; lone Logan sought the setting sun :
For who was left to shed a tear for him ? Not one.

XV.

But these were heathens : why not strike them down ?

Alas ! the Cross has no protection been !⁸
As witnessed Lichtenau, the Christian's own.

The Hurons burst, with hearts for carnage keen,
Upon it ; but were met with love ; the scene

Our history shames. The savage chieftain spoke :
“I came, with fire, to spoil the valleys green
Of the false white man’s friends. Your words awoke
My better soul. Be safe”—the warrior said—
“We are your friends: love God; and be of none
afraid.”

XVI.

The savage foe thus : how the Christian friend ?
The white man came, proposing peace—good will :
Each heart was glad ; they dreamed not of the end
Of that dark plot ! The plenteous viands fill
The welcome board, and all is blithe ; until,
Sudden encompassed, that meek race were driven—
Old men, pale matrons, and babes shrieking shrill—
Before the sword, into the house of Heaven :
The church was made their prison and their grave ;
As if, in God’s own fane, the avenging God to brave.

XVII.

They knelt to Him—their only friend—on high,
And hymned His praise. Even then, the white man
rushed
Upon them—as they knelt ! With hideous cry,
Knife, club, and axe—the fiends, with fury flushed,
Their task commenced. All perished ! Mingling, gushed
The veins of sire and wife ; the white-haired sage
And sucking babe, beneath the war-club crushed,
Their brains together plashed the wall ; and age
And youth weltered in one red heap. ’Twas done !
Even hell howled o’er the deed, and shuddered Phlegethon !

XVIII.

If God's guilt-blasting justice be not stayed;

If murder hath a voice, even from the ground
Which it hath fattened—*are not we afraid?*

Realms have their judgment day; as Spain hath found:
And now, a hissing to the nations round,

She standeth, stricken by the Eternal hand;
Her voice a wail, and her torn breast one wound.

Before the dower of a virgin world
Was hers, how bright, how bold Iberia's brow!⁹
She won with blood that world: alas! what is she now?

XIX.

With her own bloodhound's eager thirst, she rushed

To Murder's banquet; till her victim's vein
Murmured, to her, a music, as it gushed,
Sweeter than rills on Andalusia's plain.

And then, with dripping hands and reeling brain,
Drunken with blood, she gathered up the gold
Of her new India; and amid her slain,

She sat, a Moloch! But, unheard, untold,
Did those shrieks rise to Heaven? Or, unseen, fell
That guiltless blood to earth? Let her dark annals tell.

XX.

Her wealth hath turned, within her crimsoned hand,
To withered leaves; her glory set in blood;
And foreign swords have reaped her guilty land,
Sluicing her veins, and leaving Spain aflood
In her own gore. A foreign king hath stood
Upon her trampled honour; and her name

Is a scorned byword with the just and good.

Thus, gored and guilty ; lost to freedom, fame ;
A haggard, hated ruin ; she hath now
Nought of the boasted Past, but her blood-spotted brow !

XXI.

Our country's father was the red man's friend.¹⁰

Were not his glorious life one stream of light,
A moral milky-way, where brightly blend

A thousand stellar virtues o'er the night
Of human wrong, still would the truth and right,
For this alone, his memory consecrate.

Alas ! our councils since have been their blight ;

And still, with wolfy steadiness, our hate
Their fainting race pursues : the spirit dread
That dyed the Atlantic surf still makes the prairie red.

XXII.

Wrong upon wrong ; homes fired, and towns laid low ;

Still by the Sire of Waters, where the grave
Of his tribe rose, the Indian lingered slow ;

Willing to die, but impotent to save :

The white man struck—and then what could the brave,

To madness gored, but meet him ? 'Tis the tale
Of old ; fraud first, then force : for they who crave

The red man's fields pause not to fat the vale
With his tribe's blood. They fought ; they failed ; they fled—
A further wild to seek, and mourn their distant dead.

XXIII.

In vain, in vain ! through forest and o'er stream,

A nation—famished, faint, heart-stricken—fled ;

Father, wife, child ! They did not, could not, deem
The whites would come the last red drop to shed.
By Mississippi's side, their blankets spread,
The mother clasped unto her throbbing breast
Her shrivelled infant, wondering if 'twas dead ;
And the stern warrior's trembling lip confest
A father's agony.—He starts ! His ear
Catches the measured tread. “My arms ! the whites are
near !”

XXIV.

O, what a field for hearts which, 'neath the blaze
Of our gemmed flag, would court an equal foe ;
And pluck, from bristling perils, noble bays !
Each volley lays wife, warrior, infant low :
For, harmless, falls the famished warrior's blow.
Environed ; flight cut off ; submission vain—
For the white flag was scorned—(O scene of woe !)
They madly plunged—beneath the leaden rain—
Into the torrent stream, and mixed their blood,
The Christian's rage to shun, with Mississippi's flood !

XXV.

On a young mother's breast an infant slept,
When broke the foe upon their forest-ground ;
She sunk ; her heart its purple tear-drops wept
Upon her child, which, in her death-clasp bound,
Beneath her fell. Thus was the infant found,
When battle ceased to fright that distant dell.
Cold was the mother : but her neck around
Was one arm of her child ; the other fell

Shattered and torn. They had not heard its moan :
Murder held there his court ; his revel reigned alone !

XXVI.

The scene of blood and crime was left alone ;
The battle-smoke rolled slowly o'er the hill ;
The forest only heard some gurgled groan ;
And, in the vale, the slaughter-shout was still.
The stealthy wolf was left to gorge at will
O'er his red carnival. The hush was broke
But by the eager vulture : screaming shrill,
He watched, impatient, from the blasted oak,
Then swooped to join the feast. And thus, alone,
They tore the quivering flesh, and stripped the whitened
bone.

XXVII.

Soon was all trace of murder gone : the rain—
The tears of Heaven, shed o'er that scene of woe—
Washed from the leaves and grass the guilty stain ;
And the warm blood which mingled with the flow
Of Mississippi—drops which fired the glow
Of stern and patriot hearts—was swept away
For ever, with its wave. *For ever ? No !*
The rain that fell on Sodom could not save
That witness of our sin. On to the main
It flows, red, red with blood, of victims we have slain !

XXVIII.

And later yet, the Seminole bled.
It was no war for peace, no war for right :

Our Country to the desolate red man said :

“Go ! Go ! for you have land and we have might.
Go join your wretched brethren, in their flight
Unto the West !” “What, leave our people’s graves !”
The Seminole wept, “Alas ! the night
Is o’er our race. Shall we say to the braves,
Whose bones here moulder, ‘Rise and with us go !’
Ye’re rich : leave us to die here in our want and woe !

XXIX.

“Leave us the wet morass and sterile heath !
Soon will we wither ’neath the white man’s sun ;
Add not another pang unto the death
Of a sad tribe, whose race is almost run !
Wait ! we will die ; for wrong has nearly done
Its worst upon us. Wait ! So dark a crime
Will wake the anger of the Mighty One !”
How did we answer ? Tell it not to Time !
Hear it not, Heaven ! ’Twas in the cannon’s roar,
Mingling with shriek and groan, on Withlacooche’s shore !

XXX.

The record lives. A nation’s burning blush
Cannot consume, its tears wash out, the stain !
Yet boldly did the foredoomed victims rush
Upon their foe. The gallant Dade was slain
With all his host ; and year on year, in vain,
Our thousands died : till Osceola came,
Beneath the sacred flag, a peace to gain
For his thinned tribe. He deemed our faith and fame
A shield : alas, that e’er that faith was tried !
Deceived, betrayed, in bonds, he broken-hearted, died !

XXXI.

Blame not the soldier. He struck not the blow.

Not his the fault—not his the warrior's pride.

Weeping, with generous sorrow, for his foe,

He fought reluctant, and inglorious died.

He left his love-lit hearth, his shrieking bride,

Mother and sister, all that gives life worth,

To perish by the Withlacooche's side :

His warm corpse hurried 'neath the reddened earth ;

Left—with no prayer his half-dug grave to bless—

To the lean, prowling wolf, of that dark wilderness.

XXXII.

The red man changed but once. He was our friend ;

Trusted, and was betrayed ; became our foe.

Since, life has had to him no other end :

Freedom, revenge ! He could not, would not know

Submission. Dearer to him than the flow

Of his heart's blood, was freedom ; and he met

The contest on the shore. Nor did he go

From his sire's graves till they with blood were wet.

He died ; but left the white man's howls to tell,

That man was ne'er so wronged, and ne'er avenged so well !

XXXIII.

No inch of ground was tamely lost. Each hill

Was made a barrier, and each vale a grave,

Ere it was left : when, tearless, stern and still,

Those Spartans of the forest sadly gave

A last look to the homes they could not save ;

And turned, with heavy step and heaving breast,

Unto the West—the West—new wrongs to brave ;
For, like the sun, the Indian, to the West,
Hastes to his setting. But, returning, they
Oft met, like midnight storm, and burst upon their prey.

XXXIV.

Woe ! then, to those who slept where theirs had slept !
Woe ! to the wife and child that, from the plain
Which they had planted, gathered food ! They swept,
Like fire, the land. They laughed, with fierce disdain,
At mercy. For, had not the white man slain
Their cherished ? Ay, he was the spoiler, he
Had poured forth Indian blood like summer rain !
Race against race ! why spare ? for one must fall !
Why spare ? They smote ; smote fiercely, and smote all !

XXXV.

They were not saints. But were they cowards ? slaves ?
When did the Indian bow, when he could bleed ?
When did he leave his people's forest graves
Untracked in blood ? Thus did the plot proceed ;
With many a cruel, many a noble deed :
A plot, whose acts were ages, actors kings.
Those Catos of the desert sought no meed
Of fame : no pen records, no patriot sings
Their praise. Enough, they never shed a tear ;
They never knew a shame, a shackle, nor a fear.

XXXVI.

But, save a feeble few, they are no more !
Their many tribes passed, one by one, away.

Some, like a sapless oak, moss-grown and hoar,
 Fell piecemeal; others, 'neath the angry sway
 Of the tornado wild, uprooted lay.

In the earth's palmistry, 'tis said, the sea
 Works, with a halcyon surge, its secret way
 Upon the shore; or, in its stormy glee,
 Bursts inland: thus, by fraud or force, the wave
 Of the vast sea of wrong has swept the red-man's grave!

XXXVII.

Shall that few perish? From the East, the cloud,
 Which o'er their path its fatal shadow threw,
 Has westered. They in vain have bled, have bowed:
 From vale to vale their feeble bands withdrew;
 Still haunted, hunted still. What can they do
 But die? It is their doom. Their tribes will join
 Their sires, who, in the hunting-ground, pursue
 Their game, where still the Indian's sun can shine.
 Our altars raised above a race undone,
 Who will be left to mourn for Logan, then? Not one!

THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

THERE is a joy in worth,
 A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm ;
 Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
 Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth ;
 Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.

It asks, it needs no aid ;
 It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne :
 There, in its self-created heaven, alone,
 No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
 It sits a lesser God ;—life, life is all its own !

The stoic was not wrong :
 There is no evil to the virtuous brave ;
 Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
 Worshipped or scorned, alone or 'mid the throng,
 He is himself—a man ! not life's, nor fortune's slave.

Power and wealth and fame
 Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide :
 Give me but these, a spirit tempest-tried,
 A brow unshrinking and a soul of flame,
 The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride !

TO MY WIFE.

WHEN that chaste blush suffused thy cheek and brow,
Whitened anon with a pale, maiden fear,
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to hear :
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.
Years and their snows have come and gone ; and graves,
Of thine and mine, have opened ; and the sod
Is thick above the wealth we gave to God :
Over my brightest hopes the nightshade waves ;
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched world,
Gray hairs, and saddened hours, and thoughts of gloom,
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been my doom ;
And to the earth each hope-reared turret hurled !
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and brow,
'Twas dear, how dear ! then—but 'tis dearer now.

THE PIOUS SISTER.

“Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done
Shall die forgotten all.” ROWE.

WHY, what's the world but a wide charnel-house ?
Its dead, if not renewed, would swell the globe
Beyond the grasp of thought, and force the spheres,
Struggling in mazy masses, into chaos.
Death is our life : we live and live again,
Rising upon our dust. Alas ! that life
Knows but one parent—death ! For all we are
And all we hope, spring from the grave. And if
All nature moulders thus, until the heel
Can press no dust that is not of its kind,
Why what is life ? If given for earth alone,
Better not given. Believe it not ! Come with me
Unto death's chosen temple. Misery keeps
His skeleton orgies here. Couch answers couch
With the death-rattle. Pale despair clings close
To the cold breast that knows no other friend.
And yet the heaven-winged hope that mocks at ill
Is bolder here than in a palace. See
The gentle sister of a gentle sect—
Death's angel ministrant ; for God can fling

O'er the pure heart that which makes earth a heaven—
Plucks pearls from life's dark depths—and from the grave
Wins smiles as from a setting summer sun.

She knelt beside his couch. Her fair, slight hands
Were clasped upon her breast; and from her lips
Her spirit's prayer broke murmuringly. Her eyes,
Large, dark, and trembling in their liquid light,
Were turned to heaven in tears; and through her frame
The panic of a moment chilly ran.

'Twas but a moment; and again she rose
And bent her form above the bed of torture,
Like the meek lily o'er the troubled wave.
Her eye was brighter, and her brow more calm,
As, with untrembling hand, but pallid cheek,
She ministered unto him. *He was dying.*
The pestilence had smitten him; and he,
Like to a parchment shrivelled in the flame,
Withered and shrunk beneath it. His fair brow
Grew black and blasted; and where smiles had played,
Horror, despair and agony sat throned.
His frame, knotted and writhed, lay an unsightly lump,
Wrung with unearthly tortures; and his soul
Struggled with death, with shrieks, and howls, and curses.
Men veiled their eyes and fled. Yet *she* stood there,—
Still sweetly calm and unappalled, she stood.
Her soft hand smoothed his torture-wrinkled brow,
And held the cool draught to his fevered lips.
Her sweet voice blessed him; and his soul grew calm.
Death was upon him, black and hideous death,
Rending his vitals with a hand of flame,
And wrenching nerves, and knitting sinews up

With iron fingers :—yet his soul grew calm,
And while her voice in angel accents spoke,
Rose, with her prayers, to heaven ! One look she gave :
He laid—a blackening, foul, and hideous corse !
With sickening heart, the pure one turned away—
To bend her, fainting, o'er another couch.
Who would not give a life—a life made rich
In all that fancy craves—to win the thoughts,
By seraphs fanned, which waked that night the smile
That, on her pillow, told she dreamed of Heaven !

MY BROTHER.

"He was asked whom he loved most, and he answered, 'His brother;' the person who put the question then asked him, whom he loved next, and again he said, 'his brother.' 'Whom in the third place?' and still it was, 'My brother;' and so on till he put no more questions to him about it."—PLUTARCH'S CATO.

I.

FOR ever gone! I am alone—alone!

Yet my heart doubts; to me thou livest yet:
 Love's lingering twilight o'er my soul is thrown,
 E'en when the orb that lent that light is set.
 Thou minglest with my hopes—does Hope forget?
 I think of thee, as thou wert at my side;
 I grieve, and whisper—"he too will regret;"
 I doubt and ponder—"how will *he* decide?"
 I strive, but 'tis to win thy praises and thy pride.

II.

For I *thy* praise could win—thy praise sincere.
 How lovedst thou me—with more than woman's love!
 And thou to me wert e'en as honour dear!
 Nature in one fond woof our spirits wove:
 Like wedded vines enclasping in the grove,
 We grew. Ah! withered now the fairer vine!
 But from the living who the dead can move?

Blending their sere and green leaves, there they twine,
And will, till dust to dust shall mingle mine with thine.

III.

The sunshine of our boyhood ! I bethink
How we were wont to beat the briery wood ;
Or clamber, boastful, up the craggy brink,
Where the rent mountain frowns upon the flood
That thrids that vale of beauty and of blood,
Sad Wyoming ! The whispering past will tell,
How by the silver-browed cascade we stood,
And watched the sunlit waters as they fell
(So youth drops in the grave) down in the shadowy dell.

IV.

And how we plunged in Lackawana's wave ;
The wild-fowl startled, when to echo gay,
In that hushed dell, glad laugh and shout we gave.
Or on the shaded hill-side how we lay,
And watched the bright rack on its beamy way,
Dreaming high dreams of glory and of pride ;
What heroes we, in freedom's deadliest fray !
How poured we gladly forth life's ruddy tide,
Looked to our skyey flag, and shouted, smiled, and died !

V.

Bright dreams—for ever past ! I dream no more !
Memory is now my being : her sweet tone
Can, like a spirit-spell, the lost restore—
My tried, my true, my brave, bright-thoughted one !
Few have a friend—and such a friend ! But none

Have, in this bleak world, more than one ; and he,
Ever mine own, mine only—he is gone !
He fell—as hope had promised—for the free :
Our early dream,—alas ! it was no dream to thee !

VI.

We were not near thee ! Oh ! I would have given,
To pillow in my arms thy aching head,
All that I love of earth or hope of heaven !
But strangers laid thee in thy prairie-bed ;
And though the drum was rolled, and tears were shed,
'Twas not by those who loved thee first and best.
Now waves the billowy grass above the dead ;
The prairie-herd tread on thy throbbless breast ;
Woe's me ! I may not weep above thy place of rest.

VII.

Now must I turn to stone ! Fair virtue, truth,
Faith, love, were living things when thou wert here ;
We shared a world, bright with the dew of youth,
And spanned by rainbow thoughts. Our souls sincere
Knew, in their love, nor selfish taint, nor fear :
We would have smiled, and for each other died !
All this to us how real and how dear !
But now my bosom's welling founts are dried,
Or pour, like ice-bound streams, a chilled and voiceless
tide.

VIII.

Must it be ever thus ? The festive hour
Is festive now no more ; for dimpling joy
Smiles with thy smile ; and music's melting power

Speaks to my soul of thee ! The struggling sigh
Chokes the faint laugh ; and from my swimming eye,
The tear-drop trickling, turns my cup to gall ;
E'en as the hour that bade thee, brother, die,
Mingles with all my days and poisons all,
Mantling my life with gloom, as with a dead man's pall.

IX.

Oh, may not men, like strings that chord in tone,
Mingle their spirits, and hereafter be
One in their nature, in their being one ?
And may I not be blended thus with thee ?
Parted in body, brother, bore not we
The self-same soul ! Ah me ! with restless pain,
My halvéd spirit yearneth to be free,
And clasp its other self : for I would fain,
Brother, be with the dead, to be with thee again !

THE WAIL OF THE TYROL.

“When I visited the Tyrol, I asked a peasant why the people were all in mourning. ‘Look at our towns,’ replied he; ‘you see they are in ashes, and can you ask why we are in mourning?’”

I WEEP not for my father, although his silver hair,
Far off on the silent battle-field, streams on the putrid air;
I mourn not for my bright-eyed boy, my beautiful and
 brave,
Nor the gentle one whose cold arms clasp her treasure in
 the grave.

I weep not for the trusty friends whom war has swept
 away,
Though my gallant brothers all are dead, and my sisters,
 where are they?
And my home—my own loved cottage—the fairest in the
 vale,
Its ashes sweep—yet I heed it not—on every passing
 gale.

I weep—but, stranger, selfish tears no Tyrol cheek can
 lave:
Our hills were freedom’s sunlit throne—they now are
 freedom’s grave;

My country's heart is gasping, her voice is a voice of wail ;
Despair shrieks on each mountain-top, and death shrouds
every vale.

But we'll weep no more ! Why should we weep ?—Is the
spirit of freedom dead ?

We will change the hue of sorrow soon from the black to
the bloody red ;

And the shout of the free again shall ring from mountain-
top to shore,

And the peasant shall joy on his chainless hill, and the
Tyrol wail no more !

CHORUS IN ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

THE beamy code! Oh, be it mine
 To tread the path the just have trod;
 And prove that stainless law divine,
 Its birthplace, Heaven—its father, God.
 Sprung not from man, to know decay,
 And pass, as he must pass, away;
 Nor by oblivion rocked to slumber cold:
 'Tis instinct with a God, and never waxeth old.

Insolent Pride, our country's blight,
 With gilded ills o'erpampered long!
 It dashes from the cliffy height,
 To die the tortured waves among.
 But for that spirit firm and clear,
 To God and to our country dear—
 Ne'er may it faint! To it, to me be given
 To know no hope, no pride, no patron, but in Heaven!

Who walk unawed in word and deed,
 And Truth and Faith a scoffing make;
 Who scorn Thy sky-encircling creed—
 Their triumph evil doom o'ertake!

If they who boast dishonest gain,
And holy thoughts and things profane,
Should triumph—where's the virtue-shielded heart,
From which will fall, repulsed, wild passion's shattered
dart?

Never again the choral voice
On wrong o'erthrown would pour the strain;
Never again Thy shrines rejoice,
Thy hapless sons ne'er smile again—
Did not th' eternal system prove
Thy justice, purity, and love;
And leave the doomed, in guilty ruin hurled,
The scorner now the scorned—the by-word of a world!

LINES ON A BLIND BOY,

SOLICITING CHARITY BY PLAYING ON HIS FLUTE.

“Had not God, for some wise purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.”

'Tis vain! They heed thee not! Thy flute's meek tone
Thrills thine own breast alone. As streams that glide
Over the desert rock, whose sterile frown
Melts not beneath the soft and crystal tide,
So passes thy sweet strain o'er hearts of stone.
Thine outstretched hands, thy lips unuttered moan,
Thine orbs upturning to the darkened sky,
(Darkened, alas! poor boy, to thee alone!)
Are all unheeded here. They pass thee by:—
Away! Those tears unmarked, fall from thy sightless
eye!

Ay, get thee gone, benighted one! Away!
This is no place for thee. The buzzing mart
Of selfish trade, the glad and garish day,
Are not for strains like thine. There is no heart
To echo to their soft appeal:—depart!

Go seek the noiseless glen, where shadows reign,
Spreading a kindred gloom ; and there, apart
From the cold world, breathe out thy pensive strain :
Better to trees and rocks, than heartless man, complain !

I pity thee ! thy life a live-long night ;
No friend to greet thee, and no voice to cheer ;
No hand to guide thy darkling steps aright,
Or from thy pale face wipe th' unbidden tear.
I pity thee ! thus dark and lone and drear !
Yet haply it is well. The world from thee
Hath veiled its wintry frown, its withering sneer,
Th' oppressor's triumph, and the mocker's glee :
Why, then, rejoice, poor boy—rejoice thou can'st not see !

DEATH—THE DELIVERER.

PALE, trembling watcher, by the dark grave's brink,
 Why dost thou falter? Wherefore shouldst thou shrink?
 Death is no foe; and though—still, stealthy, near—
 His creeping footstep breaks upon thine ear;
 Why shouldst thou weep? With vain regrets away!
 They cannot add, to lapsing life, a day.
 Sorrow and fear, themselves the shades of death,
 Hollow the cheek and check the struggling breath:
 Thus the frail snow-wreath, in the wintry ray,
 Shrinks from the sun, and weeps itself away.
 How vain the sordid fear, the miser skill,
 That o'er life's treasured fragments trembles still;
 Trembles and weeps to mark how fast decays
 The wretched remnant of his tortured days.
 Death cannot come unless it come from High;
 He mocks his God who meets it with a sigh.
 Ungrateful, too! Life is a generous boon,
 Which claimed to-morrow, is not claimed too soon.
 'Tis Heaven's, not ours—the lease of a domain;
 And is it well, when claimed by Heaven again,
 To yield reluctant our departing breath,
 And meet, with moody tears, God's steward—Death?
 When earth was cursed, and life a dream was made,
 Where crime dogs crime, and shade still follows shade,

Death would have been the worshipped of the land,
And man had perished by his own right hand :
But from our hearts to drive this fell despair,
The instinct dread of death was planted there.
Now, when relenting nature, sent to save,
Opens to woe-worn man the gentle grave,
And points him there, his griefs and perils past,
A refuge and a resting-place, at last ;
What hopes, what joys, should swell his grateful breast
To greet the couch that yields unbroken rest !
There let him sleep ! There all of us must sleep.
Why o'er his tranquil pillow should we weep ?
A sunlit mind, soul generous, bland, and brave ;
My twinned heart slumbers in his distant grave !
Yet, o'er the blest and honoured, why repine ?
His is the cradled calm—the tempest mine.
Want cannot reach him, slander cannot harm ;
No spurn can wound him, and no frown alarm ;
No dreams of ill can haunt, no fears affright ;
No foe can wrong him, and no friend can slight.
Sleep ! thou whom ill can never more betide !
Sleep on ! would I were resting by thy side !

Why wouldst thou live ? For self ? Behold the past !
Such is the future. Wouldst thou have it last ?
Like Arctic mountains, on whose hoary brow
Each winter adds its growing weight of snow,
Life numbers seasons by increasing cares,
And, year by year, a heavier burthen bears.
But, for thy friend, thou'lt welcome every woe ?
A day, perchance, will make that friend thy foe.
Or for thy child ? Live ; and his prayer will be,
That death free thee from ill, and him from thee !

Or for thy country? Or thy race? Away!
Sneers, scoffs, and wrongs, thy idle pains repay.

Death comes too soon, 'tis said. The wise and brave
No season deem too early for the grave;
In youth, mid-life, and age, the same our doom:
The best has fled; the worst has yet to come.
The grave alone ne'er changes. On its breast,
And there alone, we know untroubled rest;
Its kindness never wavers, wanes, decays:
Death is the only friend that ne'er betrays.

Man fears not age, yet shrinks from death. He knows
That age is weariness and death repose;
Yet from a coward fear, he trembling prays
To be accursed with length of wretched days;
To bear about a frame, convulsed with pains,
Whose watery blood scarce swells its frigid veins;
Yet cling, with palsied grasp, to torture still,
And deem death comes too soon, come when it will!

Death cannot sin. Each hour boasts now its crime;
And vice and folly mark the pace of time.
How few improve with years! E'en from our birth,
Our roots strike deeper in the sordid earth.
The grave! nor guilt nor passion haunts that shore;
We sleep, untempted, there, and sin no more!

Is death a stranger to thee? Look abroad!
'Tis on all life—the signet-mark of God!
Creation's pale-eyed offspring and its heir,
Wherever matter is, lo! death is there!
We gaze around, and see but death; we tread,
And every step reverberates o'er the dead!

Death, in thy boyhood, gambolled at thy side;
Was with thee still in manhood's strength and pride;

Mixed with thy toils and revels, joy and woe :
And wouldst thou meet him, as a stranger, now ?

 Mysterious minister ! whose gentle sway,
Draws us from grief and gloom and guilt away ;
May thy dread summons, whensoever 'tis sent,
Meet the calm courage of a life well spent ;
Take, without struggle, our expiring breath,
And give that better life that knows no death.

ABSENCE.

Lo ! on the Susquehanna's gentle tide,
The twilight lingers : on the billow's breast,
It fondly hangs and fondly is caressed ;
And weeps and blushes like a parting bride.
Mark, how the gay and gladdened river glows !
Now bank and wave and fondly bosomed isle
Grow bright and beauteous in that glorious smile ;
And now—'tis past ! The stream in darkness flows.
So sets the smile of love upon the tide
Of a lone spirit : though its banks be gay,
And many a bright scene woos it from its way,
That smile is gone—it knows no joy beside—
And flows in sadness on. So let it flow,
Until that gentle smile again awake its glow !

W A R.

THOU blood-eclipse of nations,—darkling o'er
Hopes that were lit by Heaven! Why comest thou,
When we are winning to the wan earth's brow
The primal lustre which its Eden wore?
'Tis not, that, wolf-like, thou wilt lap up blood;—
For man is Death's: but, from thy gory hand,
Leashed Crime and Madness, 'gainst a shrieking land,
Are loosed unto their revel. Not for good,
For virtue, nor for honour, does thy cry
Ring through our shuddering valleys, where thy track
Will leave heart, hearth-stone—silent, cold, and black.
Why should earth's last, fond, fairest hope thus die?
Not for what now we are, but what may be,
Leave us to peace and hope, God and our destiny!

L I N E S.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

PSALMS.

OH, child of sorrow, whosoe'er thou art,
 Why weep an earthly, evanescent ill?
 Why clasp a dead hope to thy aching heart;
 And, though it chill thee, love and clasp it still?

What, at the best, are life's close-cherished joys,
 But bubbles bursting on a breaking wave;
 Flowers which the canker or the storm destroys,—
 Gauds for an hour—and garlands for the grave!

It not beseems us, rebels, then, to turn
 And weep the quenching of a fire-fly joy;
 Accusing Heaven, thus murmuring to mourn
 A faded bliss that was but born to die.

What though one thorn, upon thy pathway thrown,
 Hath stayed thy careless step? Pause not to weep:
 A thousand waiting duties call thee on,
 And, in thy path, a thousand pleasures sleep.

Pleasures that shine not only to betray ;
But smiles of well-spent days—the light and love,
Radiance and rapture of that Star of Day,
That beams, with grace and glory, from above.

BYRON.

SPIRIT of gloom, whose meteoric glare
Gleamed o'er the darkness of an erring path,
And lit its horrors into heightened wrath,
Laying the shades of shrinking terrors bare !
Sad was thy rare prerogative. Thy ken
Pierced the dim confines of the shadowy sphere
Where, dusk and towering, phantom forms appear,
Unseen by fainter eyes of feebler men.
Such was thy commune : was it strange that thou
Shrank from the dwarfish race of common thought ;
And, with a haught, unhallowed daring, sought
The shoreless ocean of forbidden woe ?
Thy mind a mystery in its dark unrest—
The tortured cloud that palls the torn volcano's breast !

HILLSIDE MORALITIES.

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Boy, through our creviced logs the morning's glow
Flickers, like love's first blush, upon thy brow;
Dreaming, thou smilest. Up! Day is on the hill;
Glad Winter calls—glad, bright, but shrewish still.

I'm with thee, grandsire. Bright, indeed! Yon fawn
By the wood drooping—mottled like the dawn:—
I'll fire!

Forbear! Thy matin prayer—its breath
Still warms thy lip: wouldst close it with a death?
Meek orphan, on life's wilderness astray,
Sinless, be sorrowless; thou'rt saved; away!
On, boy! The ice-crisped snow, beneath our tread,
Like a court promise, breaks. How dim and dead,
In the gray dawn, seems nature—like a nun
Whose cloistered paleness never knows the sun.

Wend we unto the ledge?

Ay, seek the height
Where the snow dazzles in the sun's first light.

As the world's love, 'tis cold : and such the fate
Of minds above a laggard age elate ;
Heaven-kissed and brightening o'er the world below,
Cheerless, they glitter in their glorious woe.

Meseems, thy lore is churlish as the day,
That mocks, not melts, the winter with its ray.
A plague upon this path ! The yielding snow
Slides 'neath my foot.

Ay, boy, thou'lt find it so
In every path ambition climbs : for still
Receding triumphs mock the mounting will.
Half that we win is loss : we vainly brave
Life's snows, to find naught certain—but the grave.

Grandsire, I love the snow ; and oft have stood
To watch it struggling through the tangled wood.
The silent forest, rustling low, awakes,
As on the sere leaves gently fall the flakes.

Gently ! So drop, from charity perfumed,
Wise words and kind, to wretches famine-doomed ;
It spreads, demure, o'er woe its snowy pall,
Fine words—no more !—that freeze where'er they fall.

Here the white bosom of fair Wyoming
Melts into other graces. Yonder spring,
The mountain's life-stream, warm from breasts of snow,
(Such, in fate's winter, friendship's gush and glow,)
Blushes and smiles, as if the flowers of June
Looked in its depths and listened to its tune ;—
That stream, its sedgy channel choked with dead,
Once dyed, with blood, the emerald meadow red.

And such is war—the drunkenness of gore !
Oh, be its hell-nursed madness known no more !
For guiltier, ghastlier dyes than blood-stains, start
In the hot fountain of the upstirred heart :
Lust, hate, a God dethroned, a world undone,
These fill and fester in that Phlegethon ;
Till in its depths a fiend would shriek to trace
The heightened horrors of his mirrored face.

Behold yon pine.

Green boughs weighed down by snow ;
An old man's sorrows on a young man's brow :
Alas ! for him—his pangs no tongue hath told—
Whose winter blasts him, ere his heart is old !
The branches crash and fall. A godlike will,
Torn thus its glories, towers in verdure still ;
O'erladen, crushed, its boughs to earth are given ;
Its lofty brow still looks and smiles to Heaven.

Turn we—the mountain reached—to scan the vale.

Fans there a lovelier land the summer gale ?
Spangled with towns, with happy hamlets blessed,
How sweetly sleeps it on the mountain's breast !
Its fields—whose riches, like good acts untold,
Rest till the smiles of Heaven their meed unfold ;
Its cottage-homes, whose smoke now mounts on high,
Like good men's prayers, to mingle with the sky ;
Its river, lingering long, that loves to dwell
By spreading mead, dim glen, and bosky dell,

And wheresoe'er its willing waters wind,
Leaves, like a well-spent life, a joy behind ;—
Oh, who can view nor bend before His throne
Who made a land so bright—our own—our own !

How still the scene !

Calm as the just man's sleep !

Nor bee, nor bird ; save where the ravens sweep,
With heavy wing, across the vale, or croak,
Like patriots out of place, from yonder oak.
The ice-bound brook, whose frolic life was spent
With birds and flowers that to its kisses bent,
Creeps silent and unseen ; like age its tide—
Dwindled, but peaceful—spent, but purified.
Thy summer past, may thus thy spirit's wave
Seek, calm and pure, our common sea—the grave !

See, where, through cloven mountains crowned with
 snows,
The queenly Susquehanna calmly flows.

Once, in Time's youth, that rock-knit barrier stood
Holding imprisoned the o'ergathered flood.
Unstirred within its depths its terrors slept ;
Its surface dimpled where the soft breeze swept :
Till changed the scene. Arousing in its wrath,
It swept the rock-ribbed mountain from its path ;
Plucked forth its heart, and tossed, with Titan hand,
Like down, the mighty fragments o'er the land ;
Then leapt, with laugh of thunder, through the plain,
And rushed, in frenzied freedom, to the main.

Still the cleft heights scowl down with war-scarred brow,
Eternal hate upon the flood below :
Like severed loves still true, their heads they rear,
For ever parted—yet for ever near.
Approach the ledge. Those masses rudely hurled
Might seem the ruins of some star-smit world.
Rock upon rock, in lofty chaos thrown,
Rugged as unpaid honesty, they frown.
Like rank impoverished, scorn the happier vale ;
And hang their bannered dwarf pines to the gale.

A glen, mid nature's ruins !

Sad, but fair

As a lone joy that shines upon despair.
In summer here the ineffectual day
Flecks not the mossed earth with a single ray ;
A thousand winning wild-wood flowers here spring ;
A thousand minstrels in the copsewood sing ;
And far above us, on yon shaded height,
A lonely fountain bubbles to the light.
All joy and truth, it lapses through the glade,
Basks in the sun or bickers in the shade ;
Now warbling merrily, now murmuring low,
It wanders, wildered, to the cliff's dark brow ;
Then, like a maiden wronged, awakes too late,—
A startled wail has told the woods its fate !
Yet scarce that fate the Naiads would recall,
So bright in tears, so lovely in its fall.
Though winter's hand has stilled its voice of woe,
Beneath that icy mask its sorrows flow ;

As, with the wretched, glassy smiles enwreath
The studied brow, while vipers gnaw beneath.

Bearded with icicles, the cliff its cheek
Gives to the morning's kisses, bright and bleak.
Trickling and freezing, as a miser's blood,
The icy pendants hang o'er all the flood;
Pointing to earth, they glitter with the day;
Laugh in its smile—to melt beneath its ray.
Thus pleasure, cold when brightest,—(such its worth !)
Still points and tends and lengthens toward the earth;
Till, beneath Heaven's full eye, it weeps away,
And melts and mingles with its kindred clay.

Lo ! falls an icy mass from yonder tower,—
Scattering from winter's crown a jewelled shower.
Brittle as earthly trust in fortune's shade,
It sinks upon the breast of the cascade ;
From cliff to cliff, it clatters to the ground,
Spreading its diamond ruins all around.
Grasp this. Thy pulpy hand is warm with youth.
Closer ! As close as conscience clasps the truth !
Enough :—the glittering toy you vainly seize.
Ungrateful ! Mark, it melts not, though you freeze.
Learn, thence, this lesson. Love will bear each ill,—
All that life knoweth,—but the clasped heart's chill !
What are want—woe ? the loss of beauty—fame ?
The true heart laughs at all—and loves the same :
But love will die when it, unloved, grows old ;
The heart that clasps but coldness must turn cold.

TO ROXANA.

BLESS thee, mine own gentle daughter !
 Heaven be round thee, now and aye !
 Pure and bright as prattling water,
 Dimpling with the smile of day,
 Be thy life alway !

But the stream, my gentle daughter,
 Hurries from the fount away ;
 With a laugh, like thine, the water,
 Mid the flowers, in frolic play,
 Lingering, loves to stray.

It must on ! The mighty ocean
 Calls each wavelet wild to come ;
 Every drop, with ceaseless motion,
 Wheresoe'er awhile it roam,
 Hears—and hastens home !

Thus, my fond and fondly cherished,
 Runs the stream of life away ;
 Whether mid flower-hopes, pale and perished,
 Or in rosiest meads, it stray,
 Who the stream can stay ?

Such life's current :—be its water
Ever pure enough to throw
Back to Heaven, my gentle daughter—
Wheresoe'er the stream should flow—
God's own, earliest glow !

THE DECLARATION.

WRITTEN ON A PICTURE.

AND he hath spoken ! Knew I not he would ?

Though flitting fears, like clouds o'er lakes, would cast
Shadows o'er true love's trust. The tear-drop stood

In his dark eye ; he trembled. But 'tis past,
And I am his, he mine. Why trembled he ?

This fond heart knew he not ; and that his eye
Governed its tides, as doth the moon the sea ?

And that with him, for him, 'twere bliss to die ?
Yet said I nought. Shame on me, that my cheek

And eye my hoarded secret should betray !
Why wept I ? And why was I sudden weak,

So weak his manly arm was stretched to stay ?
How like a suppliant God he looked ! His sweet,

Low voice, heart-shaken, spoke—and all was known ;
Yet, from the first, I felt our souls must meet,

Like stars that rush together and shine on.

THE STRICKEN.

“Turn thou unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and in misery.”

PSALMS.

HEAVY ! Heavy ! Oh, my heart
 Seems a cavern deep and drear,
 From whose dark recesses start,
 Flutteringly, like birds of night,
 Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
 Screaming in their flight :
 Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
 Spreading a horror dim—a woe that cannot weep !

Weary ! Weary ! What is life
 But a spectre-crowded tomb ?
 Startled with unearthly strife—
 Spirits fierce in conflict met,
 In the lightning and the gloom,
 The agony and sweat ;
 Passions wild and powers insane,
 And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean
 pain !

Gloomy—gloomy is the day ;
 Tortured, tempest-tost the night ;

Fevers that no founts allay—
Wild and wildering unrest—
Blessings festering into blight—
A gored and gasping breast!
From their lairs what terrors start,
At that deep earthquake voice—the earthquake of the
heart!

Hopeless! Hopeless! Every path
Is with ruins thick bestrown;
Hurtling bolts have fallen to scathe
All the greenness of my heart;
And I now am Misery's own—
We never more shall part!
My spirit's deepest, darkest wave
Writhes with the wrestling storm. Sleep! Sleep! The
grave! The grave!

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG INVALID ABROAD.

HEALTH unto thee ! 'Twill come, though coy and slow :
 Thou canst not die, before I cease to live.

Are we not one ? Ay, brother, boughs that give
 Their verdure from one trunk, and cannot know
 A life-drop but from thence ? The topmost bough
 Still withers first : whilst mine is green on high,
 I feel—and fear not—that thou canst not die !
 Would that my life's blood, warm and healthful now,
 Were welling in thy veins—and I like thee !

'Twere joy to suffer for thee, could I hear
 Thy light laugh, as of old, ring in my ear :
 So thou wert happy what aught else to me ?
 An angel-ward our mother's prayers have set
 Around thee. Courage then ! Thou'lt kiss her pale cheek
 yet !

TO A BACKWARD LOVER.

A TRUCE with this puling, this fearing and fooling !
 Such ague-struck awe, boy, is none of love's schooling.
 No blushing and flying, no languishing, sighing :
 She wants a stout wooer, not one that is dying.
 Be colder or bolder, your love or fear smother ;
 Be saint or be sinner, and leave her or win her ;
 Yes, leave her and let her be won by another !

But why should you lack her ? You know not a fairer.
 Attend her, attack her ; and win her, and wear her.
 When your passion you name, give it language of flame,
 But let her in dreamy faith know not your aim.
 But still breathe your woe, in a voice soft and low,
 For thus the heart's nearest drops ever outflow.
 Be the tones of your prayer—she can never refuse it—
 Like the harp's of the air, when the fond zephyr woos it.
 And look in her eyes, they are love's truest book,
 As star upon star, in their skyey love, look.
 Press her hand to your lip, and let your arm haste
 Unnoticed to slip round her delicate waist ;
 Then your cheek touches hers, how it crimsons its tint !
 And if lips do not mingle, the demon is in 't !

But if she's resistful, why turn you then tristful;
Woman for sorrow is wilful and wistful.

Weep you an ocean, I warrant 'twill move her,
For earth has no spell like the tears of a lover.

If she still spurn thee, relentless and bitter,
Why swear she's a Hecate, and laugh at and quit her!

THE ROSE AND THE DEW-DROP.

SHE bent o'er her rose, for the night gloom had gone,
 And the dew-drop that blushed in its beautiful breast
 Caught the dawn's rising radiance, and trembled and shone,
 As the fresh morning's zephyr its petals carest.
 "Like the dew-drop," she said, "in the heart of this flower,
 Is love when it first round the fond bosom twines,
 And catches the bright tints of life's early hour,
 And joys as it trembles, and shrinks as it shines."

Again she was there ; but the sun from on high
 Looked down with a glowing and passionate glare ;
 Ah the dew-drop was gone ! and the rose, 'neath his eye,
 Drooped sadly and faintly, but fragrantly, there.
 "And thus, ever thus, when its morning is gone,
 Is the fate of the heart," she exclaimed with a sigh,
 "And the mild joys of love which bloom bright in the dawn,
 In the fierce heat of passion, droop, wither and die !"

MUTTRA.

IN the Orient, where the summer
 Wanders hand in hand with spring,
 And together flower and fruitage,
 On the same branch sway and swing ;
 Where neglected Nature rises,
 With an unpruned affluence, o'er
 Towers and temples, ruin's trophies,
 Gladsome once, but gay no more ;
 Where the desert wanderer pauses,
 While his wondering eye is cast
 On the mighty, monumental
 Glories of an unknown past ;—
 There are scenes still grand and gorgeous,
 That have mocked a world's decay ;
 Art and Nature, great and graceful ;
 And the brightest is Muttra !

Over Muttra sunset sporteth,
 Gilding mosque and minaret ;
 Fondly, fitfully, it playeth,
 Lingering as if loth to set.
 Twilight pauseth, like a lover
 Forced to go, yet fain to stay.

Wonder not! The bright sun seeth
Naught so lovely as Muttra.
Castled elephants are kneeling;
Princely pilgrims crowd the way;
For, what mosque in Ind so holy
As the mosque of bright Muttra!

But one princely form is absent,
Hassan, of the shadowed brow,
Hollow cheek and step unsteady,—
Hapless Hassan, where art thou?
By a new grave sits the mourner,
By a grave unmarked and low;
And his cheek, so pale and tearless,
Tells a tale of wordless woe.

“Wherefore weep’st thou?” spake a stranger:
“In whose name com’st thou to me?”
“In His name who came to save us—
Save from sin and set us free.”

“Blessed thou! The hour, too, blessed!
Christian, in the grave below
Sleeps the saint who taught salvation:
Hence my weeping—hence my woe.
She, too, brought—a holy teacher—
Looks and words the heart to stir;
By her side I knelt and worshipped—
Worshipped God, and worshipped her!
Great the sin and great the sorrow!
Absent, whiles, upon the wave,
I returned;—she was in Heaven:—
Leaving me her faith—and grave!

Christian, blest the star that led thee
To the towers of bright Muttra !
Aid me to the Christian's Heaven ;
Helen beckons me away !”

“Helen, say'st thou ?”—quoth the stranger—
“Art thou Abon Hassan, then,
Prince, that chose to be His servant
Rather than the lord of men ?
They have wronged thee, for my daughter,
Thy betrothed, was borne away—
To escape thy kindred's vengeance—
From the towers of bright Muttra.”
“Lives my love ?”—and quick the crimson,
Like a sunset, flushed his brow—
“Heaven, I thank thee ! Father, pity ;
Let me see my Helen now !”
“Helen !”—and the close boughs parted,
And a light form, bright as day,
Darted towards him. There were happy,
Happy hearts in bright Muttra !

TO A SUPERANNUATED STATESMAN.

WHY should life that which makes it life, outlive ?

Or o'erworn greatness babble on the stage,

When it can act no more ? Lucullus' age

Drivelled in pleasures which no pleasure give :

And the fifth Charles, the marble-hearted, he,

Pale Europe's master, 'neath a dull-eyed monk,

Mumbled his life out : Cromwell, whose frown sunk
Into the heart of nations, lived to be

A gibbering trembler at a phantom fear :

Thus is life's harvest scattered to the wind !

And thou, the current of whose mighty mind
Floated an empire, flutterest in the sphere
Of triflers, ballad-mongers, insects small

That play in party's blaze—thy noblest end

The praise of fools. Oh, death had been thy friend
Had he come years ago ! Thus through its wall
Of cliffy heights, through valleys radiant, flies

The rushing Rhine : but not to meet its bride—

The ocean : wasted, shorn its power and pride,
Lost in dull swamps, and wrapt in fogs—it dies.

SONNET.

TO ARABELLA, SLEEPING.

WHEN the world wearieth then the sun doth set,
And the dew kisseth sweet good-night to earth;
When the soul fainteth and would fain forget,
Then sleep, the shadow of God's smile, comes forth,
Gently, with downy darkness, and the dew
Of love from Heaven; and with the quickening rest
That hardly slumbers—star-thoughts beaming through
The dreamy dimness on the rippling breast.
Soft be that dew upon thy breast to-night!
Gentle thy dreams as zephyr to the flower!
Pure as the prayer that riseth as I write,
To hover round thee through the midnight hour!
Till morning wake—as if for thee alone—
And meet a brow as bright—'tis lovelier—than his own.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

*Quid me mortuum miserum vocas, qui te sum multo felicior? aut quid acerbi mihi
putas contigisse?*

*"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."*

MILTON.

WEEP not for him! The Thracians wisely gave
Tears to the birth-couch, triumph to the grave.
'Tis misery to be born—to live—to die:
Even he who noblest lives, lives but to sigh.
The right not shields from wrong, nor worth from woe,
Nor glory from reproach; he found it so.
Not strong life's triumphs, not assured its truth;
Ev'n virtue's garland hides an aspic tooth.
His glorious morn was past, and past his noon;—
Life's duty done, death never comes too soon.
Then cast the dull grave's gloomy trappings by!
The dead was wise, was just—nor feared to die.

Weep not for him. Go, mark his high career;
It knew no shame, no folly, and no fear;
More blest than is man's lot his blameless life,
Though tossed by tempests and though torn by strife.
'Neath the primeval forest's towery pride,
Virtue and Danger watched his couch beside;

This taught him purely, nobly to aspire,
That gave the nerve of steel and soul of fire.
No time his midnight lamps—the stars—could dim ;
His matin music was the cataract's hymn ;
His Academe the forest's high arcade—
(To Numa thus Egeria blessed the shade ;)
With kindling soul, the solitude he trod—
The temple of high thoughts—and spake with God :
Thus towered the man—amid the wide and wild—
And Nature claimed him as her noblest child.

Nurtured to peril, lo ! the peril came,
To lead him on, from field to field, to fame.
'Twas met as warriors meet the fray they woo :
To shield young Freedom's wildwood homes he flew ;
And—fire within his fortress, foes without,
The rattling death-shot and th' infuriate shout—
He, where the fierce flames burst their smoky wreath,
And war's red game raged madliest, toyed with death ;
Till spent the storm, and Victory's youngest son
Glory's first fruits, his earliest wreath, had won.

Weep not for him, whose lustrous life has known
No field of fame he has not made his own :
In many a fainting clime, in many a war,
Still bright-browed Victory drew the patriot's car.
Whether he met the dusk and prowling foe
By oceanic Mississippi's flow ;
Or where the southern swamps, with steamy breath,
Smite the worn warrior with no warrior's death :
Or where, like surges on the rolling main,
Squadron on squadron sweep the prairie plain ;
Dawn—and the field the haughty foe o'erspread,
Sunset—and Rio Grande's waves run red :

Or where, from rock-ribbed safety, Monterey
 Frowns death, and dares him to the unequal fray ;
 Till crashing walls and slippery streets bespeak
 How frail the fortress where the heart is weak ;
 How vainly numbers menace, rocks defy,
 Men sternly knit and firm to do or die :
 Or where, on thousands thousands crowding, rush
 (Rome knew not such a day) his ranks to crush ;
 The long day paused on Buena Vista's height,
 Above the cloud with flashing volleys bright ;
 Till angry Freedom, hovering o'er the fray,
 Swooped down, and made a new Thermopylæ :
 In every scene of peril and of pain,
 His were the toils, his country's was the gain.
 From field to field, and all were nobly won,
 He bore, with eagle flight, her standard on :
 New stars rose there—but never star grew dim
 While in his patriot grasp. Weep not for him.

The heart is ne'er a castaway ; its gift
 Falls back, like dew to earth—the soul's own thrift
 Of gentlest thoughts by noblest promptings moved :
 He loved his country, and by her was loved.
 To him she gave herself, a sacred trust,
 And bade him leave his sword to rest and rust ;
 And, awed but calm, nor timid nor elate,
 He turned to tread the sandy stairs of state.
 Modest, though firm ; decided, cautious, clear ;
 Without a selfish hope, without a fear ;
 Reverent of right, no warrior now, he still
 Cherished the nation's chart, the people's will ;
 Hated but Faction with her maniac brand,
 And loved, with fiery love, his native land.

Rose there a foe dared wrong in her despite?
 How eager leaped his soul to do her right!
 Her flag his canopy, her tents his home—
 The world in arms—why, let the armed world come!
 Thus loved he, more than life, and next to Heaven,
 The broad, bright land to which that life was given;
 And, loving thus and loved, the nation's pride,
 Her hope, her strength, her stay—the patriot died!

Weep not for him—though hurried from the scene;
 'Twill be earth's boast that such a life has been.
 Taintless his truth as Heaven; his soul sincere
 Sparkled to-day, as mountain brooklets clear.
 O'er every thought high honour watchful hung,
 As broods the eagle o'er her eyried young.
 His courage, in its calmness, silent, deep;
 But strong as fate—Niagara in its sleep:
 But when, in rage, it burst upon the foe—
 Niagara leaping to the gulf below:
 His clemency, the graceful bow that, thrown
 O'er the wild wave, Heaven lights and makes its own.
 His was a spirit simple, grand and pure;
 Great to conceive, to do and to endure;
 Yet the rough warrior was, in heart, a child,
 Rich in love's affluence, merciful and mild.
 His sterner traits, majestic and antique,
 Rivalled the stoic Roman or the Greek;
 Excelling both, he adds the Christian name,
 And Christian virtues make it more than fame.

To country, youth, age, love, life—all were given!
 In death, she lingered between him and Heaven;
 Thus spake the patriot in his latest sigh,
 “*My duty done—I do not fear to die.*”

Weep not for him ; but for his country, tossed
 On Faction's surges ; " think not of the lost,
 But what 'tis ours to do."* The hand that stayed,
 The pillar that upheld, in dust are laid ;
 And Freedom's tree of life, whose roots entwine
 Thy fathers' bones—will it e'er cover thine ?
 Root, rind, and leaf, a traitor tribe o'erspread ;
 Worms sap its trunk, and tempests bow its head.
 But the land lives not, dies not, in one man,
 Were he the purest lived since life began.
 Upon no single anchor rests our fate ;
 Millions of breasts engird and guard the state.
 Yet o'er each true heart, in the nation's night,
 Will TAYLOR's memory rise, a pillared light ;
 His lofty soul will prop the patriot's pride,
 His virtues animate, his wisdom guide.
 Faction, whose felon fury, blind and wild,
 Would rend our land, as Circe tore her child,
 In sordid cunning or insensate wrath,
 Scattering its quivering limbs along her path—
 Even Faction, at his name, will cower away,
 And, shrieking, shrinking, shield her from the day.
 Then, up to duty ! true, as he was true ;
 As pure, as calm, as firm to bear and do ;
 Nerve every patriot power, knit every limb,
 And up to duty : but *weep not for him !*

* "Non quos amisimus, sed quantum lugere par sit cogitemus."

CICERO.

THE LONE ONE.

THEY told the soldier's widowed bride
 Her lord a laurelled death had won :
 " Oh, would," she shrieked, " we too had died,
 My child, for we are lone !"
 Desolate and lone,
 Her heart was with her dead !

His boy still o'er her sorrows smiled,
 Life's only light, and all her own :
 Death from her heart-clasp tore her child—
 All dark, and all alone !
 Desolate and lone,
 She prayed to join her dead.

The stricken pressed her sunken brow,
 Her pale lips breathed a broken moan ;
 She sank—her heart had burst—and now
 She is no more alone !
 Nevermore alone,
 She sleeps beside her dead.

FREEDOM.

I.

A SAGE whose channelled brow was seamed with scars,
 Sat in the wavy and sun-spotted shade
 Of an old wood ; and of his woes and wars
 Talked to his boy, whose heaving bosom made
 An echo to each word : yet, half afraid
 And half afire, he listened 'neath the oak,
 Wondering why men should redden thus the blade.
 "For freedom, boy ! The tyrant's bonds we broke !"
 "But what is freedom ?" Thus, or somewhat thus, he spoke.

II.

Whence but from God can spring the burning love
 Of nature's liberty ? Why does the eye
 Watch, raised and raptured, the bright racks that rove,
 Heaven's free-born, frolic in the harvest sky ?
 The wind which bloweth where it listeth, why
 Hath it a charm ? Why love we thus the sea,
 Lordless and limitless ? Or the cataract cry,
 With which Niagara tells eternity
 That she is chainless now, and will for ever be !

III.

Or why, in breathing nature, is the slave
That ministers to man, in lowly wise,
Or beast or bird, a thing of scorn? Where wave
The prairie's purple seas, the free horse flies,
With mane wide floating, and wild-flashing eyes,
A wonder and a glory; o'er his way,
The ne'er-tamed eagle soars and fans the skies.
Floating, a speck upon the brow of day,
He scans the unbourned wild—and who shall say him nay?

IV.

If Freedom thus o'er earth, sea, air, hath cast
Her spell, and is Thought's idol, man may well,
To star-crowned Sparta in the glimmering past,
Turn from the gilded agonies which swell
Wrong's annals. For the kindling mind will dwell
Upon Leonidas and Washington,
And those who for God's truth or fought or fell,
When kings whose tombs are pyramids, are gone.
Justice and Time are wed: the eternal truth lives on.

V.

Ponder it, freemen! It will teach that Time
Is not the foe of Right; and man may be
All that he pants for. Every thought sublime
That lifts us to the right where truth makes free,
Is from on high. Pale Virtue! Yet with thee
Will gentle Freedom dwell, nor dread a foe!
Self-governed, calm and truthful, why should she
Shrink from the future? 'Neath the last sun's glow,
Above expiring Time, her starry flag shall flow!

VI.

For, even with shrinking woman, is the Right
A cherished thought. The hardy hordes which threw
Rome from the crushed world's empire, caught the light
That led them from soft eyes, and never knew
Shame, fear nor fetter. The stern Spartan drew,
From matrons weeping o'er each recreant son,
His spirit; and our Indian thus will woo
The stake—his forest Portia by—smile on,
Till the death-rattle ring and the death-song is done.

VII.

Fame is *man's* vassal; and the Maid of France,
The shepherd heroine, and Padilla's dame,
Whose life and love and suffering mock romance,
Are half forgotten. Corday—doth her name
Thrill you? Why, Brutus won eternal fame:
Was his, a Roman man's, a bolder blow
Than that weak woman's? For the cause the same—
Marat a worse than Cæsar. Blood may flow,
In seas for Right, and ne'er a holier offering know!

VIII.

But nature's freedom is the wolf's that prowls,
In coward strength, the forest thorough: all
The weak are made his prey; he flies with howls
From stronger tyrants. And 'tis thus the thrall—
The heaviest, bloodiest, basest that can fall
On man—the thrall of lawless, mindless power,
The anarch-god's, is hateful. To its call,
In the red revel of its drunken hour,
Freedom is deaf: not hers its deeds, nor hers its dower.

IX.

Freedom is guarded justice ; that which gives
To man a fortified chart, beneath the sway
Of all, 'neath just laws, justly dealt. Man strives
Vainly to find such freedom in the gray
And shame-encircled past. The cradle play
Of infant Freedom rent the snaky fold
Of wrong : but in her proud, crime-crimsoned day,
How hath she fallen ! High-thoughted hearts grow cold
Pondering the tale of Right with life-drops bought and sold.

X.

Yet even from Freedom's embers, will her fire
Sparkle a ray upon her crumbling dome,
To light the purer soul that dares aspire
And mocks the worst. And thus when robber Rome
Became the Cæsar's plaything, still were some,
Mid crouching crowds, a freeman's grave to fill.
Entombed, her spirit haunts her hallowed home.
Ruin may crush her realms ; but glory will,
As from orb-shattered stars, shine from each fragment still.

XI.

The desert rock may yield a liberty—
The eagle's ; but in cities, guarded Right
Finds her first home. Amid the many, she
Gives union, strength, and courage. In the night
Of time, from leagured walls, her beacon light
Flashed o'er the world. And Commerce, whose white wing
Makes the wide desert of the ocean bright,
Is Freedom's foster nurse ; and though she fling
Her wealth on many a shore, on none where fetters ring !

XII.

And wealth diffused is Freedom's child and aid.

Give me,—such is her prayer—nor poverty
Nor riches ! For while penury will degrade,

A heaped-up wealth corrupts. But to the free
The angel hope is Knowledge. It may be,

Has been, a despot ; for, with unspreed glow,
Truth is a rayless sun, whose radiance we,

However bright it burn, nor feel, nor know.

'Tis power ; and power unshared is curst, and works but woe !

XIII.

Make it an atmosphere that all may breathe,

And all are free. Each struggle in the past
That Right smiles o'er, was truthful. Laurels wreath

All who,—as when our country rose—have cast
Oppression down ; that act, all time, will last,

The Ararat of History, on whose brow .

The sacred ark of Liberty stood fast,

Sunned in the truth ; while the tame, turbid flow
Of Slavery's deluge spread o'er all the world below.

XIV.

And oft the electric flame that fires the heart

Of a true people, flashes fiercely through

A cause how trivial ! Such Hipparchus' part ;

Lucretia's fate ; Virginius', when he slew

His child, and in her blood devoted to

The infernal gods the tyrant. Right repress—

With men to Nature and her teachings true—

Will heave with the deep earthquake's fierce unrest,

Then fling, with fiery strength, the mountain from its breast.

XV.

What, or that lifts the heart, or lights the eye,
Or makes the hearth-stone happy, can there be,
That Freedom gives not? Mercy cannot sigh
Above her truth-led triumphs. And yet she
Owns but a few bright spots in history!

Her name—a spell—is used by all who crave
A guilty power. They steal her livery;
And, loud on lip of tyrant and of slave,
Her praises ring above her ruin and her grave!

XVI.

But where she dwells, in love and truth, her train
Is thronged with blessings; and a nation's brow
She garlands with the pride that knows not stain;
The right that will not sin, and cannot bow.
He who would chain the sea-wave, did not know
That the free soul is freer than its tide.
With millions to be met—come weal or woe—
Each heart rears a Thermopylæ of pride:
And thus, in every age, have patriots smiled and died!

XVII.

Labour on Freedom waits, (what hope to cheer
The slave to toil?) the labour blithe, whose day
Knows not a want, whose night knows not a tear;
And wealth; and high-browed science; and the play
Of truth-enamoured mind, that mocks the sway
Of court or custom; beauty-loving art;
And all that scatters flowers on life's drear way.
Hope, courage, pride, joy, conscious mirth upstart,
Beneath her smile, to raise the mind and glad the heart.

XVIII.

Yet have free states, like comets, only flashed
O'er history's night—to pass away! And why?
Vainly the open foe of Freedom gashed
Her side. But peopling, with false Gods, their sky,
They sank until their land became a sty,
Stygian with moral darkness. Heart and mind
Debased, dark passions rose, and with red eye
Rushed to their revel; until Freedom, blind
And maniac, sought the rest the suicide would find.

XIX.

And is this all? Alas, amid the tombs
Of nations, we must read the fate of those
Who made the earth a glory! Time consumes,
Like Saturn, his own boasts. Of all that rose,
Nations, the stars of history, not one throws,
(Save our belovéd), o'er hope's path a ray—
Not one! For vampyre-like, fair Freedom's foes
Have, in her slumber, sucked her life away,
And left her throbless corse to carrion birds a prey!

XX.

The flatterer and the friend of Freedom now,
In her dark hour, are known; one as the sand
Changed by each change of error's ebb and flow;
The other rock, that, by the stormy strand,
Flings back the wave. And yet, in every land,
Cato is praised—and perishes! Whilst he
Who soothes the crowd, (so says the past,) will stand
Amid a people's fall. They bend the knee,
And while they link their bonds, shout forth that they are
free!

XXI.

Yet falter not, nor fear, nor rashly deem

That states free-born and nursed by virtue, know,
Like man, a meteor life, a mist, a dream,

A thing of youth, age, death. Is God the foe
Of man, self-governed man? Oh, think not so!

Orb answers orb with beams; and thus is light
God's tribute: o'er the soul's eternal glow

Would He, while clouds are lustrous, spread a night?
On His own image fling a baseness and a blight?

XXII.

Then think not—'twere a traitor thought!—our own,

Like free states foregone, is a bright leaf torn
From Time's dark forest, on the wild gust thrown,

To float awhile, by varying tempests borne,
And sink, at last, the envying nations' scorn,

In the eternal river. We will show
That Truth, Right, Love, the stars of Freedom's morn,
Hesper-like, glittering on her bright'ning brow,
Clouded, perchance, awhile, will still for ever glow.

XXIII.

Twin-born with Time was Freedom, when the soul,

Shoreless and shining, met the earliest day:

But o'er Time's tomb,—when passes by the scroll

Of the scorched sky—she'll wing her radiant way,
Freed from the traitor's taint, the tyrant's sway;

Chastened and bright, to other spheres will flee;
Sun her unruffled joys in Heaven's own ray,—

Where all the crushed are raised, the just are free—
Her light the living God—her mate eternity!

ADDRESS.

PREPARED FOR THE OPENING OF THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, AND
DELIVERED BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THANKS, patrons, friends ! Oh, had my heart a tone,
'Twould speak a welcome louder than your own ;
That heart seeks warmer words, but seeks in vain :—
Thanks and a welcome ! o'er and o'er again !

Here, after many a gallant, gay campaign,
The Drama's wizard banner floats again.
List ye with us ? Beneath its magic fold,
No eye grows weary and no heart grows cold ;
Its witcheries win the wise, the worn beguile,
The thoughtless teach to think, the sad to smile.
It is our province, and we pride our part,
To give the head a lesson from the heart :
Amid these favouring friends, we cannot fear
The schoolman's censure or the cynic's sneer.
No one need shrink, unless the drama press
Some latent chord of guilty consciousness.
The tainted well may shun her probing art,
And break the mirror picturing the heart ;

But why should Virtue turn her timid gaze
 From where her merit meets its meed of praise?
 List ye with us? By you sustained, the stage
 Shall here renew its best and brightest age;
 Genius, and taste, and wit, their light shall lend;
 And Virtue hail the Drama as her friend.
 Here, from a world where rugged worth declines,
 And vice alone, like putrefaction, shines,
 The wise and good congenial joys shall find
 To swell the bosom and expand the mind.

List ye with us? What though brief clouds o'ercast?
 The Drama still, while letters live, must last:
 No fate her eye can dim, her pulse can still;
 While Art survives, she lives, and ever will.
 The Muse's morning star! her gentle light
 Has latest shone to gild the muse's night.
 Her deathless wreath in Athens and in Rome,
 Crowned the young brow of Art, and decked her tomb!
 Fear not! For Genius consecrates the stage,
 Lives through all lettered time, and mocks at age.
 A soulless clod the earth—a desert shore—
 Where Sophocles is dumb, and Shakspeare shines no more!

List ye with us? "We will!" your smiles reply;
 "But who commands?" Your humble servant—I!
 "Led by a woman! Treason, fire and fury!"
 It is the best of leading, I assure ye.
 Who of you all—now, pray be calm and candid—
 What hero here, would not be so commanded?
 But stay! No bold Boadicea here
 Heads her embattled legions in career:
 A sweeter duty mine! To lead the train
 That smooth the wrinkles on the brow of pain;

To steal the sigh; to light the generous glow;
To soothe the sorrowing with unreal woe;
To force the proud to bow, the mean to blush,
And teach the ice-bound charities to gush;
Make Truth more truthful; Faith more lovely fair;
Chasten tyrannic wrong and cheer down-trodden care.
And last, not least, to win, by gentle arts,—
What think ye? Do not frown! to win your hearts.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

THERE'S wisdom, music, poetry,
 In the prattle of a child,
 When the murmuring fountains of the soul
 First well forth bright and wild.

I heard a girl, a gentle girl,
 Thus to her mother say :
 "How slow to-morrow is, mamma !
 When comes to-morrow, pray ?"

"When you have slept and waked, my child,
 Then will to-morrow be."
 "So you have said, mamma, yet ne'er
 To-morrow came to me.

"I've slept and waked, oft and again,
 And still it was to-day ;
 I've watched and watched for morrow,
 But it always flew away.

"You said that when to-morrow came,
 'Twould come so bright and gay ;
 I woke, and thought—sure, now 'tis here !
 But still it was to-day."

Alas, too early wise ! I hoped
Bright years ere you would know,
To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise bow !

It is a fair and fleeting hope
To gild our misery given :
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in Heaven !

SONNET.

ON THE INVASION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

Is there no pulse left in that withered heart,
 To speak the earthquake throb that once was there,
 The throb that shook the world? Still can ye bear
 The Roman name, nor die? Camillus' part
 Can ye not act it o'er your cindered homes,
 Reddened, if need be, with your brothers' blood?
 The past, with all its laurel-laden flood,
 Pours on the turbid Tiber, by the tombs
 Whose dust gives you the only life ye have.
 Up to the strife! Rome once bred men; and why
 Give not tomb, temple, trophy to the sky;
 And, dying, make your Rome a Roman grave?
 False France and leaden Austria cannot give
 A death not dearer than in chains to live.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

AND art thou dead? The morn
Of thy young, lovely life is palled! A bough,
Fresh and flower-laden, from existence torn—
Oh, where art thou!

Love could not shield; nor youth,
Nor beauty, nor high gifts and hopes could save!
In all thy brightness, purity, and truth,
Gone to the grave!

Heaven claimed its own. Each grace
Of mind and heart had marked thee for the sky;
Foretold the angel beaming from thy face,
That thou must die!

Thy memory, like a tone
Of far-off music, clings around the heart;
Our souls still meet and mingle with thine own,
Never to part!

Farewell awhile. We stay
To rear for thee the bud that thou hast given;

To guide and guard her on her sinless way
To thee and Heaven.

Farewell! And till we meet,
Like star-beams, where no parting comes, nor ill,
Spirit of love and light, O sister sweet,
Be near us still!

TO MAGGIE.

THE bonds that cross two graves make thee my daughter,
Linking me to thee with the steel of death.

The bud that bore thee, in her latest breath,
When, like a sunset on the crystal water,
Life flowed in light away, gave thee to me ;

And mine thou art, and shalt be. Never fear :

In weal or woe, no wrong shall come thee near,
But through my bosom ; and to thine and thee
My life is given. Light be o'er thy way !

Flowers on thy path ; and round thy gentle heart

All thoughts and feelings, clustering kindly, start,
To make thy youth as radiant as the day !

Time is not ever gentle : may it be

Loving as mother's kisses unto thee.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

“WHERE is the King?” Thus spoke the sages,
Seeking the Saviour from afar :

“The Christ, the God, the Rock of Ages,
Who hither led us with His star !”

“Where is the King ?” But star-forsaken,
They search the palace-halls in vain ;
That Star of Hope—its beams were breaking
O’er a low hut on Bethlehem’s plain.

They saw—rejoiced—and knelt before him :
And was it strange the sages bowed,
When God’s own star was beaming o’er Him,
And angel anthems hymned aloud ?

“To God be glory !” Spirit voices
Attuned on high, now thrilled the earth ;
“And peace to man !” thus Heaven rejoices
Over the Saviour’s humble birth.

Joy ! for our orb’s eclipse is over !
Joy ! earth again breathes God’s own breath ;
With Faith around and Love above her,
Hope to the hopeless, life to death !

SONNETS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I.

Pater Noster.

OUR Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
 Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
 When young love's kiss first prints the maiden's brow:
 But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast,
 His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!
 Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
 And drop, in diamonds, in their caverned fountains;
 Changeless, and true all earthly truth above.
 And such is Thine! For whom? For all—ev'n me!
 Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
 Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
 Of being! Down, my soul: it cannot be!
 But He hath said! Up, soul, unto his throne!
 Father—"Our Father"—save and bless thine own!

II.

Qui es in Coelis.

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
 Thy presence is existence. 'Neath thine eye,

Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and die;
Ev'n as to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hillside spring
Sparkle and pass for ever down the stream.
Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.

Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!
Where thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant Thy smile be
My light of life to guide me up to Thee!

III.

Sanctificetur Nomen Tuum.

Hallowéd be Thy name! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-browed, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnished Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn God;
Wherever voice hath spoke or foot hath trod;
Sacred Thy name! The skeptic wild and vain;
Roused from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop, and the dusk Hindoo;
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;
Praise thee! Nor earth alone. Each star of night,

Join in the choir ! till Heaven and Earth acclaim—
Still, and for ever, Hallowéd be Thy name !

IV.

Veniat Regnum Tuum.

Thy kingdom come ! Speed, angel wings, that time !
Then, known no more the guile of gain, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering, or the howl of crime !
All will be Thine—all blest ! Thy kingdom come !
Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe ; the thong unknown—
For not a slave ; the cells o'er which Despair
Flaps his black wing and fans the sigh-swollen air,
Deserted ! Night will pass, and hear no groan ;
Glad Day look down, nor see nor guilt nor guile ;
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile !

V.

Fiat Voluntas Tua, sicut in Coelo, ita etiam in Terra.

Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven !
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,

With harmonies unheard by mortal ears ;
And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven.
Ours a crushed harp ! Its strings by tempests shaken ;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discords and with groans ;
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken !
Oh be its chords restrung ! Thy will be done !
Mysterious law ! Our griefs approve that will :
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill ;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given ;
For when Thy will is done, then earth is heaven !

VI.

Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

Give us this day our daily bread ! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill, the grassy vale along ;
And 'tis Thy smile, when summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold !
Give me to share Thy boon ! No miser hoard
I crave ; no splendour ; no Apician board ;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told :
I ask no more. But spare my brethren ! They
Now beg, in vain, to toil ; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed loved ones, sinking to the grave.
Give them their daily bread ! How many pray,

Alas, in vain, for food ! Be Famine fed ;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread !

VII.

Et remitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos remittimus debitoribus nostris.

Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass ! Though we take
Life, blessings, promised heaven, from Thee, we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live !
Pure once ; now like the Cities of the Plain,
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again,
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm
That grovels in our way. How light the cost,
And yet how hard the task ! For we are lost
In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form !
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee ;
Teach me to pardon ; and, oh pardon me !

VIII.

Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

Lead us not in temptation ! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety ; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its basilisk eyes.

Save us from Pleasure with the heaving breast
And unbound zone ; from Flattery's honeyed tongue ;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart ;
Ambition's marble smile and earthy art ;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung !
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be Thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone ;
Save from the Tempter. Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still !

IX.

Sed libera nos ab illo malo.

Deliver us from evil ! Hapless race !
Our life a shadow, and our walk a dream ;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam ;
Where is our hope but Thee ! Oh give us grace
To win Thy favour ! Save from loud-voiced Wrong,
And creeping Craft. Save from the hate of foes ;
The treachery of friends ; the many woes,
Which to the clash of man with man belong !
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain !
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh, let me die
Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye ;
And dying, let me hope to meet again !

Oh, save me from myself ! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only Thine !

X.

Quia tuum est regnum, et potentia, et gloria in secula. Amen.

Thine is the Kingdom, Power, and Glory ! Thine,
A Kingdom based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind ! A Power that wills should shine
A million worlds ; they shine : should die ; they die !
A Glory to the which the sun is dim ;
And from whose radiance even the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye !
And these are Thine, for ever ! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes ! Yet Thy covenant promise saves :
Our trust is in Thee, Father, Saviour, Lord !
Holy, thrice holy Thou ! For ever, then,
Be Kingdom, Power, and Glory Thine. Amen !

FIREMAN'S ADDRESS.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF
OF DISABLED FIREMEN.

THE city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls,
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls ;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labour and of life ;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquillized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears ;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares ;
The grave or careless, those who joy or weep,
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow ;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
'Tis summer's eve : the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs ;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When hark ! Oh horror ! what a crash is there !
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air ?

'Tis fire ! 'tis fire ! She wakes to dream no more !
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door !
The dun smoke eddies round ; and hark ! that cry !
" Help ! help ! Will no one aid ? I die—I die !"
She seeks the casement : shuddering at its height,
She turns again ; the fierce flames mock her flight ;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
" Help ! help ! Will no one come ?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee ? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone ;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The Fireman comes, to rescue or to die !
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread ;
He seeks the room—flames flashing round his head ;
He bursts the door ; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath ;
The falling timbers menace him with death ;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray ;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way.
Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—
Yet still he staggers forwards with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On ! on !
Courage ! One effort more, and all is won !
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved !
Still on ! Yet on ! Once more ! *Thank Heaven, she's
saved !*

The hardy seaman pants the storm to brave,
For beck'ning Fortune woos him from the wave ;

The soldier battles 'neath his smoky shroud,
For Glory's bow is painted on the cloud ;
The Fireman also dares each shape of death—
But not for fortune's gold nor glory's wreath.
No selfish throbs within their breasts are known ;
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on.
They ask no meed, no fame ; and only seek
To shield the suffering and protect the weak !
For this the howling midnight storm they woo ;
For this the raging flames rush fearless through ;
Mount the frail rafter—thrid the smoky hall—
Or toil, unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall.
Nobler than they who, with fraternal blood,
Dye the dread field or tinge the shuddering flood—
O'er their firm ranks no crimson banners wave ;
They dare—they suffer—not to slay—but *save* !
At such a sight, Hope smiles more heavenly bright ;
Pale, pensive Pity trembles with delight ;
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above,
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love !

And should the Fireman, generous, true, and brave,
Fall as he toils, the weak to shield and save ;
Shall no kind friend, no minist'ring hand be found
To pour the balm of comfort in his wound ?
Or should he perish, shall his orphans say,
“ He died for them—but what for us do they ? ”
Say, is it thus we should his toils requite ?
Forbid it, Justice, Gratitude, and Right !
Forbid it, ye who dread what he endures ;
Forbid it, ye whose slumbers he secures ;
Forbid it, ye whose hoards he toils to save ;
Forbid it, *all*, ye generous, just and brave !

And, above all, be you his friends, ye fair ;
For you were ever his especial care ;
Give to his cause your smiles, your gentle aid—
The Fireman's wounds are healed—the orphan's tears are
 stayed !

MEMORY.

“Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go, spring the mine of retrospective thought!”

ROGERS.

MEMORY! Her quick and kindling glance is cast
Over the dim and silent realm of death;
She wakes and warms, with her ethereal breath,
The pulseless bosom of the shrouded past;
She roams through childhood's far and fairy clime,
Its withered buds reviving 'neath her tread;
She ranges, with light bark and sail aspread,
The tideless ocean of departed Time.
She guards the grave of joys which smile no more,
Moistening the flowers which droop regretful there;
She strikes the lyre o'er friendships fleet as fair,
And watches, weeping, Love's heart-hoarded store.
All that earth has or hopes lives but for thee:
This heart, then, Memory, shall thine altar be!

SIN NO MORE.

“Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee.”

ART thou young, yet hast not given
Dewy bud and bloom to Heaven?

Tarryest till life's morn be o'er?
Pause, or ere the bolt be driven!

Sin no more!

Art thou aged? Seek'st thou power?
Rank or gold—of dust the dower?

Fame to wreathe thy wrinkles hoar?
Dotard! death hangs o'er thy hour!

Sin no more!

Art thou blest? False joys caress thee;
And the world's embraces press thee

To its hot heart's cankered core:
Waken! Heaven alone can bless thee.

Sin no more!

Art thou wretched? Hath each morrow
Sown its sin to reap its sorrow?

Turn to Heaven—repent—adore :
Hope new light from Faith can borrow ;
Sin no more !

May a meek and rapt devotion
Fill thy heart, as waves the ocean,
Glassing Heaven from shore to shore !
Then wilt thou—calmed each emotion—
Sin no more.

NAPOLEON'S DEATH.

“The fifth of May came amid wind and rain, Napoleon’s spirit was engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words “*Tête d’armée*” were the last which escaped his lips.”—SCOTT’S LIFE.

WIDE war the waves against Helena’s rock,
 Till mountain and valley reverb with the shock;
 The earth trembles deep to her innermost cave,
 As the crash of the cloud thunders fierce o’er the wave;
 For dread is the conflict which elements wage,
 Opponent omnipotents wrestling in rage!
 But well now may earth to the elements bow,
 For him who has conquered it death conquers now!
 The mighty, who made death his vassal, his slave,
 Who catered for carnage, who glutted the grave;
 Whose will was a nature, whose anger was doom,
 Now battles with fate o’er the brink of the tomb.
 On his rock in the ocean—dragged thither to die,
 By the coward dishonour that shrank from his eye—
 He sleeps: and the pale, faithful few hold their breath;
 O’er his orb-like brow gathers the chill dew of death;
 And those pulses whose throbbings shook Europe’s broad
 breast,
 Now sink, with a last, feeble flutter, to rest!

But where is his spirit? At home, in the war!
 It is floating in glory and conquering afar:
 It marshals his warriors, it soars o'er the fray,
 And his foes, like the fears of a dream, melt away.
 It throws over nations the hue of his mind;
 It widens—it widens—it dyes all mankind:
 His baffled compeers into darkness are hurled—
 Napoleon was born to be lord of the world!
 Like the current of noble Niagara's wave,
 More strong grew the tide of his mind near the grave;
 Still borne on the blast of some fancied affray,
 “*Tête d'armée!*” he cried, and his soul sprung away!

LINES FOR MUSIC.

OFT have I listened to that strain,
In hushed and holy joy ;
Till bliss dilated into pain,
And rapture heaved a sigh.
And oft, when her I gazed upon,
I checked the breath I drew,
And thrilled to think me blessed in one
So tender and so true.

But where is now that melting voice,
That face so fondly fair ?
Mid leafless hopes and lifeless joys,
My sad heart echoes—where !
For others now she breathes that song,
Those beauties lights with smiles ;
And I may mourn, in ruth and wrong,
Her weakness or her wiles.

THE RIGHT.

THE Right, God-girdled, star-gemmed, *is* the Right,
Ever and allwhere. When it lifts its eye,
Tearful and fearful, to the pitying sky,
All heaven and earth its champion and its might!
Man was not born to be the lord of man,
Nor man to be his slave. It cannot be
But that each freeman worthy to be free,
Will own this truth—a truth since time began.
For the down-stricken weep! For in your tear
There is no treason. Codes may stay the arm:
So be it! Hearts are chainless: quick and warm,
They curse the fetter and they laugh at fear.
Earth is the home of grief and of the grave:
Enough of woe! Why should it know a slave?

ALONE.

To *our own star*, I cast my aching eye,
 Muse o'er the happy past, and musing sigh.
 How oft beneath that orb, whose pensive ray
 Now lights my sad and solitary way,
 Have we—while heart met heart, eye answered eye,
 And love denied all language save a sigh,—
 Far-off, alone, (for what to thee and me,
 Was all the heartless world, its guile and glee?)
 Together strayed, and, 'neath that planet, wove
 The pure, bright, blissful spirit-spell of love!
 Now, mid a sleeping world, I lonely stray,
 My eyes bent pensive on that placid ray;
 And sigh—while echo mocks my saddened tone—
 'Tis fled—alas, I am alone, alone!
 And yet as calm, as lovely in its light,
 That star still glitters from the brow of night,
 As when—ah, quickly sped that time!—it shone
 Upon a heaven more happy than its own!

Where, now, art thou? Down where the light winds
 urge,—

As cares still vex the soul,—the ceaseless surge?
 Does Memory also lift thy tearful eye,
 To where our Hesper trembles in yon sky?

Yes,—while the star-lit waters murmur near,
And the far festal steals upon thine ear,
Thou lingerest fondly by the lonely sea,
To drop one unseen tear, and think of me.
Alas, that love so fond and faith so true,
A nature purer than the dawn-lit dew,
A spirit gentler than the Æolian tone,
Should weep for woes—not other than her own !

For me, no change, no cheer can soothe to rest
The wild impatient pangs that rend my breast.
I mingle with the world ; its empty noise,
Its lingering miseries and its light-winged joys ;—
In vain ! The folly-freighted stream rolls by,
Without a charm to catch my careless eye.
Stupid and lost, amid the maze I tread,
To hope indifferent, and to pleasure dead.
I only know that thou, my love, art gone ;
I only feel I am alone, alone !

THE REVILER REBUKED.

ENGLAND ! the proud and bright, the sea-girt Rome ;
 Of every virtue, every vice the home ;
 Fierce and insatiate as her subject sea ;
 The mocked world's foe ; and yet great, brave, and free !
 As drum to drum, o'er lorded earth and sea,
 Sends round the girdled world her *reveille*,
 So shriek to answering shriek still dogs its way,
 Proclaiming England's crimes with England's sway.
 Thou busiest merchant in the inhuman trade,
 Who coined up blood, and gold from crushed hearts made ;
 Whose motto, " Freedom and the Trade in slaves !"
 Rang through thy streets and echoed o'er thy waves ;
 Who, in dark treaties, still secured the right
 Which o'er the western world has cast a blight ;
 And brought your freights of flesh, 'neath whip and chain,
 To mark *our* young brow with the curse of Cain !
 Thou canst reproach us—thou ! with pious tone,
 Canst taunt us with the wrongs which thou hast done—
 Hast done, and would do, though thy victims' cry
 Should rouse the bolts that slumber in the sky !
 No conscious pang the wrong thy bosom lent
 Till the trade ceased to yield thee cent. per cent. ;
 Nor ceased thy bonds to press the faint slave's veins,
 Until his freedom added to thy gains.

Thou darest revile us ! who, where India's sun
Shines—but not smiles—above a realm undone,
Hast, wolf-like, lapped up blood ; hast mocked at trust ;
And built an empire on an empire's dust !
Go ! look through history's crimes, and thou wilt see,
That Rome, the Robber-den, was meek to thee.
Millions untold have fed thy lust and wrath,
And their wan shades now shriek along thy path.
And thou revilest us !—Hark ! another shriek
Rings o'er the earth and pales creation's cheek.
'Tis China ! Calmest, meekest child of Time ;
An hundred centuries have watched her prime,
And, wondering, owned that earth at least could boast
One spot where lust of rule its power had lost.
Strong, yet unthreatening ; strange to wrong or fear ;
A land that never cost the world a tear !
She has harmed none : and where's the ruthless band
Would carry war and woe to such a land ?
Where, but beneath the red cross that has waved
Its crimson folds o'er isles and realms enslaved ?
Where but with those, who prate of mercy—still
Even while they prate, in cold blood chain and kill ?
The paltry pretext ? China dared deny
The right to poison—would not eat and die.
Woe, then, to China ! Let the red cross wave
Above the realm, a desert and a grave !
Let war and famine spread their baleful night ;
And England, o'er the ruins, preach of right !
Thou whited wall ! Thou gory robber ! Thou
Of mercy talkest, with murder on thy brow ;
And utterest words of peace (thou pure and good !)
While thy lips bubble with thy brother's blood !

THE WIFE OF THE INEBRIATE.

A LOVELY thing is the light that joy
 O'er the young and gentle throws,
 When the budding heart love fluttereth,
 As the humming-bird shakes the rose :
 But the grace of grief, o'er beauty thrown,
 Is a lovelier thing, I ween ;
 It is the pale moon's holy light,
 When it silvereth a summery scene.

I am thinking of her I saw last night,
 Of her dark and pensive eye,
 Which melted into angel thoughts,
 And shone like a star-lit sky ;
 Her voice—'twas the voice that we hear in dreams,
 Or the rivulet tones of May :—
 Eye, voice, and all are with me now,
 And never can pass away !

He—once her young heart's joy—drew near,
 And he sat him by her side :
 What was it wrung her gentle brow ?
 What flushed her timid pride ?

His soul is sealed to the poison-fiend ;
His breath is a breath of flame ;
And gibbering heavily there he sat
And rocked in his idiot shame.

And this, all this, where the world looked on,
Amid a stranger throng !
I felt it would be a joy to die
For that gentle being's wrong !
With her quivering lip and her swimming eye,
And her mute and crushed despair,
She looked as grief in heaven would look,
If grief e'er entered there.

How beautiful, thus sorrow-crowned,
That faultless face and form !
As fair, as pale as the sun-lit cloud
When tortured by the storm.
Earth, sky, and sea are beautiful,
But earth, nor sky, nor sea,
Hath aught so sadly, sweetly bright,
Deserted one ! as thee !

And thou, the lost ! who hast thrown away
A gem earth could not buy—
Proud joys are thine—and cheaply bought !
But go ! drink deep, and die !
Ay, churl, to thy dizzy revel go,
And raise the bacchant roar ;
Drink, drink and die, that thy loathly form
May blot God's earth no more !

Woman ! what gloom on thy sinless path
Man's selfish vices fling !
His ever the maniac joys of guilt ;
But thine, alas, the sting !
How many a gentle heart thus crushed ;
How many a form laid low !
O, the seraphs pause in their hymns of bliss,
To weep o'er woman's woe !

POLAND.

I SAW her—her hand on her sword,
 And Hope kindled wild in her eye,
 As she vowed, by her wrongs, by the faith she adored,
 No longer to bow to the Muscovite lord,
 But spurn her oppressors, or die !

Time passed : I beheld her again ;
 Where now was the glory of yore ?
 She had fought—she had conquered, but conquered in
 vain ;
 For foes came in nations—like waves of the main—
 And Poland was Poland no more !

She fell—but on Liberty's grave !
 She died—as she swore she would die ;
 She sank, as beseemeth the free and the brave,
 Where the mad cannons roar and the bright banners wave,
 And the war-cry rings cheerly and high.

Now weep for the brave and the fair !
 Oppression's again on its throne ;
 And the silence and peace which it promised are there—
 The silence of death and the peace of despair :
 They have conquered her ashes alone !

THE SENSUALIST'S WARNING.

HE roamed by the hillside, he strayed o'er the lea;
 And he thought of his sins, for a losel was he;
 He roamed by the hillside, he strayed o'er the lea,
 And he met by the streamlet a bonnye ladye.

Her lip it was laughing, her eye it was light,
 And her rose-circled forehead was comelie and bright:
 And, "Come thou with me!" sang the light, liling maid—
 "The wine-cup it glistens, the banquet is laid."

"O come thou with me, love, and share in my glee;
 To my fairy-spread bower bed, come thou with me!"
 And she smiled on him gaily, and quickly quoth he—
 "The foul fiend is in't, an' I go not with thee."

And he stood in her bower; how wild rang the grove
 With dancing and melody, laughter and love!
 And he joyed with the joyous, and laughed with the light,
 And danced with that ladye the merry long night.

Then his light o' love, filling a gay goblet up,
 Bade him pledge her to love in the red mantling cup;

The bowl's at his lip now, and now on the ground ;
And now in his frenzied embrace she is bound !

'Tis over—'tis over ! Ah, hark to that sound
As if Heaven's vast concave had fallen around !
He starts—'tis in vain, for the spirit spell bound him,
And the arms of that false one are still writhed around
him !

He gazed on her—Heavens ! how cold was that form !
And the face—'twas alive with the ghastly grave-worm !
Her eyes they were lustreless ; still was the breath :—
He laid on the reptile-ploughed bosom of death !

He shrieked and he struggled, but struggled in vain ;
And his shrieks, by strange voices, were echoed again :
For demons danced round him, and dead men a crowd,
And mocked him with laughter all fiend-like and loud.

“God of Heaven, assoil me !” in terror he said,—
It vanished !—and all was as still as the dead.
He raised him all faint from the dew-dampened ground :
The pure stars hung o'er him, and silence around.

THE BEAM ON THE WATERS.

It was eve, and her planet shone down in the dell,
 As I stood by the rock where the mountain stream fell,
 And watched the pale beam on the wave where it smiled,
 So tremblingly true and so meltingly mild :
 And I said, like that billow, thus bright from above,
 Is the heart that is lighted by woman's true love ;
 Though rocks and though ruin his pathway may fill,
 She shares in his sorrows and smiles on him still !

But a wave, 'mid the rocks, in the rage of the stream,
 From its turbulent breast spurned the tremulous beam ;
 Yet when the spent billow sank sobbing to rest,
 That fond beam returned to its still heaving breast.
 When terrors assail us, or wild passions move,
 O thus, ever thus, 'tis with woman's true love ;
 She is wronged—she is spurned—yet she loves not the
 less,
 But weeps while she watches to brighten and bless !

A SKETCH.

SHE knelt by her lover's gory bed,
 For his life was fast receding ;
 On her panting breast she pillowed his head,
 And essayed to staunch its bleeding.

"Oh, look on me, love !" But he heeded not ;
 "Oh, tell me thou art not dying !"
 He heard but the far-off battle shot—
 He saw but the foeman flying.

"Rise—fly with me, Albert !" But vainly she wept,
 And twined her white arms around him ;
 For far on the war-blast his fierce spirit swept,
 And the battle spell still bound him.

He raised from her breast—"On, comrades, on!"
 The hot blood gushed as he started :
 "Oh, calm thee, my Albert, the battle is done!"
 "On! on!"—and his spirit departed.

One wild look of terror the maiden cast
 On the form of her lifeless lover,

One look—'twas the saddest, the loveliest, last !
One throb—and the struggle was over !

Her head on the breast of her hero sank low ;
No sobs her suffering betoken ;
And the dew gathered thick on her pale, cold brow—
Cold—cold—for her heart was broken !

THE INCONSTANT'S TRIUMPH.

A BLOW—a death ! And there his victim—there
 The stony eye glared up on his despair.
 They were alone ? No ; One looked on the strife,
 That One, whose voice hath spoken, “ Life for life ! ”
 Both lost ! A short month fled, the stripling took
 From his pure home, the last kiss, the last look ;
 And bade his mother, in his young love’s pride,
 Prepare, with equal love, to greet his bride :
 Then turned again—his glad heart gushing o’er—
 For one last kiss, and one last blessing more.
 Weeks fly : why come not Milton and his bride ?
 The sire essays his swelling fears to hide ;
 The mother looks forth from her greenwood home :
 “ Why comes not Milton ? When will Milton come ? ”
 Yet her fond heart dares not confess its fear,
 And quick she turns to wipe the trembling tear ;
 Then kneels and prays, as only mothers pray,
 For her heart’s darling won from her away.
 Why comes he not ? Ask not, pale mother ! He
 Is lost to love, to hope, and even to thee !
 His worshipped one, whom ’twas a joy to give
 Each hope, each heart-throb he could feel and live,

Is false ! The fate fell on him, as the flash
That scathes and bares the branchy mountain ash.
A desolation now ;—a young leaf cast—
Torn from life's tree—upon the eddying blast !
What to his brain—how dizzy now and dim !
Or to his ashy heart, was home to him ?
Away—away ! Lashed onward by despair,
Whither he knew not, whither did not care :
One hour, borne madly on the tempest's swell ;
The next, a murderer in a dungeon cell !
Vainly, when zephyrs stir the rustling bough,
His gray-haired sire will pause—"He cometh now !"
Vainly his mother, in her anguish, cry,
"Restore my son, oh God, and let me die !"
In all his beauty, gentleness, and joy,
Thus sinks, in crime and shame, their cherished boy.
Pity not him, nor them ! but her whose smile,
Armed by each cheating charm and winning wile,
First fired his heart and fixed a madness there ;
Then laughed—and left it to its own despair !
Oh, if in heaven some special bolt there be,
It is, it must be, for a wretch like thee.
That melting voice shall mock the mandrake's groan ;
Those tears shall freeze, like drops in caves, to stone ;
Those smiles affright, like gleamings o'er a grave ;
And, in thy misery, who shall soothe or save ?
Hating and hated, thou shalt live, and lone ;
And all men freelier breathe when thou art gone !

SONG.

THE night-breeze sways softly my dew-matted hair,
And the stars with the bright billows lazily play;
No sound, save the streamlet, vibrates in the air,
Yet vainly my lone couch would woo me away.
That couch now is sad; slumber courts it in vain;
Too wild is this leal bosom's love-lighted strife;
And memory still waters, with tear-drops, its chain,
And asks for the smile and the kiss of my wife.

My first and my only love, years have flown by,
Long years of a passion how blissful, how blest!
Yet love beams as fond, as at first, from my sky,
To swell, sway, and brighten, the tides of my breast.
Though hope may desert me, and youth may grow gray,
And time steal away all that now lightens life,
No fate can impair, and no age can decay
The joys of the smile and the kiss of my wife.

THE RECONCILIATION.

NAY, love, let me soothe these emotions to rest;
 Woe worth this bright tear in your eye!
 May this kiss quell the terrors that throb in your breast,
 And quiet that tremulous sigh.

You know that I love you. Glad years have gone by
 Since I first sealed that love on your brow;
 Yet believe me, my mourner, and quiet that sigh,
 I love you more fervently now.

What though I be wayward and wilful at times?
 You know that the warmest of skies,
 That fondly bends over the loveliest climes,
 Is the wildest when tempests will rise.

I am true to you ever. My feelings still flow
 Like a full river's waves to the sea;
 Though the rude wind may ruffle its surface, below
 Its tides set for ever to thee.

You smile; and love's stars beam again from our sky,
 The gloom of a moment to light:
 Yet but for that sorrow, unknown were this joy;
 As those stars were unseen, but for night.

THE WAITING WIFE.

Dost linger yet? My aching eye
 Rests vainly on thy darkened way;
 The stars are gathering in the sky:
 How canst thou stay!

The bat is fluttering by my head;
 The chill dew beads my aching brow;
 And all is lone, and dim, and dread:
 O, where art thou?

Haste to thy home! A half-formed fear
 Whispers of ill; but thou wilt come!
 Joy is not joy, and thou not here:
 O, haste thee home!

Come love! I've spread thy plain repast;
 Thy ready chair I've fondly set;
 But thou—though twilight fadeth fast—
 Art absent yet.

Joy! through the shade, his form I see
 Glide from the thicket. No—'tis gone:
 Be hushed my heart! It is not he.
 Still, still alone!

SONNET TO DR. E. B. G.

THE tottering year hath fall'n—thus falls the tower
Upon the toys and tombs it covered: So
Falls not a rock-based friendship! Now the glow
Of a new year flashes its orient shower
Along the vista, with Hope's flowers bestrown;
The shrewish months will wither them: But ne'er
Make the bright evergreen of friendship sere—
Time, nature, destiny, are friendship's own!
The manly sympathy, lit up by worth,
Gives forth not Etna's glare to flash afar
And die; its radiance is the Northern Star—
The same for ever, and o'er all the earth.
Such friendship words no praise, and twines no wreath;
But lives with life, and dies not e'en with death.

NOTES.

NOTE TO AYLMEERE.

MR. MALONE has satisfactorily demonstrated that the caricature of the leader in the English insurrection of 1450, introduced in Shakspeare's second part of Henry VI., was borrowed from an old play, which, but for his touch of fire, would long since have sunk into oblivion. But it is the attribute of transcendent genius to impart immortality even to the grossest absurdity; and the idea of *Jack Cade* is now associated, in the popular mind, with all that is vulgar, brutal and barbarous. So general, indeed, is this impression, that the attempt, even in fiction, to render such a character an object of interest, is regarded as a poetical license so presumptuous as to demand apology. The author does not regret a necessity that enables him to correct an historical wrong, which, originating in the subserviency of contemporaneous chroniclers, has, either from a culpable carelessness, or from a characteristic disposition to derogate from every popular movement for the assertion of the equal rights of man, been repeated and sanctioned by more modern historians.

The insurrection of 1381, the first general rising of the English commons, seems to date the dawn of popular liberty in that country. The period was pregnant with important revolutions. "The internal or constitutional history of the European nations," says Mackintosh, "threatened, in almost every continental country, the fatal establishment of absolute monarchy. . . . Parliaments and diets, states-general and cortes, were gradually disappearing from view, or reduced from august assemblies to insignificant formalities; and Europe seemed on the eve of exhibiting to the disgusted eye nothing but the dead uniformity of imbecile despotism, dissolute courts, and cruelly oppressed nations." Yet, even under these adverse auspices, the mind of man

was winning momentous triumphs; and popular power was silently extended with popular knowledge. The discovery of the mariner's compass led the way to new worlds, and imparted energy and activity to intellect and enterprise; and the invention of the art of printing opened the cloistered knowledge of the age to the masses. Chaucer had already lashed, with the scourge of satire, the abuses of the Church; and under the bold attacks of Wickliffe, errors, long tolerated without question, became the subject of doubt and discussion. The revolt of the serfs, *La Jacquerie*, in France, the triumph of the burghers in the Netherlands, and the freedom of the peasants of the Alps, indicated that the popular mind was awakening from its long torpor; and that the movement had been commenced, which, after various delays, resulted in the abolition of villenage throughout the larger part of Europe. Nowhere was the manifestation of this spirit more remarkable for the wrongs which aroused, and the moderation which restrained it, than in England. It is an error to trace to the charters which the barons extorted from their monarchs, the liberties of England: the triumphs of the nobles were theirs alone, and enured almost exclusively to their own advantage. The mass of the people were villeins or serfs, and they were left, by those boasted charters, in their chains. The condition of the bondmen differed in degrees of degradation and cruelty (for the mere slaves—*servi*—were known by the names of *theow*, *esne*, and *thrall*, and distinguished from the villeins), but, even where most favourable, it was a dark and inhuman oppression. The villeins were incapable of property, destitute of legal redress, and bound to services ignoble in their nature and indeterminate in their degree; they were sold separately from the land, could not marry without consent, and were, in nowise, elevated above the beasts of burthen with which they drudged in their unrequited and hopeless labour. At length, their sufferings drove them into resistance; and that resistance, provoked and sanctified by unmeasured wrongs, has been, by almost every successive historian, made the subject of misrepresentation and obloquy. The old chroniclers, without exception, vie with each other in their zeal to blacken the champions of the people; and, as those patriots fell, without an arm to shield or a voice to vindicate them, their calumniators have hitherto triumphed. Yet, from materials thus corrupt and malignant, will we undertake to glean evidence, accidentally or unavoidably admitted, sufficient to justify their cause and vindicate their memory.

The insurrection generally known as Wat Tyler's, is ascribed by

Hollinshed to "the lewd demenor of some vndiscreete officers." The following extract from that author will afford an insight not only into the causes of the rebellion, but the spirit of hatred and detraction with which it is recorded. "The commons of the realme sore repining, not onely for the pole grotes that were demanded of them, by reason of the grant made in parlement (as yee have heard) but also (as some write) for that they were sore oppressed (as they tooke the matter) by their land lords, that demanded of them their ancient customes and services, set on by some diuelish instinct and persuasion of their owne beastlie intentions, as men not content with the state wherevnto they were called, rose in diuerse parts of this realme, and assembled together in companies, purposing to inforce the prince to make them free and to release them of all seruitude, whereby they stood as bondmen to their lords and superiours."

Among the first and most fearless of the advocates of the abolition of villenage, was a mendicant friar, whose name is given as John Ball. The inferior clergy promoted manumission; but the commons were opposed to the more elevated dignitaries of the church, except, as was stated by one of their leaders, "onelic friars mendicants that might suffice for the ministration of the sacraments." How far the clergy of the court deserved this condemnation may be judged by the following description of them from Hollinshed. "Moreover such were preferred to bishop-likes, and other ecclesiasticall liuings, as neither could teach nor preach, nor knew anything of the scripture of God, but onelic to call for their tithes and duties: so that they were most unworthy the name of bishops, being lewd and most vaine persons disguised in bishops apparell. Furthermore, there reigned abundantlie the filthie sinne of leacherie and fornication, with abhominable adulterie, specielle in the king, but most cheeflie in the prelacie, whereby the whole realme by such their euill example, was so infected that the wrath of God was dailie provoked to vengeance for the sins of the prince and his people." John Ball presents, in strong contrast to this revolting picture, a character of singular simplicity, purity and devotedness. He is called by Froissart, "a foolish priest of Kent," and the doctrines he so boldly and perseveringly taught, and sealed at last with his blood, were then considered as iniquitous, as they were novel and startling. The most satisfactory account of him and of his dangerous mission is found in Hollinshed. "This man had been a preacher the space of twentie years, and bicause his doctrine was not according to the religion then by the bishops mainteined, he was first prohibited to preach in anie

church or chappell; and when he ceased not for all that, but set forth his doctrine in the streets and fields where he might haue an audience, at length he was committed to prison, out of which he prophecied he should be deliuered with the force of twentie thousand men, and even so it came to passe in time of the rebellion of the commons. When all the prisons were broken vp, and the prisoners set at libertie, he being therefore so deliuered, followed them, and at Blackheath when the greatest multitude was got together (as some write) he made a sermon, taking this saieng or common prouerbe for his theame, whereupon to intreat:

‘ When Adam delued and Eve span;
Who was then a gentleman?’

and so continuing his sermon, went about to proue by the words of that prouerbe, that from the beginning, all men by nature were created alike, and that bondage or seruitude came in by iniust oppression of naughtie men. For if God would haue had anie bondmen from the beginning, he would haue appointed who should be bond and who free. And therefore he exhorted them to consider, that now the time was come appointed to them by God, in which they might (if they would) cast off the yoke of bondage and recouer libertie. He counselled them therefore to remember themselues, and to take good hearts unto them, &c., &c. Manie other things are reported by writers of this John Ball, as the letter, which vnder a kinde of darke riddle he wrote to the capitaine of the Essex rebels, the copie whereof was found in one of their purses that was executed at London.

“ The tenour of the said seditious preests letter.

“ Iohn Scheepe S. Marie, preest of York and now of Colchester, greeteth well Iohn Nameless, and Iohn the Miller, and Iohn Carter, and biddeth them that they beware of guile in Bourrough and stand together in God’s name, and biddeth Piers ploughman go to his worke, and chastise well Hob the robber, and Iohn Trewman and all his fellows, and no mo. Iohn the Miller Y ground small, small, small, the King’s sonne of heaven shall paie for all. Be ware or ye be wo, know your friend from your foe, haue enough and saie ho, and doo well and better, flee sin and séeke peace, and hold you therein, and so biddeth Iohn Trewman and all his fellowes.”

The doctrines of John Ball, urged with the enthusiasm of conscious right, and enforced by the sanction of religion, could not fail, in com-

bination with the cruelty of the barons, the exactions of the court, the reckless depravity of the nobility, and the misery and degradation of the people, to excite deep and dangerous discontents. The overcharged feelings of the people were at length, by an outrage calculated in the highest degree to excite the passions of the multitude, let loose, and swept the land like a torrent. One of the insolent and rapacious officers for the collection of an oppressive poll-tax entered, during the absence of its proprietor, the cottage of a tiler—a man who seems to have been worthily esteemed by the populace. This tax was leviable upon females only when over fifteen years of age; and the licentious officer, alleging that the beautiful daughter of the tiler was beyond that age, “therewith,” (we quote again from Hollinshed,) “began to misuse the maid, and search further than honestie would have permitted. The mother straightwaie made an outcrie, so that hir husband being in the towne at worke, and hearing of this adoo at his house, came running home with his lathing staffe in his hand, and began to question with the officer, asking him who made him so bold to keepe such a rule in his house: the officer being somewhat presumptuous, and high-minded, would forthwith have flowne upon the Tiler: but the Tiler, avoiding the officer’s blow, raught him such a rap on the pate, that his braines flue out, and so presentlie he died. Great noise rose about this matter in the streets, and the poor folks being glad, everie man arraied himself to support John Tiler, and thus the commons drew together and went to Maidestone, and from thence to Blackheath, where their numbers so increased, that they were reckoned to be thirtie thousand. And the said John Tiler tooke vpon him to be their cheefe capitaine, naming himself Jack Straw,” &c.

It would be difficult to imagine holier motives to justify resistance to oppression than those unwittingly and unwillingly disclosed by the chroniclers, who represent the commons as the guiltiest malefactors. Their wrongs and sufferings were as dark and deadly as any which ever crushed a people. They had no hope of redress from courts or codes; their only reliance was in their own union and hardihood; and the invocation to resistance proclaimed in the outrage upon the helplessness of the tiler’s daughter, was as sacred and moving as that by which Brutus or Virginius aroused Rome. Nor does the purity and elevation of the cause suffer reproach from the conduct of its champions. Wat Tyler soon found himself at the head of one hundred thousand men, “the villeins and poor men” of Kent, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and other eastern counties. Illiterate, unused to freedom, infuriated

by wrongs and desperate from misery, it might be supposed that so vast and disorganized a multitude would have rushed into boundless excesses. So far from it, it seems that, from the first, they not only disclaimed treasonable designs, but administered to all an oath that "they should be faithful to King Richard and the commons." They soon obtained possession of London, and the Chancellor and the Primate suffered the death they merited, "as evil counsellors of the crown and cruel oppressors of the people." The approbation and confidence of the citizens afford evidence that neither their designs nor conduct inspired mistrust. The Mayor durst not, says Hollinshed, shut the gates against them, "for fear of the commons of the citie, who seemed to favour the cause of the rebels so apparentlie, that they threatened to kill the Lord Maior, and all other that would take vpon them to shut the gates against the commons. The Londoners liked better of the commons for that they protested that the cause of their assembling together, was not but to seeke out the traitors of the realm, and when they had found them forth, and punished them according to what they had deserved, they ment to be quiet. And to give more credit to their saiengs, they suffered none of their companie to rob or spoile, but caused them to paie for that they tooke." That a certain amount of disorder and riot attended the presence of such a multitude cannot be doubted, and it could not have been otherwise. We learn that they destroyed the Savoy, the palace of the obnoxious Duke of Lancaster; and the angry chronicler informs us that "the shamefull spoile which they made was wonderful, and yet the zeal of iustice, truth, and upright dealing which they would seeme to shew was as nice and strange on the other part in such kind of misgouerned people. One of them hauing thrust a faire silver piece into his bosome, meaning to conueie it awaie, was espied of his fellowes, who tooke him, and cast both him and the piece into the fire; saieng they might not suffer anie such thing, sith they professed themselves to be zealous of truth and iustice, and not thieves and robbers."

The conduct of this vast multitude, provoked by a thousand wrongs, and with the power to secure an ample vengeance, and glut to the uttermost their rapacity on the spoil of their unsparing oppressors, presents a singular contrast with the dishonourable perfidy and sanguinary cruelty exhibited by their lords. Mackintosh, the only historian who does them even stinted justice, says: "At this moment of victory, the demands of the serfs were moderate, and, except in one instance, just. They required the abolition of bondage, the liberty of

buying and selling in fairs and markets, a general pardon, and the reduction of the rent of land to an equal rate. The last of these conditions was indeed unjust and absurd; but the first of them, though incapable of being carried into immediate execution without probably producing much misery to themselves, was yet of such indisputable justice on general grounds, as to make it most excusable in the sufferers to accept nothing less from their oppressors." But this usually accurate historian fails to inform us that the court, after a mature consideration of the demands of the commons, regularly and formally conceded all that was required. Doubts being entertained, as the result proved not without reason, of the sincerity of the king and court, charters were demanded and granted, securing the abolition of bondage, the redress of grievances, and a full pardon to all engaged in the insurrection. The annals of royalty, clouded as they are with every crime of which human nature is capable, present few instances of such deliberate and atrocious perfidy, of craft so cowardly and base, consummated by cruelty so guilty and unsparing. The following is a copy of the charter literally transcribed from Hollinshed, who informs us that: "the like there was granted to them of other countries, as well as these of Hertfordshire in y^e same forme, the names of the counties being changed."

The forme of the king's Charter of Manumission.

RICHARDUS Dei gratia rex Angliæ & Franciæ & dominus Hiberniæ: omnibus balliuis & fidelibus suis, ad quos præsentēs litteræ peruenerint, salutem. Sciatis quod de gratia nostra speciali manumisimus vniuersos ligeos & singulos subditos nostros et alios comitatus Hertfordiæ, & ipsos & eorum quemlibet ab omni bondagio exuimus, & quietos facimus per præsentēs, ac etiam perdonamus eisdem ligeis ac subditis nostris omnimodas felonias, proditones, transgressionēs, & extortiones, per ipsos vel aliquem eorum qualitercunque factas siue perpetratas, ac etiam vtlagariam & vtlagarias si qua vel quæ in ipsos, vel aliquem ipsorum fuerit vel fuerint hijs occasionibus promulgata vel promulgatæ, & summam pacem nostram eis & eorum cuilibet inde concedimus. In cuius rei testimonium, has litteras nostras fieri fecimus patentes. Teste meipso apud London 15 die Junij. Anno regni nostri quarto.

"The commons having received this charter departed home." The Essex men first left London, and those from other counties shortly followed. The leader of the Kentishmen, the unfortunate Wat Tyler,

distrusted the fair dealing of the court, and in an interview with the king at Smithfield, met a melancholy realization of his fears. Mackintosh, in relating the facts, remarks: "it must not be forgotten that the partizans of Tyler had no historians." But a careful review of the servile chroniclers of the court will satisfy the reader that Tyler was, in the presence of the king, and under his guaranty of safety, basely and without adequate, if any, provocation, assassinated.

This murder was but the first of thousands. The finale may be readily imagined. The solemn and sacred pardon of the king was disregarded; the charter, with its sanction of covenants and oaths, was revoked. After the dispersion of the commons, the men of Essex, says Hollinshed, "sent to the king to know of him if his pleasure was, that they should inioy their promised liberties." The king, "in a great chafe," answered that "bondmen they were and bondmen they should be, and that in more vile manner than before." An army was sent against them, and all who did not escape into the woods were slain. Mackintosh admits that "the revolt was extinguished with the cruelty and bloodshed by which the masters of slaves seem generally anxious to prove that they are not of a race superior in any noble quality to the meanest of their bondmen. More than fifteen hundred perished by the hands of the hangman." But Henry Kniston states that: "Then the king, of his accustomed clemencie, being pricked with pitie, would not that the wretches should die, but spared them, being a rash and foolish multitude, and commanded them everie man to get him home to his owne house; howbeit manie of them at the king's going awaie suffered the danger of death. In this miserable taking were reckoned to the number of *twentie thousand*."

An impartial scrutiny of the evidence afforded by those who chronicled these events, overloaded as their statements are with unsustained accusations and bitter abuse, satisfactorily establishes, that the origin and objects of the rising were just and rightful; that it was conducted with courage, with wisdom, and, in the main, with moderation; that its leaders were intelligent, temperate, and patriotic; and that, had not their triumph been baffled by a courtly breach of faith, their reforms would have anticipated, by centuries, the establishment of the liberties of England. On the other hand, their tyrants, uniting the principles of Machiavel with the perfidy of his pupil, Borgia, seem to have crowded into their policy every crime of which power can be guilty; and their servile scribes have carried the cruelty of their masters beyond the

tomb, and burthened the memory of the unfortunate victims with the most unmerited obloquy.

Several of the acts and actors in these scenes have been, by the author of *Aylmere*, interwoven with the insurrection which ensued in 1450. This liberty is induced and justified by the similarity of the two movements. They were provoked by the same wrongs, and were commenced in the same county; they both were contests between an imbecile monarch and his outraged subjects; in both, the commons bore themselves with the same patriotic moderation, the court with the same feebleness and falsehood;—the people triumphed by valour, to be defeated by fraud, and spared their tyrants to be sacrificed, without mercy, themselves. The actors, in each, found fortune and history, their own generation and posterity, equally unjust and cruel.

The period which had, meanwhile, elapsed, had reduced England in 1450 to nearly the same condition as under the reign of Richard II. Again the degenerate son of a heroic father occupied the throne, from which he was doomed to be borne to a prison and a grave. Henry, indeed, was irresponsible to censure, for his weakness amounted to absolute and helpless idiocy. His foreign wife, wholly under foreign and criminal influences, was universally execrated for her tyranny and licentiousness. France, so gloriously won by the fifth Harry, was lost by weakness and treachery; and “the good Duke of Gloucester” had been basely murdered at the instigation of Suffolk, a counsellor of the realm, and, as Hall calls him, “the darling of the Queen.” Villenage, with all its sufferings and debasement, continued; and the commons were ground to the dust by the exactions of the court, and the unbridled oppression of the barons. Thus, with disgrace abroad and agony at home, the contrast with the glory of the recent reign was insupportable; and the popular discontent was manifested in risings, which, after the manner of the time, took the name of *Blue Beard*. So intense was the excitement against Say and Suffolk, that the latter, notwithstanding the efforts of the Queen to screen “her darling,” met the fate which he so justly merited. Shortly after this execution, a body of the peasantry of Kent met in arms, at Blackheath, under the leader whose brief and eventful career has been made the subject of such unmeasured misrepresentation.

Even his name has, by the chroniclers, been left in doubt. “Stowe,” says Mackintosh, “alone represents this leader’s name to have really been Cade. In a contemporary record, he is called *Mr. John Aylmere*,

Physician." (Ellis's Letters, I., second series, 112.) This account seems to be fully entitled to credit: it accords with the language and deportment of the chief of the commons; and we doubt not that such were his name and profession. It was, however, usual in such commotions, to give, to prominent actors, probably for purposes of concealment and security, fictitious and popular names. Thus we have seen that Wat Tyler assumed the name of Jack Straw; and Fabyan says of William Mandeville, that "for to draw the people unto him, he called himself Jack Sharpe." All the popular leaders appear thus to have borne names for the war. But Aylmere was not only called Jack Cade: *Polychronicon* says that he was "of some named *John Mendall*." The chronicles furnish no proof that he ever acknowledged the name of Cade. In his communications with the government, he used merely the title of "Captain of the Commons." Mackintosh characterizes him as "a leader of disputed descent, who had been transmitted to posterity with the *nickname* of John Cade. On him they bestowed the honourable name of John Mortimer, with manifest allusion to the claims of the house of Mortimer to the succession; which were, however, now indisputably vested in Richard, Duke of York." It seems that the friends of the Duke of York favoured the insurrection, a fact of itself sufficient to attach dignity and importance to the movement. Hall and Hollinshed agree in this statement. "Those that fauored the Duke of Yorke, and wished the crowne upon his head, for that (as they judged) he had more right thereto than he that ware it, procured a commotion in Kent in this manner. A certeine young man of a goodlie stature and right preugnaunt of wit, *was intised* to take upon him the name of John Mortimor, coosine to the Duke of Yorke, and not for a small policie, thinking by that surname, that those which fauored the house of the Earle of Marche would be assistant to him. And so indeed it came to passe." If Aylmere permitted this title to be given him, he certainly did not use it in his addresses to the King and Parliament, nor in his letters which have been preserved. It is also certain that the name of Mortimer could not, in any event, have promoted any personal design; and that he never claimed power, rank, or reward for himself, his simple title being *The Captain*, and his sole efforts confined to the amelioration of the condition of the people. So far from seeking revolution, he most emphatically proclaimed his loyalty; and all his acts were in the name of the king. The title of Mortimer may have been given him as a demonstration of respect, for Fabyan says that "the multitude *named*

him Mortimer, and this kept the people wondrously together"—and not from a belief that he was connected with the popular line of John of Gaunt; or if the delusion actually existed, he may have forborne to correct it, from a desire to secure the sway over his people necessary to control them and repress disorder.

The leader who assumed this bold attitude of calm resistance must have been, if a physician at that period, superior to most of his opponents in the limited learning of the age. We have seen him described by the chroniclers, as "a young man of goodly stature and right pregnant of wit." His letters, his addresses to the King and Parliament, his interview with the commissioners of the court, and the general tenor of his proceedings, prove the possession of an intellect of no ordinary cultivation and force; and his military skill and success indicate experience and sagacity as a soldier. His first measure, after assuming a position on Blackheath, was to proclaim distinctly the object of "the assembly of the commons." We learn from Hall and Hollinshed, that "this capteine assembling a great companie of tall personages, assured them that the enterprize which he tooke in hand was both honorable to God and the king, and profitable to the whole realme. For if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honorablie used, and such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanors of their bad counsellours, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once anie impositions or taxes be spoken of. The Kentish people, moved at these persuasions and other faire promises of reformation, in good order of battell (but not in greate number) came with their capteine vnto Blackheath, and there kept the field more than a month." During this period, "he made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people unto the Blackheath." (Fabyan.) He maintained also a correspondence with London, and his letters of safeguard to citizens passing to and from the camp and city are formally and well drawn, and prove that even then he received supplies of money and arms from the capital. While thus organizing and disciplining his host, with a calmness and deliberation which manifest anything but the madness ascribed to him, "he devised,"—says Fabyan—"a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and shewed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king." This proceeding is thus characterized by Hollinshed: "And to the intent the cause of this glorious cap-

tain's coming thither, might be shadowed vnder a cloke of good meaning (though his intent nothing so) he sent vnto the king an humble supplication, affirming that his coming was not against his grace, but against such of his counsellors, as were louers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonaltie; flatterers of the king and enimies of his honour; suckers of his purse, and robbers of his subiects; parcial to their friends, and extreame to their enimies; through bribes corrupted, and for indifferencie dooing nothing." The Parliament was then in session; and this bill of complaint, together with the requests of the commons, was sent to that body as well as to the King. The "Complaint of the commons of Kent, and the causes of their assemblie on the Blackheathe" comprises fifteen items, set forth with great clearness and force, and manifesting as high an order of learning and ability as any state paper of the times. We extract the Bill of Complaints from Hollinshed, as affording conclusive evidence that Aylmere, instead of being the ignorant, ferocious, and vulgar ruffian generally supposed, was a patriot eminently enlightened and discreet.

"The Requests by the Capteine of the great assemblie in Kent.

"*Imprimis*, desireth the capteine of the commons, the welfare of our souereigne lord the king, and all true lords spirituall and temporall, desiring of our said souereigne lord, and of all the true lords of his counsell, he to take in all his demaines, that he maie reigne like a king roiall, according as he is borne our true and Christian king anointed: and who so will saie the contrarie, we all will liue and die in the quarrell as his true liege men.

"*Item*, desireth the said capteine, that he will avoide all the false progenie and affinitie of the Duke of Suffolke, the which been openlie knowne, and they to be punished after the custome and law of this land, and to take about his noble person the true lords of his roiall blood of this his realme, that is to saie, the high and mightie prince the Duke of York, late exiled from our said souereigne lord's presence (by the motion and stirring of the traitorous and false disposed the Duke of Suffolke and his affinitie), and the mightie princes and dukes of Exeter, Buckingham and Norffolke, and all the earles and barons of this land: and then shall he be the richest king Christian.

"*Item*, desireth the said capteine and commons punishment vnto the false traitors, the which contriued and imagined the death of the high and mightfull and excellent prince the Duke of Gloucester, the which is

too much to rehearse; the which duke was proclaimed as a traitor. Vpon the which quarrell, we purpose all to liue and die vpon that it is false.

Item, the Duke of Exeter, our holie father the cardinall, the noble prince the Duke of Warwicke, and also the realme of France, the duchie of Normandie, Gascoigne, and Guion, Aniou and Maine, were deliuered and lost by meanes of the said traitors; and our true lords, knights and esquires and manie a good yeoman lost and sold yer they went, the which is a great pitie to hear, of the great and greeuous losse to our souereigne and his realme.

Item, desireth the said capteine and commons, that all extortions vsed dailie among the common people might be laid down, that is to saie, the greene wax: the which is falslie vsed to the perpetuall destruction of the king's true commons of Kent. Also the Kings Bench, the which is too greefeful to the shire of Kent, without provision of our souereign lord and his true counsell. And also in taking of wheate and other graines, beefe, mutton and all other vittles, the which is importable to the said commons, without the breefe prouision of our said souereigne and his true counsell, they may no longer beare it. And also vnto the statute of labourers, and the great extortioners, the which is to saie the false traitors, Sleg, Cromer, Isle, and Robert Est."

These "requests" the council whom they accused, "disallowed and condemned;" and constrained the royal puppet in their keeping to march against the rebels. But so general and decided was the confidence in the rectitude of the motives and measures of the commons and their leader, that not only the mass of the people, but many of the followers of the king and court, embraced their cause. Hollinshed says that "the king removed from Westminster vnto Greenwich, from whence he would haue sent certaine lords with a power to haue distressed the Kentishmen, but the men said to their lords that they would not fight against them that laboured to amend the common weale: wherefore the lords were driuen to leaue their purpose. And bicause the Kentishmen cried out against the lord Saie the kings chamberleine, he was by the king committed to the tower of London." The same course had been pursued in relation to Suffolk; and Say, against whom the nation was deeply and justly incensed, would also have been released by the court, on the first opportunity, had not its action been anticipated by the commons.

Some days after, the king marched against the force under Aylmere;

but that leader seems to have been averse to the commencement of actual hostilities, especially against the king in person; and he retired before him, taking post at Seven-oak, when the king returned to London. The withdrawal of Aylmere is considered, by the chroniclers, who can imagine no good of the people's chief, a mere feint to entice the royal army into a more unfavourable position. The queen, "that bare rule," shortly after sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, with an army, to disperse the rebels. The captain still desired to avoid the effusion of blood; and we are told by Fabyan that, "when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near to Seven-Oak, *he was warned of the captain.*" But this generous caution and unusual moderation, doubtless ascribed to pusillanimity, did not avail; and Aylmere met the inevitable issue with the skill and courage of a tried soldier. "When," says the same author, "Sir Humphrey had counselled with the other gentleman, he, like a manfull knight, set upon the rebels, and fought them long. But in the end the captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. All which season the king's host lay still upon Blackheath, being among them sundry opinions; so that some and many favoured the captain. But finally when word came of the overthrow of the Staffords, they said plainly, boldly, that except the Lord Say and other rehearsed were committed to ward, they would take the captain's party." It was then that Say was sent to the tower. The feeling must have been strong indeed, and well founded, that induced such a demand from such a source, and that in a voice so potential and imperative as to enforce immediate acquiescence.

After this important victory, the leader of the Commons, says Mackintosh, "assumed the attire, ornaments and style of a knight; and, under the title of captain, he professed to preserve the country by enforcing the rigid observance of discipline among his followers." Having refreshed his people, he resumed his position on Blackheath, "where he strongly encamped himself, diverse idle and vagrant persons," says Hollinshed, "out of Sussex, Surrie, and other places, still increasing his number." The king and his council were now fully aroused to a sense of their danger; and they determined to have recourse to the policy of negotiation, promises and perfidy, found so effective in the previous insurrection. They accordingly sent to the leader, whose humble "requests" they had received with such disdain, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, to treat of an accommodation. The report of this interview, derived, as it is, from

writers prompt to blacken Aylmere, and reluctant to admit the slightest point in his favour, establishes, beyond doubt, the elevation of his character and deportment. Fabyan says that the royal commissioners "had with him long communication, and found him right discrete in his answers. Howbeit, they could not cause him to lay down his people, and submit him (unconditionally) to the king's grace." Hollinshead's account, after Hall, is more full and expressive. "These lords found him sober in talke, wise in reasoning, arrogant in hart, and stiffe in opinion; as who that by no means would grant to dissolue his armie, except the king in person would come to him, and assent to the things he would require." The captain, it seems, remembered the ill faith practised towards Wat Tyler, and was unwilling to place it in the power of the court to re-enact that tragedy. Subsequent events proved how just were his suspicions.

The king was alarmed by the firm attitude of Aylmere, and still more by the disaffection evident among his followers; and according to Hollinshead, "upon the presumptuous answers and requests of this villanous rebell, beginning as much to doubt his owne meniall seruants as his vnknown subjects (which spared not to speake, that the capteines cause was profitable to the commonwealth), departed in all hast to the castell of Killingworth, in Warwikeshire, leauing onlie behind him the Lord Scales to keepe the Tower of London." The captain, notwithstanding his recent victory, his great force, and the natural impatience of his host, had forborne to advance against the king; but his retreat rendered some decisive action now necessary. Nothing was to be expected from the court. Time was pressing; for delay multiplied his dangers, and increased the difficulty of holding together and restraining so vast and undisciplined a multitude. His only course was to take possession of the capital, and redress, through such legal authorities as he found in existence, or upon the warrant of the nation's expressed will, the grievances under which the realm was groaning. This step was, however, attended with great difficulty and peril, arising from his own aversion to the assumption of permanent authority, and the absence of the Duke of York, who might then have taken upon him, as he did afterwards, the supreme control of affairs; and from the character of his force and the absence of regular resources for its maintenance. To prevent the excesses so much to be apprehended, he rigidly enforced the laws; or, as Fabyan has it, "to the end to blind the more people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, he beheaded there a petty captain of his, named Parrys, for so much as he had offended

against such ordinance as he had established in his host. And hearing that the king and his lords had thus departed, drew him near unto the city, so that upon the first day of July he entered the burgh of Southwark." Anxious to proceed with the strictest regard to the peace and the privileges of the city, Aylmere, next day, caused the authorities of London to be convened. "The Mayor called the Common Council at the Guildhall, for to purvey the understanding of these rebels, and other matters, in which assembly were divers opinions, so that some thought good that the said rebels should be received into the city, and some otherwise." (Fabyan.) He was, however, admitted. This submission to authority by a rebel at the head of a victorious army, is, the age and circumstances considered, a remarkable feature of the insurrection. "The same afternoon, about five of the clock, the captain, with his people, entered by the Bridge: and when he came upon the Drawbridge, he hew the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations *in the king's name*, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but," continues the charitable Fabyan, "all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London stone, he strake it with his sword, and said, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city!' And when he had thus showed himself in divers places in the city, and showed his mind to the Mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he had before done, his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would." Thus, it seems that he acted in full concert with the authorities; that he did everything in his power to prevent and punish disorder; and that so anxious was he to avoid popular tumult, that he withdrew his force from the city, and did not permit his people to enter it, except "at lawful times." The history of the times exhibits no instance of such consideration for the welfare of the people, on the part of monarchs or their barons, as is here manifested by "the villainous rebel."

It was necessary that Lord Say should be brought to trial. As he was in the custody of Lord Scales, this must have taken place with the sanction and actual aid of the court. "On the third day of July," says Fabyan, "the said captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Say to be fetched from the tower, and led into Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices."

Of his guilt there seems to have been neither doubt nor denial. Holinshed tells us that "being before the *king's justices* put to answer, he desired to be tried by his peeress, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine perceiving his dilatorie plea, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape;" where he suffered military execution, a result which, in the excited state of public sentiment, probably could not have been averted, and which the heavy catalogue of his crimes, and the certainty that the queen, had time been afforded, would have shielded him, perhaps justified. William Croumer, his brother-in-law and instrument, and one of those charged before Parliament, suffered at the same time. These executions are bitterly denounced by the chroniclers; but, according to their own accounts, Aylmere punished more of his own men for violations of the law, than he did of those whose crimes and cruelty had provoked the insurrection; and it may be doubted whether history affords an instance of greater moderation and lenity, under circumstances so peculiar, than were exhibited by him, with the oppressors of his country in his power, and a maddened people calling for justice.

The leader of the Commons continued, from a regard for the public safety, to occupy his position in Southwark until the sixth of July. During this period it is alleged that, in two instances, he made requisitions upon wealthy citizens of London; and, indeed, it was only by such means that so large a host could have been sustained. This appears to have alarmed the mayor and aldermen; and it is also probable that the utmost vigilance and rigour did not wholly repress occasional outrages of a character to excite the fears of the more wealthy citizens. The aid of Lord Scallys and Sir Matthew Gough, "then having the tower in guiding," was, under these apprehensions, solicited to prevent the re-entrance of Aylmere into London. This induced a collision, "and a battle or bloody scuffle was continued during the night on London Bridge, in which success seemed to incline to the insurgents." (Mackintosh.) In the morning a truce for certain hours was effected, during which a negotiation took place between the Archbishop of Canterbury, representing the king, and the captain of the Commons. On the part of the former, everything would naturally be promised, for it was designed that no promise should be observed; and a covenant for all that was demanded was as readily violated as one for a part. The leader of the Commons must have been conscious that his force could only be maintained by a forcible and necessarily unpopular levy of contributions; and that even if maintained, their impatience of discipline

and anxiety to return to their homes rendered them unfit for the protracted struggle that seemed impending. To continue in the field threatened the worst horrors of civil war, a war in which he could have but little hope of long restraining his followers. Every consideration of humanity and patriotism seemed therefore to dictate an acceptance of the proffered concessions of the court. The compact was therefore concluded; and the Commons thus won a seeming triumph. What was covenanted on the part of the court does not appear; for the chroniclers are silent on that head, and the people "had no historians." Fabyan, however, informs us that "the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the captain for himself, and another for his people; by reason whereof he and his company departed the same night out of Southwark, and so returned every man to his home."

The sequel is briefly told; it is the old tale of perfidy and blood. The pardon was immediately revoked. "Proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Southsex, and Sowthery, that who might take the aforesaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand marks for his travayle." He was pursued and slain; "and so being dead was brought into Southwark. And upon the morrow, the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent." (Fabyan.)

The following spirited extract, from the works of the late Mr. Leggett, is perhaps the only attempt hitherto made to do justice to the chivalrous and enlightened but unfortunate and much-maligned chief-tain of the Commons. It was unknown to the author until after the production of the tragedy.

"It is heart-sickening to see men, citizens of this free republic and partakers of its equal blessings, assume without examination, and use without scruple, as terms of reproach, the epithets with which lying historians and panders to royalty have branded those, whose only crime was their opposing, with noble ardour and courage, the usurpations of tyranny, and setting themselves up as assertors of the natural and inalienable rights of their oppressed fellow-men.

"Have the editors who use the name of Cade as a word of scorn looked into the history of that heroic man? Have they sifted out, from the mass of prejudice, bigotry and servility, which load the pages of the old chroniclers, the *facts* in relation to his extraordinary career?

Have they acquainted themselves with the oppressions of the times; the lawless violence of the nobles; the folly and rapacity of the monarch; the extortion and cruelty of his ministers; and the general contempt which was manifested for the plainest and dearest rights of humanity? Have they consulted the pages of Stow, and Hall, and Hollinshed, who, parasites of royalty as they were, and careful to exclude from their chronicles whatever might grate harshly on the delicate ears of the privileged orders, have not yet been able to conceal the justice of the cause for which Cade contended, the moderation of his demands, or the extraordinary forbearance of his conduct? Have they looked into those matters for themselves, and divested the statements of the gloss of prejudice and servility, judged of the man by a simple reference to the facts of his conduct, and the nature and strength of his motives? Or have they been content to learn his character from the scenes of a play, or the pages of that king-worshipper, that pimp and pander to aristocracy, the tory Hume, who was ever ready to lick absurd pomp, and give a name of infamy to any valiant spirit that had the courage and true nobleness to stand forward in defence of the rights of his fellow-men?

“Let those who use the name of Cade as a term of reproach remember that the obloquy which blackens his memory flowed from the same slanderous pens that denounced as rebels and traitors, and with terms of equal bitterness, though not of equal contumely, the Hampdens and Sydneys of England—glorious apostles and martyrs in the cause of civil liberty! Let them remember, too, that, as the philosophic Mackintosh observes, all we know of Cade is through his enemies—a fact which of itself would impress a just and inquiring mind with the necessity of examination for itself, before adopting the current slang of the aristocracy of Great Britain.

“The very name of Jack Cade, if we take the pains to look into contemporary historians, is but a nickname conferred upon the leader of the Kentish insurrection, in order to increase the obloquy with which it was the policy of Henry VI. and his licentious nobles to load the memory of that heroic and treacherously murdered man. But whatever was his name or origin, and whatever might have been his private motives and character, if we judge of him by the authentic facts of history alone, we shall find nothing that does not entitle him to the admiration of men who set a true value on liberty, and revere those who peril their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, to achieve it from the grasp of tyrants, or defend it against their encroachments.

Nothing can exceed the grossness of the oppressions under which the people laboured when Cade took up arms. Nothing can exceed the arbitrary violence with which their property was wrested from their hands, or the ignominious punishments which were causelessly inflicted on their persons. The kingdom was out of joint. An imbecile and rapacious monarch on the throne; a band of licentious and factious nobles around him; a parliament ready to impose any exactions on the commons; and all the minor offices of government filled with a species of freebooters, who deemed the possessions of the people their lawful prey;—in such a state of things, the burdens under which the great mass of Englishmen laboured must have been severe in the extreme.

“If Cade was the wretched fanatic which it has pleased the greatest dramatic genius of the world (borrowing his idea of that noble rebel from old Hollinshed) to represent him, how did it happen that twenty thousand men flocked to his standard the moment it was unfurled? How did it happen that his statement of grievances was so true, and his demands for redress so moderate, that, even according to Hume himself, “the council, observing that nobody was willing to fight against men so reasonable in their pretensions, carried the king for safety to Kenilworth?” How did it happen, as related by Fabian, that the Duke of Buckingham and the Archbishop of Canterbury being sent to negotiate with him, were obliged to acknowledge that they found him “right discrete in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him (unconditionally) unto the king’s grace.” But we need not depend upon the opinions of historians for the reasonableness of his demands. Hollinshed has recorded his list of grievances and stipulations of redress; and let those who think the term Jack Cade synonymous with ignorant and ferocious rebel and traitor, examine it; let them compare it with the grievances which led our fathers to take up arms against their mother country, nor lay them down until they achieved a total separation; let them look at it in reference to what would be their own feelings under a tithe part of the wrongs; and, our life on it, they will pause before they again use the word in such a sense. Nay more: let them follow Cade through his whole career; let them behold him in the midst of insurrection, checking the natural fierceness of his followers, restraining their passions, and compelling them by the severest orders to respect private property; see him withdrawing his forces each night from London, when he had taken possession of that city, that its inhabitants might sleep without fear or molestation; mark him continually endeavouring to fix the

attention of the people solely on those great ends of public right and justice for which alone he had placed himself in arms against his king; let them look at Cade in these points of view, and we think their unfounded prejudices will speedily give way to very different sentiments.

“Follow him to the close of his career; see him deserted by his followers, under a general but deceitful promise of pardon from the government; trace him afterwards a fugitive through the country with a reward set upon his head, in violation of the edict which but a few days before had absolved him of the crime of rebellion on condition of laying down his arms; behold him at last entrapped by a wretch and basely murdered; weigh his whole character as exhibited by all the prominent traits of his life and fortune, remembering, too, that all you know of him is from those who dipped their pens in ink only to blacken his name, and you will at last be forced to acknowledge that instead of the scorn of mankind, he deserves to be ranked among those glorious martyrs who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the rights of man. The derision and contumely which have been heaped on Cade, would have been heaped upon those who achieved the liberty of this country, had they been equally unsuccessful in their struggle. It ill then becomes republicans, enjoying the freedom which they achieved, admiring the intrepidity of their conduct, and revering their memory, to use the name of one who sacrificed his life in an ill-starred effort in defence of the same glorious and universal principles of equal liberty, as a byword and term of mockery and reproach.

“Cade was defeated, and his very name lies buried underneath the rubbish of nations. But his example did not die. Those who are curious in historical research may easily trace the influence of the principles which Cade battled to establish, through succeeding reigns. If they follow the stream of history from the sixth Henry downwards, they will find that the same sentiments of freedom were continually breaking away from the restraints of tyranny, and that the same grievances complained of by the leader of the Kentish insurrection, were the main cause of all the risings of the commons, till at last the cup of oppression, filled to overflowing, was dashed to the earth by an outraged people, the power of the throne was shaken to its centre, and the evils under which men long had groaned were remedied by a revolution.”

There has been no attempt in the following work to adhere strictly to the facts of history; though the author has endeavoured generally to portray the condition of the people and the causes and character of

the insurrection. It is imagined, in the play, that the leader of the commons was originally a villein by the name of Cade; afterwards a fugitive known as Aylmere; then, after an absence abroad, returning to England, he excites an insurrection, for the double purpose of avenging his own wrongs and of abolishing the institution, villeinage, which made him a bondman. After his triumph, he resumes his original name.—The tragedy, as originally written and now presented to the reader, comprises much that was not designed for and is not adapted to the stage. As played, it has been so curtailed and modified that the author presumes that he need not apprehend the hazardous experiment of its representation in its present shape. To the judgment and taste of Mr. Forrest he is indebted for the suggestions which prepared "*Aylmere*" for the stage; and to the eminent genius of that unrivalled tragedian and liberal patron of dramatic literature, its flattering success at home and abroad may be justly ascribed.

NOTES TO THE SONS OF THE WILDERNESS.

Note 1, p. 168.

The outrage at Secotan was one of the first and worst committed by the English. The earliest colonists of that section of the country appear to have been, for the most part, a band of reckless adventurers. They were not impelled to the daring enterprise by religious zeal, a hatred of oppression, or a desire to seek a refuge and home in America; but came to patch up the fortunes which their prodigality had wasted, by seizing the golden treasures of the new world. They contemplated no permanent abode in the country, and came, not to win by their labour the wilderness into smiles, but by deeds of desperate and unholy emprise to throttle Fortune, as it were, and compel her favours. Impatient, heady and unscrupulous, they respected no right and paused at no outrage. Perhaps it may be harsh to denominate them a band of robbers and murderers; but if rifling and destroying the natives be robbery and murder, the epithets would not be misapplied. The sole object of the first colonists under Sir Richard Grenville was *gold*; and, failing in this, their disappointment was wreaked upon the inoffensive

natives. The latter relieved them from their wants, and even saved them from starvation; and, in return, the colonists fired one of their towns, to revenge a suspected and trifling theft; and attacked a concourse of 1800 natives when in attendance upon the funeral of their king, killing all who did not escape into the woods. This colony perished from its own vices; and every attempt to settle Virginia failed until 1607, when the energy of the celebrated Smith secured success.

Note 2, p. 169.

Some observations on the pretexts used by the early settlers, and by their eulogists since, to justify their aggressions, may not be inappropriate; but the limits of a note will not admit even a cursory view of the general character of the policy of the whites to the injured and almost obliterated people from whom was stolen the land upon which our household altars have been reared. Had we space it would be gratifying to do justice to them, and justice, however harsh, to their oppressors. But why, it may be asked, should such an investigation be made? Why should we toil to remove the superincumbent errors which conceal our origin, when our labour must be rewarded only with regret and humiliation? Let the invidious task be left to foreign hands; and be it our more grateful duty to cherish national pride instead of self-reproach. The task is one of peril; but it is not the less attractive. There is nothing more elevated than a well-founded national pride; there is nothing more abject than national vanity, founded in falsehood and prejudice. We, as a nation, are too rich in *just* glory, to borrow the flickering glare of fable. The truth can detract nothing from a national history whose career has been sun-like; and his patriotism must be sickly indeed who can regard a country like ours with less of pride, because, though most of the nations of old claimed to derive their origin from gods, history proves that we have sprung from mere mortals. The national egotism which can be thus wounded, is not more wholesome or commendable than the same infirmity in individuals; in both cases it averts the eye of introspection from faults to be amended, and induces an unmanly self-worship, destructive of every better and nobler characteristic. Besides, if we conclude that the acquisition of this country by the whites was wrongful, we learn nothing more of ourselves than history tells us of every other people. From the chosen people, in their sanguinary conquest of the promised land,

down to the latest appropriation of the soil of another race, the story has been the same. Force is the only fixed law of nations; and though the code may not be justified, it has always been admitted. If the settlers of this country *did* attain it by injustice, they did no more—though far be it from us to justify it on that ground—than the Indians themselves boast of having done to an earlier race of inhabitants. But an inquiry like this should have a higher object than to irritate or soothe our national pride;—that object is truth, and truth is never a treason; that object is justice—justice to the dead, to the race which has passed away without the ability to leave the story of their wrongs to posterity; justice to the living—to those who, though degraded in character and broken in spirit and resources, still exist, to yield when we demand, or, resisting, to add to the white man's victims. There are still upward of 300,000 Indians within the territory of the United States. They are at our mercy. It will be well if the contemplation of the *crimes* (we will use no gentler word) of the past can avert those of the future. The aborigines have been regarded as out of the pale of human right—by some, because they are not Christians, though the most enlightened of the Greeks and Romans could not boast a religion so pure and lofty as theirs—by others, because their maxims of morality and policy do not accord with those received in Europe. The candid inquirer will venture to treat them *as men*. In the intercourse between them and the Europeans, each should be regarded as bound by their own laws—the European by his international code, the Indian by the universal principles of natural justice. The subject of the controversy between the two races—a controversy of ages and empires—is *the right to the soil*. *What constitutes that right?* The European originally pleaded the right of discovery, and, under the prerogatives thus derived, the charter of the crown. It is unnecessary now seriously to argue that such a claim cannot affect the aboriginal inhabitants. About the close of the fifteenth century, the elder Cabot and his son sailed along the coast of this country, in search of a northwest passage; and, though they neither landed nor went through the farce of taking possession, this voyage ascertained the right of Great Britain to half a continent! This is certainly an easy and comfortable mode of acquisition. The munificence of his holiness, the Pope, secured his Catholic Majesty still further privileges—the entire land and people were bestowed upon him; and, thus fortified, the right to rob, murder and roast the natives became indisputable. But with other nations, not so fortunate, the right of discovery was set up, not against the natives, but against European

governments, and amounted to nothing more than a right to exclude other settlers. Thus far, as a means of preventing collision between the different European governments, that hastened, upon the wings of the wind, to batten upon poor America, it was most wise and prudent; but, used to justify the appropriation of the land of the natives, it is an absurdity too gross for refutation. But another and even a worse claim was more frequently insisted upon. I refer to the *right of conquest*. This title—a title which is recorded in blood—is the original tenure of much of the land which we now occupy. Evil is good, if that title be justifiable, and rapine and murder pure and praise-worthy.

The only universal and unchanging right to territory on the part of a nation, is a *time-sanctioned occupancy*. That right is based in the necessity of things, in the order of Providence, in justice and in reason: treaties and titles are not its source, but its evidence; and it exists as fully without as with them. But *what constitutes such occupancy?* It is urged that the *best* occupancy—that which will sustain, in a certain territory, the largest number of inhabitants—is the most rightful. If that be the case, England has a rightful claim to any sparsely-settled portion of Russia which she may select, and China to any part of England more thinly occupied than her own territory. The better portion of our own country may be appropriated under this claim, and we will have no right to remonstrate against the invasion. This absurdity cannot be received, or the settled condition of nations would be lost, and the world would become the theatre of a universal and eternal war.

It is only necessary that the occupancy, for whatever purpose, should be actual. Whether possessed for agriculture, for grazing, or for hunting, if the possession be not a constructive, but a real one, it is sufficient to constitute a right to the soil. That our Indians were thus in possession of all sections of the country will not be denied. From the mounds and other evidences discovered, there is reason to believe that the population was, at one time, even crowded. Shortly previous to the Plymouth settlement, a plague prevailed which carried off large numbers of the inhabitants, and which was charitably characterized by the pious colonists, as a great providence, inasmuch as it destroyed “multitudes of the barbarous heathen to make way for the chosen people of God.” Notwithstanding the ravages of this pestilence, the pilgrims found the land still populous. Nor were the inhabitants wholly, nor even mainly, dependent on the chase: they were an agri-

cultural people, however rude their tillage. The New England immigrants made their first settlements on the very corn-fields of the natives; the Virginians were sustained by levying contributions in maize from the aborigines; and the settlements on the Delaware were relieved, in their extremity, by the agricultural productions voluntarily tendered by the benevolent Indians. Those of the original settlers who affected a regard for justice, did not deny the rightful and exclusive possession of the land by the natives; on the contrary, they acknowledged their title by purchase, and their jurisdiction by treaty. The very necessity of such a course—and nothing but necessity induced it—is the strongest evidence that the original inhabitants not only possessed the country, but possessed it in sufficient power to repel a forceful invasion. It may be maintained, therefore, that, at the period of the European migrations to this country, the Indians were the exclusive lords of the soil; and that all acts in derogation of their right were violations of national law and natural justice.

It is better perhaps that this country should be crowded with a civilized population, than left to a possession disputed between savage beasts and men but little less savage. But though we may rejoice in our rich heritage, a blameless one to us and to our forefathers for many generations, still we should know that it *is* a heritage of blood. Nor should we be betrayed into the awful error that the eternal principles of justice can yield to a “blood-boltered” expediency. Though it was desirable that the Europeans should settle America, it was more desirable that the rights of the inhabitants should be observed. The settlers should have come in the name of peace and justice; they should have extorted nothing by force, and won nothing by indirection. Their policy should have been such that, for the advantages received from the natives, the natives should have been proportionably and permanently benefitted.

Note 3, p. 169.

The character of that extraordinary adventurer is too well known to justify its portraiture here; but we may remark that, romantic as was his courage and love of adventure, he appears to have known no higher rule of action than expediency, and to have shrunk from no treachery nor outrage to effect his purpose. At the head of the Virginia colonists he appears, in his conduct to the Indians, to have acted wholly in the character of a chief of banditti. One of the first of his exploits was to

head a marauding expedition against the unoffending natives, to attack their towns, fire upon their people, and rob their granaries. These outrages were constantly resorted to when stratagem failed; and the colonists were actually fed and sustained by systematic robbery. The forbearance of the natives under these wrongs appears incredible. But it seems that, in all the European colonies, the audacity of the whites at first stunned the Indians into a bewildered stupor. Superstition, also, spread its dark and protecting wings over the strangers, and, though the Indian warrior hated, he dared not strike. After a time, the delusion passed away, and they combined to redeem their land; but the invaders had grown strong while they hesitated, and their efforts were fruitless.

Smith's adventures in Virginia are so interwoven with the romance of our country, that even our children are familiar with them. The depredations of the whites were, at intervals, continued. They seized the land of the natives, as if it had been their own; and when fraud was inadequate to obtain as much corn as was required, there was an unhesitating recourse to violence. Upon one occasion, when the supply of provisions was low, Smith proceeded to Pumunkey, the residence of Opecancanough, and, when the chief refused to supply him, Smith seized him by the hair of his head, in the midst of his men, "with his pistol readie bent against his breast. Thus he held the trembling king, near dead with fear, and led him amongst his people. They, fearing for the life of their chief, came in laden with presents to redeem him, and soon freighted the boats of the English with provisions." These and other outrages excited in Opecancanough the utmost abhorrence of the whites; and he made it the business of a long life to extirpate them.

Lord De La War, who succeeded Smith in Virginia, pursued a course in comparison with which the outrages of Smith were benevolent and praiseworthy. In order to strike terror in Powhattan, the Indian emperor, he directed that an Indian should be caught, then caused his right hand to be chopped off, and sent him, thus maimed and bleeding, to Powhattan, with instructions that, unless the monarch humbled himself, such should be the fate of all the Indians. The same policy induced the capture of Pocahontas. She had been the guardian angel of the colony; and, in addition to the rescue of Smith, had, on several occasions, with great exertion and at fearful peril, saved the settlement from destruction by the Indians. In *grateful* return for all these services, the English bribed an Indian to betray the devoted princess into

their hands, and made her a prisoner. The stern old chief staggered beneath this unexpected blow; he was not prepared for the fell anatomy by which the white man probed the paternal weakness of his heart; and to save his child from the white man's gratitude and mercy, he, after a severe mental conflict, submitted to a peace: the father triumphed, the monarch yielded, and Powhattan became, in effect, the vassal of the strangers.

Opecancanough, the second in succession from Powhattan, seemed chosen by nature as the scourge of the white men. He had early distrusted their character and purposes; and, after the outrage upon his own personal dignity, he swore, against the invaders of his country, a hostility as settled and more sacred than that of Hannibal against Rome. He determined to adopt some wide and sweeping scheme of destruction; and, as the measure of his people's wrongs was overflowing, they readily united in his plan of vengeance. A day was fixed for a universal rising, and the secret, though deposited with a whole people, was undivulged. The day arrived; the Indians arose from their ambush like so many avenging spirits, and, in one hour, 347 whites perished. Out of eighty plantations only six were saved. This was the first united effort of the Indians against the invaders of their country.

Next season, the settlers of Virginia, determined not to be outdone in barbarity by the Indians, devised a scheme of vengeance, by which they might attain the height of perfidy and inhumanity. They invited the Indians to treat with them; they extended the most solemn assurance of forgiveness for past offences, and gave them the most sacred promises of security for their persons. The Indians believed them. They trusted, were betrayed, and murdered in great numbers. The deliberate falsehood, treachery and barbarity of this policy would have elicited universal horror had the massacre been committed by *red* savages; perpetrated by the whites, it was passed without even a frown from the complaisant genius of History.

Opecancanough escaped the slaughter to strike another blow for his country. Years passed over; the chief grew old and feeble; still he laboured unweariedly to unite his countrymen against the whites, and he succeeded. In 1644, he had coalesced the Indian tribes over an extent of five hundred miles, and prepared to wreak his vengeance upon the foes of his race. The character of this chief and the incidents of his conspiracy may be referred to as equal, in tragic interest, to anything in history. Opecancanough was at this time an hundred years

old. Age and suffering had bowed his frame to the earth, and so feeble was he that he was unable, without aid, even to lift his eyelids. But, thus wasted and worn out, he determined to lead his warriors to this final and desperate conflict for the possession of the graves of their ancestors. Historians have exhausted eulogy in describing the heroism of Muley Moluc, who flung himself from his litter, and sacrificed his life for the cause for which he struggled; but the devotion of the Indian chieftain surpasses that of the Moor. Like him, he was borne into the conflict on a litter. He had determined to sweep the country from the frontier to the sea; and five hundred whites fell beneath the tomahawks of his warriors, before his career of desolation was stayed. He was met, defeated, and taken prisoner. The time-burthened chief was unable to struggle against his captors, or even to see the hand that struck him, for some coward arm inflicted upon him a mortal wound. The historian informs us that just before Opecancanough expired, he ordered an attendant to lift his eyelids, when he discovered a multitude pressing around him to gratify an untimely curiosity, and see the dying moments of an unsubdued Indian king. Aroused and indignant, he deigned not to observe the crowd around him, but, raising himself from the ground, demanded, with the expiring breath of authority, that the governor should be called to him. When he came, Opecancanough said to him, indignantly, "Had it been my fortune to have taken Sir William Berkly prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed him as a show to my people;" and, uttering the unfinished rebuke, he sunk back and expired.

The death of Opecancanough fixed the superiority of the whites in Virginia so decisively, that thereafter there was nothing left to the Indian but submission. The volcano of Indian vengeance was exhausted; and, though its suppressed anger was occasionally manifested in a muttered menace, or in the cloud which hung upon its brow, the terrible power which poured its eruptions of death upon the foe had departed. The red men of Virginia were pushed gradually beyond the mountains. Their inheritance became the undisputed possession of the spoiler. But they carried the remembrance of their wrongs into the wilderness: they treasured up their wrath for the day of wrath, as was tragically proved by the banks of the Monongahela, on the memorable day of Braddock's defeat.

Note 4, p. 170.

After the marriage of Pocahontas and Rolfe, she visited London.

“King James’ queen and court paid her the same honours that were due to a European lady of the same quality, after they were informed by Captain Smith what services she had done the English nation, and particularly how she had saved the captain’s life, when his head was upon the block. But it seems before this princess married Rolfe, she had been given to understand that Captain Smith was dead; for he was the first man she had set her affections upon; and I make no doubt he had promised to marry her when he was in her father’s court; for, when he came to wait upon her, on her arrival in England, she appeared surprised, turned away from him with the utmost scorn and resentment, and it was some hours before she would be prevailed with to speak to him. She could not believe any man would have deceived her, for whom she had done so much, and run so many hazards; and when she did vouchsafe to hear his excuses, she still reproached him with ingratitude. In all her behaviour, ’tis said, she behaved herself with great decency, and suitable to her quality.”—*Salmon*.

Note 5, p. 171.

The first offence given to the natives in New England, was by the robbery of a grave. The Indians cherish a superstitious and affectionate reverence for the remains of their departed, and an insult to the burial-place of the mother of their chief was seriously resented. The sachem, in an address to his warriors, said, “When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle to repose: but, before mine eyes were closed, methought I saw a vision, and my spirit was much troubled. A spirit cried aloud, Behold, my son, whom I have cherished, the breast that nourished thee, the hands that lapt thee warm and fed thee oft! canst thou forget to take revenge on these wild people, that have my monument defaced in despiteful manner, disdaining our ancient antiquities and honourable customs? See, now the sachem’s grave lies, like unto the common people of ignoble race, defaced. Thy mother doth complain, implores thy aid against this thievish people now come hither. If this be suffered, I shall not rest in quiet within my everlasting habitation.” This said, the spirit vanished. Having thus appealed to the superstitious feelings of the people, he led them against the whites, but a few discharges from the muskets of the English terrified them

into submission, and they gave in their allegiance to the King of England.

An encounter took place with the natives in the infancy of the colony, which reflects no credit upon the English. One of their settlements, being in want of corn, supplied itself by depredations upon the Indians. The sufferers required that the English law should be enforced against the offender; and, as the colony was too weak to risk a war, the English promised satisfaction. But the real offender was a stout and valuable member of the colony, and they were reluctant to part with him. In this extremity, they sagely determined upon the following course. There was an old weaver in the settlement who was sick, bed-ridden, and of course useless: they spared the real offender, as a useful citizen, and hanged the weaver in his place. This ludicrous incident has been immortalized by Hudibras.

“ This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,)
The natives craved the saints to render
Unto their hands, or hang, the offender.
But they, maturely having weighed
They had no more but him of the trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobbler,)
Resolved to spare him; yet to do
The Indian, Hogan Mogan, too.
Impartial justice, in his stead, did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-ridden.”

But, though this matter commenced in comedy—at least to all but the principal actor, the scape-goat weaver—it ended in a deep and bloody tragedy. The Plymouth colony, having heard of the extremities to which the settlement first referred to had been brought, despatched Captain Miles Standish and a party to punish the Indians, for what does not appear, though it was alleged that they were insolent and had evil intentions. Standish, on his arrival, won the confidence of their chief, and invited them to partake of a feast. When they were assembled, Standish and his men closed the doors, snatched the Indians' knives which hung upon their necks, and with them slew their guests. Mr. Winslow, in his account of this murder, says, “It is incredible how many wounds these chiefs received before they died—not making any

fearful noise, but catching at their weapons and striving to the last." At the same time, all the Massachusetts Indians who had placed themselves in the hands of the English were slaughtered. This was the first blow struck; it was struck by the Pilgrims, and was as wicked a murder as was ever committed by scarlet hypocrisy in the name of God! And such was the opinion even at the time. When Mr. Robinson, the father of the Plymouth colony, and one of the ablest, purest, and most liberal men of his day, heard how his people had conducted in this affair with the Indians, he wrote to them to consider of the disposition of Captain Standish, "who was of warm temper." "He doubted," he said, "whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man, made after God's image, which was so necessary; and, above all, that it would have been happy if they had converted some before they had killed any."

The Pequot war was the first which enabled the colonists to show their powers against the Indians in any general engagement. It was the deliberate purpose of the English to exterminate the Pequots—to destroy man, woman and child, so that none might remain to cumber the soil which the white man coveted. The Pequots had sought refuge in a fort situated in a swamp. They were surprised and beset in the night, and, after an ineffectual resistance, massacred by hundreds. They attempted to escape, but were hunted from wigwam to wigwam and killed in every secret place. No quarter was given by the Puritans—no age nor sex was spared. Women and children were cut to pieces while endeavouring to hide themselves in and under the beds. At length, the fort was set on fire, and the dead and dying consumed together. Morton, the pious author of New England's memorial, who exults over this butchery with peculiar unction, says, "At this time it was a fearful sight to see them thus frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same: and horrible was the scent thereof. But the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God." The equally pious Mr. Mather informs us that "it was supposed that no less than five or six hundred Pequot souls were brought down to hell that day." In this pleasant process of peopling the nether world, the worthy writer no doubt included all the infants whom the merciful Puritans slew, or who were burned in the conflagration, and the scent of whose scorching flesh was sweet incense to the Deity. The actors in this fiendish scene flattered themselves that they had done good service in the murder of the infidels; and Mr. Winthrop feelingly says, in a letter describing the slaughter, "Our people are all

in health, the Lord be praised; and though they had marched all day, and had been in fight all night, yet they professed they found themselves so as they could willingly have gone to such another business." The desolating consequences of the massacre may be estimated from the facts mentioned by Mr. Morton. "The prisoners were divided, some to those of the river, and the rest to us of these parts. We send the male children to Bermuda by Mr. Wm. Pierce, and the women and maid children are disposed about the towns." Thus was a nation extirpated.

We should not pass over without mention the fate of Miantonimo. He was powerful, and that was a crime not to be forgiven. Although friendly to the whites, he was treated as a foe. Charges were raised against him, and, conscious of his innocence, he repaired to Boston, met and repelled them. At length a war arose between him and Uncas, a neighbouring chief. Miantonimo had been furnished by a friend with a heavy suit of armour, which kindness was his ruin. He was taken prisoner. When brought before Uncas, his foe, he refused to abase himself by pleading for his life, and was sent by that subservient chief to the English. The whites had no quarrel with Miantonimo. They wished his death, but dared not destroy him. The commissioners of the united colonies determined that there was no sufficient ground to justify his being put to death, but were of opinion that it would not be safe to set him at liberty. The issue was a distinct one,—justice demanded his liberation, expediency his murder. They were embarrassed. To remove the difficulty, five of the most judicious *elders* were called into the council, and with this addition to the number of the assembly, there was not much difficulty in determining in favour of death. As the murder of a friend might, however, look disgraceful, it was determined to keep the deed of blood secret; and Uncas was privately directed to take the magnanimous Miantonimo, the friend of the white man, into his own territory and execute him. It was accordingly done, and the act of pious treachery and solemn murder is recorded against its authors for ever. When Aristides reported to the Athenian people that a scheme which had been referred to him was eminently expedient, but unjust, that pagan people with one voice rejected it: when the same question was put to the "judicious elders," they regarded the deliberate murder of a friend as a trifling sacrifice of principle to expediency.

The most important feature of Indian history in New England is the first and final stand made against the whites by King Philip. On the

death of Massassoit, the early and fast friend of the settlers, his son Alexander became chief of the tribe. Upon a *surmise* that Alexander was not friendly to the whites, the English sent Mr. Winslow and a band of stout men to seize him. They effected the outrage, and made an independent and friendly king their prisoner. But his proud spirit could not brook his degradation; the ingratitude and unkindness of the English so preyed upon his spirits that he was at once thrown into a fever, and the high-souled Indian died of grief and mortification. Thus was murdered the son of the white man's benefactor, and the chief of a nation for fifty years in alliance with the English.

The hapless Alexander was succeeded by Metacom or Philip, who was made of sterner stuff. He was never born to be a slave. Philip had the genius of a statesman, the zeal of a patriot, and the fortitude of a martyr. Having conceived the glorious idea of rescuing his country and saving his race, he united the various tribes of New England, and prepared to make a last and desperate stand. His plans were anticipated, or they would probably have proved successful. A traitor of his tribe, named Saussaman, having justly forfeited his life, was put to death by the Indians. The whites espoused the cause of the traitor, and, without jurisdiction or right, tried and executed three Indians charged with being concerned in his death. This outrage upon their natural independence maddened the Indians, and the contest was precipitated when the plans of Philip were yet immature. It is said that this stoic of the woods wept when the first blood was shed;—he foresaw the struggle that must ensue, and knew that it was a struggle of life and death to him and to his country. It is not necessary to enumerate the accumulated provocations which drove Philip into hostilities. He could not avoid it, except by the most abject submission. Peace was destruction as well as degradation, and war, though it might be more sudden, could not be more certainly fatal. The details of the contest that ensued are familiar to every reader. On the part of the English, the sanguinary spirit which characterized the former Indian wars distinguished this. No mercy was given. Premiums were paid for Indian scalps: and those of the natives that were not slain nor burned alive were only spared to be shipped and sold for slaves. The result of the war was decisive of the fate of the Indians in New England. The Pokanokets were exterminated. The Narraghansetts lost a thousand of their number in a single battle. The Indians on the Connecticut river were driven off, and the country fell into the hands of the whites by the right of conquest. Philip never smiled after the first

blow. Despairing and gloomy, but undaunted and active, he performed prodigies which induced the Pilgrims to believe that he possessed supernatural power. He endured his reverses unshrinkingly, and so far was he from dreaming of submission, that he slew with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian that ever dared to propose it. After witnessing the destruction not only of his family but of his entire people, the gloomy chief was himself slain by the whites, and saved the misery of surviving his country. He was quartered and his remains treated with signal indignity. His only son, a boy of nine years, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and was shipped to Bermuda and sold as a slave. The Plymouth court had some scruples of conscience in adopting this ungenerous and cruel measure, and applied to the clergymen of the colony. These reverend gentlemen, instead of interposing to avert the crime, recommended the murder of the poor boy. The measure originally contemplated was, however, preferred; and this wretched relic of a wretched race was sold, by Christians, into slavery. A distinguished writer has given the following sketch of Philip: "He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, and of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamed love of liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."—*Irving*.

Note 6, page 171.

The incident referred to is strikingly illustrative of the aggressions by which the whites have so often driven the natives to war. The Legislature of Virginia had offered a premium for Indian scalps—a bounty for murder (one of the settled points of European policy toward the Indians). A body of Cherokees from the South had served in the campaign with the English, and proceeded on their way homeward,

under the command of British officers. The band was watched with longing eyes by the dealers in scalps, as they returned through Virginia. They waylaid them as they passed on, war-worn and wasted, and murdered them without mercy. Forty innocent men—the friends and champions of their murderers—were thus slaughtered for their scalps. At one place, a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while at the same time he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and when they arrived they were shot down to a man! Of the entire band one fugitive escaped, and bore the tale of treachery and blood to the Cherokees. And what did these savages? Did they rush to their weapons and precipitate themselves upon the frontiers like a torrent? They had not yet caught the white man's love of blood. Atakullakulla, their chief, secreted the white men then in the Indian country, to protect them from the first burst of rage. He then assembled his warriors, inveighed with great bitterness against the murderous English, and swore that never should the hatchet be buried until the blood of their slaughtered countrymen was atoned for. "But," said he, "let us not violate our faith or the laws of hospitality by imbruing our hands in the blood of those now in our power. They came to us in the confidence of friendship, with belts of wampum to cement a perpetual alliance with us. Let us carry them back to their own settlements, and then take up the hatchet like warriors." Not only was this noble course pursued, but the Cherokees, before they dug up the hatchet and lighted their war-fires, sent deputies to entreat that justice might be done them. It was denied; and they rushed in thousands upon the frontier. In such a contest who were the savages; and with which side did the God of justice take part?

We will add a word in relation to the progress and character of the war thus commenced. After the first burst of indignation, the Cherokees became tired of the contest, and sent a deputation of thirty chiefs to sue for peace. Governor Lyttleton refused to hear them, and ordered them into close and cruel confinement. Enraged at this treatment of their ambassadors, the Indians again flew to arms, and defeated the numerous and well-appointed armies sent against them. Again the Indians solicited peace, and again it was denied them. A powerful force was raised, and a fearful struggle ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Indians. The victors were guilty of every species of treachery and barbarity. In order to whet to the keenest edge the appetite for blood, the Assembly raised the premium on Cherokee scalps

from £25 to £35. Again, and now in the humblest manner, the Indians sued for peace; and the whites, sated with slaughter, consented. The Cherokees submitted to every condition imposed but one. Of that one it is impossible to speak without a thrill of horror. It was required that the humbled Cherokees should, in the face of the English army, and for their entertainment, butcher four Cherokees—four of their own brethren; or, if preferred, present to the English four green Cherokee scalps, fresh from the heads of the victims. This was the demand of Christians: the savages shrunk from it with horror. By an earnest appeal, they succeeded in procuring the remission of the infernal homage; and returned to their desolate wigwams to ponder, with grateful admiration, on the white man's mercy.

Note 7, p. 172.

A braver warrior or a better man than Logan perhaps never existed in a race of unconverted savages. During the French war Logan refused to take part, and was active only in deeds of mercy, doing all in his power to soften the horrors of the contest. In 1774, some white land-jobbers, to whom an Indian war is as profitable as a battle to carrion-birds, determined that blood should be spilled. Jefferson states that, led by Colonel Cressap, they fell in with a party of friendly Indians; and, under the guise of unsuspected friendship, fell upon and slaughtered them. Among the victims were several of the family of the white man's friend—Logan. Shortly after, another party, men, women and children, were betrayed and destroyed. Colonel Cressap secreted a band of whites in the vicinity of a body of Indians, and invited the latter to leave their encampment and drink with him. Those who did so were murdered; and as their companions, who heard the firing, crossed the river, they were deliberately fired upon and killed. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime.

“And what man knowing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man.”

These outrages were without provocation or pretext. It is not pretended that the Indians had given offence. It was unprovoked, deliberate, cold-blooded murder. In the war which ensued, for Logan imme-

diately sounded the war-whoop, the Indians performed prodigies of valour. The final battle took place on the Ohio. Never was a battle better fought. The Indians had erected a breastwork, and there, under Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle, and other mighty chiefs of the combined tribes, they maintained the contest from the rising to the setting of the sun. The whites displayed equal gallantry, and the fire was never remitted. The officers manifested the most chivalric courage, cheering on their men even with their last breath. Within the breastwork, Cornstalk, one of the boldest warriors that ever met a foe, raged like a wounded lion; and amid and above the din of battle, his voice of thunder was heard crying to his men, "Be strong! be strong!" In the most appalling moment of the fight, a faint-hearted Indian attempted to desert; the eagle eye of the chief marked him, and striding up to him he sunk his tomahawk in the front of the coward and traitor, and pointed his warriors furiously to the terrible example. But valour was vain against discipline; and the Indians, after a noble contest, were forced to retire over the Ohio. A peace was shortly after negotiated; but Logan refused to attend the council. He desired peace, but would not meet in amity those who had made his old age desolate, and sullenly remained at home—the home which rang no more with the wild glee of his innocent little ones. The white man had swept *all*!

"All his pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop."

And he sat there in his desolation, and pondered on the Christian's humanity. But so important was his presence deemed that Lord Dunmore refused to conclude the treaty without him. They sent for him: and the reply of the injured chief is considered one of the noblest specimens of eloquence on record. A paraphrase of it has been attempted by Campbell, but its simple pathos defies imitation. The conclusion of this speech is unequalled: "For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

The peace was concluded—and what became of Logan? The heart-broken chief wandered from the scene of his sorrows to the west; where, to complete the tragedy, he was himself murdered by, it is said, a white man.

Note 8, p. 172.

It is alleged by high authority (see the articles in the North American Review, ascribed to Cass), that the Indians cannot be converted: the readiest answer to the impious and profane absurdity is, that they have been converted. A large body of Indians had been converted by the Moravian missionaries, and settled in the west; where their simplicity, harmlessness, and happiness seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity. During the Revolutionary war, these settlements, named Lichtenau and Gnauddenhutzen, being located in the seat of the frontier Indian contests, were exposed to outrage from both parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the whites, and having adopted their religion and the virtuous portion of their habits, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness and destroy them as allies of the whites. Subsequent events enable us to compare the red and white man, and determine which is the savage. A party of two hundred hostile Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indians' towns. The Christian Indians conducted themselves, in this trying extremity, with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation with refreshments to their approaching foes, and told them that, by the word of God, they were taught to be at peace with all men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection. And what replied the savage, fresh from the wilds and panting for blood? Did he mock to scorn the meek and Christian appeal? Did he answer with the war-whoop and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could be expected from an Indian? Yet such was *not* the response of the red warrior. He said that he was on a war party, and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood; but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm. "Obey your teachers," said he; "worship your God, and be not afraid. No creature shall harm you."

Such was the treatment of hostile Indians—let us now examine the conduct of friendly whites. One would think the inquiry unnecessary. They were the white man's friends, of course he cherished them; his allies, of course he protected them; his Christian brethren, of course he loved them. We will see how these duties were fulfilled. In the winter of 1782, a body of eighty or ninety whites were gathered on the frontier, determined to shed Indian blood. There were, however, no Indians within their reach, except their innocent and Christian friends

at the Moravian towns. They were not, however, to be disappointed of their feast of blood. They proceeded to the towns of the Christian Indians—not in hot blood, for it was distant two days' march—but prepared, coolly and with Epicurean deliberation, to enjoy the luxury of murder. Messengers were despatched by Colonel Gibson to warn the victims of their danger; but, strong in their innocence and in their confidence of the white man's justice, (the white man's justice, indeed!) they refused to fly. The whites arrived at the village on the second day. The historian informs us that on their arrival at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal; and began with all speed to prepare food for the white men and for themselves on their journey. A party of white men and Indians was immediately despatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnauddenhutten, where the Indians were gathering in their corn, to bring them in to Gnauddenhutten. The party soon arrived with the whole number of Indians from Salem. In the mean time the Indians at Gnauddenhutten were confined in two houses, some distance apart, and placed under guards; and when those from Salem arrived, they were divided, and placed in the same houses with their brethren of Gnauddenhutten. The prisoners being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the party. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. David Williamson, then put the question to them, in form, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburg, or put to death? requesting all who were in favour of saving their lives to step out of the line and form a second rank. On this, sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank; but, alas! this line of mercy was far too short for that of vengeance. The prisoners were ordered to prepare for death. From the time they were placed in the guard-houses they foresaw their fate, and began their devotions, singing hymns, praying, and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the Saviour of men. That was, alas! their only reliance! The whites commenced the butchery; and, without distinction of age or sex, destroyed them all. The hyenas that thus lapped up the blood of infants went unpunished; indeed, had the Indian Pension Bill of 1836 passed, they would have been entitled to a rich annuity

for a deed which has, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of crime. For dark as were the cruelties of Spain, she never sacrificed her Christian friends. And yet, with this record before us, we *dare* to talk of the cruelty of the Indians!

The massacre at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, was scarcely less atrocious. A number of Christian Indians lived inoffensively in the neighbourhood of Lancaster. Their only offence was that they were Indians. The whites possessed themselves of the land of these Indians, saying that it was against the laws of God that it should remain in the hands of heathens when Christians wanted it. They were Christian professors, used Bible phrases, talked of God's commanded vengeance on the heathen, and said the saints should inherit the earth. Accordingly, these *saints* commenced by the murder of fourteen Christian Indians. The other Christian Indians, terrified at the outrage, fled to Lancaster, and, for protection, were placed in prison. But the Paxtang boys—so were the miscreants called—followed them, entered Lancaster, and at mid-day broke open the prison and murdered the unresisting and unoffending men, women, and children who had there sought refuge. Other Indians in amity with us, hearing of this massacre, fled for protection to Philadelphia. They were received with great coldness (except by the Quakers, the steady friends of the afflicted Indian), and after several removals were sent to New York. In the mean time, however, the Paxtang boys, to the number of several hundred, marched to Philadelphia, not only to destroy the wretched Indians, but to punish their protectors. They arrived at Germantown, where they were met by a deputation of citizens headed by Benjamin Franklin, who succeeded in appeasing them; and these white savages returned to their homes. I will only add that they went unpunished. Who ever heard of white men being punished for the murder of Indians?

Note 9, p. 174.

Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thy pomp is in the grave: thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice hath made!

COWPER.

Note 10, p. 175.

General Washington's policy during the war, and after it as President of the United States, was one of strict probity and Christian benevolence

to the Indian; and its success proved his wisdom as well as his justice. The Indians regarded him with the utmost confidence and affection. Indeed the organization of the government heralded a milder and better era for the red man. Since that time, we have no doubt that the government has cherished a sincere desire to bind up the wounds of that persecuted and fainting people. But the same wolfish spirit in our border population, which has heretofore followed the red man from forest to forest, marking each recession with outrage and bloodshed, is as fierce and unsparing now as at first. Their aggressions have induced wars; and the same perfidious and sanguinary temper has characterized those wars. The Black Hawk contest is fresh in the remembrance of all. Like every Indian war, it arose in a quarrel for their lands. The first blow was struck by the whites. The Indians sent a deputation with a white flag to the whites—they were made prisoners. They sent another deputation—they were fired upon and killed. The whites, two hundred and seventy in number, hastened to attack Black Hawk with a wretched band of forty warriors. What could they do but fight? And they did fight like lions at bay, and defeated the aggressors. Thus commenced the war—how did it end? Indian wars in this country have for centuries had but one history. They are commenced in aggression by the whites, prosecuted in suffering to both parties, characterized by mutual cruelties, and consummated by a grand massacre of Indians,—men, women, and children. Black Hawk attempted to flee, with his tribe, from the evil genius of his race, to a remoter wilderness. They were followed by the whites with the steadiness of bloodhounds. Parties of them sought to make submission, displaying the white flag, and appearing without arms: the white man's answer to their moving appeal for mercy was sent in a volley of bullets, showered among their women and children. After a weary pursuit, the American army, sixteen hundred strong, overtook the wretched band of fugitive men, women, and children. The Indians were few, famished, helpless, surrounded by women and children: they endeavoured, so says Black Hawk, to surrender; but the whites refused their submission: they were to be slaughtered—to be offered to

“The fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and reeking.”

The soldiers poured a deadly fire upon the starved and fainting fugitives. There was no escape for them. They could not yield, for the

whites rejected their submission—they could not fly, for they were environed;—there was but one desperate resource: it was a milder death, from the waters of the Mississippi, than could be expected at the hands of the Christians? Accordingly, men, women, and children plunged into the river, where they either drowned or were shot by the whites. And this took place within a few years. Did not a universal shudder shake the bosom of the whole republic? No; it was published one day and forgotten the next.

The following incident, which occurred in this battle, will illustrate the character of the war. A young Indian mother, only nineteen years old, stood among the other females, with a daughter four years old in her arms. The whites fired upon these females, and as the child clung around her mother's neck, a ball struck its right arm above the elbow, and, shattering the bone, passed into the breast of its mother, who fell dead to the ground. She fell upon the child and confined it to the ground also. During the whole battle this babe groaned and called for relief, but who would leave the banquet of blood to aid a dying infant? After the battle, however, the child was taken from the bleeding breast of its dead mother, and carried to the surgeon. The amputation of the arm was necessary; but the child, fearful as was the wound, forgot it in the agony of famine. A piece of raw meat was thrown to the little sufferer, which she continued ravenously to devour during the operation. The sufferings of the famished infant may be imagined from the fact that neither the knife nor the saw of the surgeon interrupted her feast, or extorted a tear or a groan. We derived this fact from an eye-witness, an officer in the army, who has since been sacrificed in Florida; and find it recorded, with an unimportant variation, in Drake's Indian Biography.

THE END.

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